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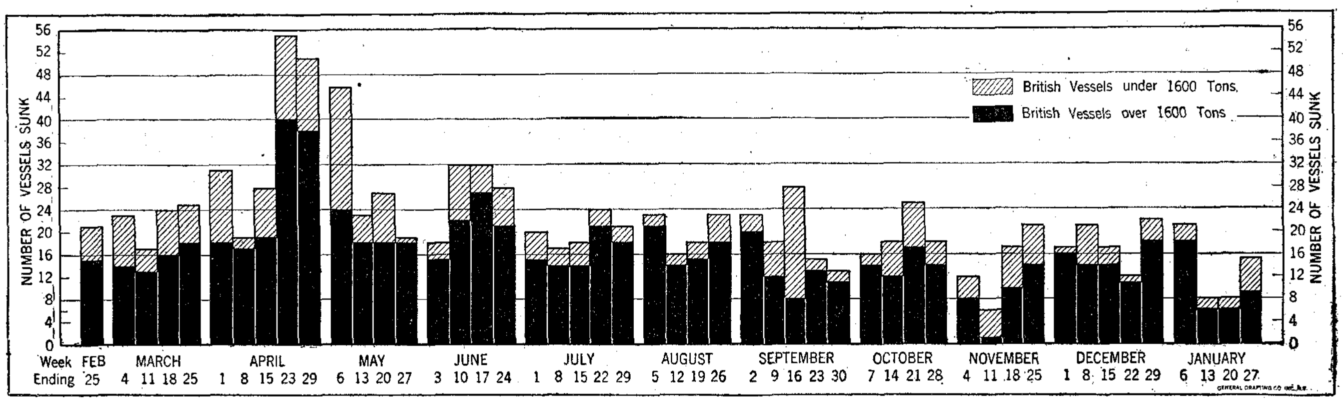
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

GERMANY'S GREATEST NAVAL WEAPON A FAILURE

GERMANY ADMITS HER FAILURE after trying a year to win the war with her *U*-boats. The admission "comes from experts like Captain Persius; it comes from Scheidemann." And, above all, continues the New York *Evening Post*, it comes "from the militarists themselves, who are now inviting the German people to take their eyes, peering for victory, from the sea and fix them upon the Allied Western front." And London admits in a dispatch that new American devices in "a unique antisubmarine campaign" are having an important part in making the submersions of the submarines permanent. On January 1, 1917, the German Gove nment decreed that "from February 1 sea traffic will be stopt with every available weapon and without further notice" in various "blockaded" zones. Never mind if America might be drawn into the war, was the prevailing German reasoning of those days, as our writers recall, for the *U*-boats would sink a million tons of shipping a month; in from three to six months the Grand Alliance would be forced to sue humbly for peace, and American intervention would be too late or useless, because there would be no ships to carry our men and supplies. True, enough ships have been sunk to bring hardship upon Allied lands, English households have been put on rations, war-work has suffered in France and Italy for lack of coal, the shortage in tonnage has become the most serious problem confronting Germany's enemies. Even American self-congratulation upon the successful transport of thousands of soldiers to France was rudely broken in upon last week by the news that the troop-ship *Tuscania* had been torpedoed with the loss of about one hundred men. But hard as all this may be to bear, there are, to return to the *Evening Post* editorial, many clear signs that the German *U*-boats have not won the war; "among others, the simple fact that for 1918 the war is to be won by Germany in quite a different fashion—namely, by an overwhelming drive against the Allied Western front." After all is said and done, "there is the basic fact of Berlin no longer content to wait for the *U*-boats to bring victory home." The German General Staff had its "year of frightfulness," and everybody is now in a position to inventory the results, the New York *World* remarks, and it proceeds thus cheerfully to assist its readers in the stock-taking process:



DIMINISHING RETURNS OF A YEAR OF "UNRESTRICTED" SUBMARINE WARFARE.

> "Great Britain and France have not been starved into submission, and are in no danger of being starved into submission. Instead of the million tons of shipping a month that the *U*-boats were to sink, the total losses for the year have been little more than 5,000,000 tons. The British have lost 1,033 vessels, of which 763 were of more than 1,000 tons and 270 of less than 1,000 tons. The French and Italian losses are estimated at less than 1,000,000 tons, while the American losses are 171,061 tons.
>
> "Against these losses, in addition to the ships built during the year, must be counted 686,494 tons of German and Austrian shipping seized by the United States and put into commission. These ships, including the *Vaterland*, rechristened the *Leviathan*, are now carrying American troops and American supplies to France.
>
> "During the year in which ruthless submarine warfare has

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> been in unrestricted operation, American exports amounted to the unprecedented figure of $6,226,000,000, an increase of $745,000,000, while imports amounted to $2,952,000,000, an increase of $560,300,000. American imports and exports together show a total increase of $1,305,300,000. We have an Army of nearly 500,000 in France. So much for the calculations of the German General Staff!
>
> "But that is not the whole record. However critical the economic situation was in Germany a year ago, it is far more critical now. Except the blockade of Germany's coast and ports by the British Navy, no heavier blow has been dealt to German power than the embargo order of President Wilson which made it impossible for neutrals to export food into Germany and replenish their own stores from the United States. The results of this order have been staggering and the effect is continuing. It is something from which there can be no means of recovery unless Russia not only makes a separate peace but establishes a condition of political and economic stability which would permit the exportation of large quantities of food into Germany. That possibility is more than remote. . . . . . .
>
> "Frightfulness in its mad undertaking to conquer the world has failed on the sea as it failed on land. The world is still unconquered and autocracy still faces a democracy that is resolute and undaunted."

The greatest blunder of the German Government in the war, in fact, was the resumption of unrestricted submarine warfare a year ago, aver many of our editors. "With Italy crippled and Russia out of it," the Philadelphia *Inquirer* notes, "Germany, had it not made the United States its enemy, might well to-day have been in a position to enforce a negotiated peace on far better terms than there is now any possibility of its commanding." "By the criterion of her own war-lords," who had agreed that the submarine was the only weapon by which Britain could be defeated, "Germany, if candid, must admit defeat," declares the Knoxville *Sentinel*, "since her last and surest weapon of victory has failed." *U*-boats, notes the Tennessee paper, are now being sunk as fast as the Germans build them, while the sinking of merchant ships has been reduced to a lower level than before Germany announced her unrestricted submarine campaign. And "this is the story, in brief, of the first year of the ruthless submarine warfare."

German editors have declared within six weeks that "the hope of an early peace depends almost entirely on the efficacy of our submarine weapon." On the first anniversary of unrestricted warfare, the Berlin *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* glorified the *U*-boat as a "weapon which has achieved strategic and moral results, particularly against Great Britain, in its world position." But Vice-Admiral Galster has declared in *Die Hilfe*, that German hopes in the submarine have "proved extravagant" in the light of the year's developments and that those who so urgently demanded "sharpened *U*-boat warfare" more than a year ago "were deceived regarding its effects." And Captain Persius, Germany's foremost naval writer, after admitting that the *U*-boat is practically Germany's last card, reaches this not very optimistic conclusion:

> "It is still a very great task which lies before our *U*-boats to achieve the object of so reducing the shipping of our enemies that they will be forced to show their disposition for peace."

But while Germany may no longer expect to win the war with her submarines, the sinking of the *Tuscania* gives point to the remark of the Savannah *News* that "the *U*-boat has achieved enough to make sure its continued use with all energy until the end of the war." This first break in the long-continued good fortune of our transport service occurred off the Irish coast on February 6, when the former Cunarder, manned and convoyed by the British, but carrying more than 2,000 United States troops, was torpedoed with a total loss of about 100 lives, as at first reported. This came on the heels of a German threat of an intensive under-sea drive against American transports, and as an early justification of Secretary Baker's warning that such a campaign was at hand. Yet our editors do not fear any great increase in the total number of sinkings, for, they observe, if the submarines are busy attacking transports, they must needs miss many merchantmen.

"The best promise that the *U*-boat campaign will fail is rapid work on the American destroyer campaign," says the Rochester *Post-Express*. Destroyers, if we get enough of them, "will in time," says Commander J. K. Taussig, of the United States destroyer flotilla, "solve this serious problem." Our naval authorities are trying to "get enough of them" by setting aside the regular building program and concentrating on the smaller antisubmarine craft. It has been said in Washington that by the end of the present year the United States will lead all other nations in the number of destroyers in its Navy. No less important is the new *U*-boat "chaser," which, according to Secretary Daniels, "will combine all the good points of the destroyer and the 110-foot chasers and eliminate the bad points of the latter." These are standardized and are being built at the Ford factory in Detroit.

While destroyer patrols and convoys protect Allied shipping, *U*-boats are sunk or captured in numbers which the British Admiralty refuse to make known. These mysterious disappearances are said to make it increasingly difficult for Germany to man her subsea-raiders, and to be largely responsible for the reported strikes and mutinies at *U*-boat bases. A London dispatch appearing in the Chicago *Herald* credits British naval men with believing that the Allies are now beginning to sink more submarines than the Germans can launch, "so the German submarine Navy may now be said to have actually begun to shrink."

Thus, "the submarine is held," in the words of the First Lord of the British Admiralty. But, he declares, "to turn this German failure into Allied victory," we must have "more ships." To quote Sir Eric Geddes further:

> "The submarine destruction of the world's tonnage is not a big percentage of the whole, but the submarine destruction still exceeds the production of ships, and meantime the demands for tonnage are increasing by leaps and bounds. . . . . . .
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> "'Ships, and yet more ships' is still the most important corollary of the war. . . . . . .
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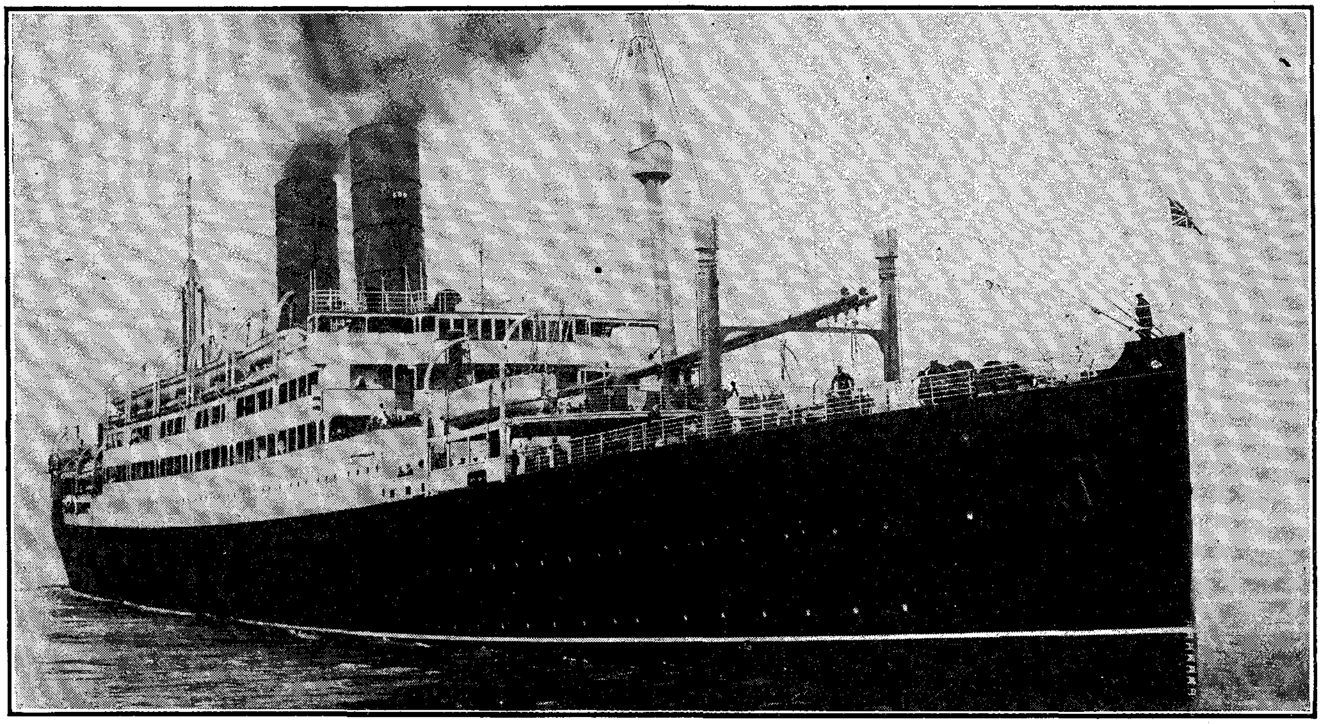
> "When we first asked the United States for ships there was a quick response. In no way can the United States help more than in building ships. Is she succeeding; is she throwing her best brains and great energies into it? It is a worthy contribution to our great cause. I hope she is."

Since "there can be no assurance that the defensive tactics of the Allies will reduce the German submarines to a negligible number," the New York *Times* argues that—

> "The Allies must increase their production of ships until they have a merchant fleet large enough to transport all the American soldiers who are needed in France and to deliver all the foodstuffs and supplies called for, in spite of all the damage and destruction German submarines can accomplish. This must be the achievement of the Allies."

The *U*-boats have not defeated the Allies, but the Allies have not defeated the *U*-boats, and they can not win the war until they do, so it seems to some press writers. Mr. Bainbridge Colby, of the United States Shipping Board, after his visit to France and England with the American mission to the Inter-Allied Conference, declared in a New York speech that submarine ruthlessness is still Germany's sharpest weapon. He believes the *U*-boats will destroy as much tonnage this year as the United States and Great Britain together can build and launch. Mr. Colby continued:

> "Ships are the common denominator of all effort from this time forth in the war. Money and credit are great things, but buying power loses its importance if one can not get what one buys, because there are no means of transporting it. We may lend an ally millions to purchase the wheat crop of a remote producer, but unless the wheat crop can be delivered the credit will not suffice to feed the hungry. We may conscript two million freemen, eager for the fray, but we must transport them to the scene of action. Our forges, our factories, may turn out munitions. They must be carried to the front. Congress has



THE FIRST OUTWARD-BOUND TROOP-SHIP TO FALL FOUL OF THE *U*-BOAT.

But of the 2,000 soldiers carried less than 100 perished when the *Tuscania* was torpedoed on February 5 off the north coast of Ireland.

risen to the true stature of the emergency by an appropriation of unparalleled magnitude. The best organizing and executive brains of the country have responded magnificently to the call for ships. Our great producers of steel and timber have assured the country that the needed materials will be present in ample quantity. We have the shipyards and the ways. Progress is being made in the construction of the great merchant fleet with which the United States will overwhelm this assassin's challenge from Germany.

"But the work languishes. It is not proceeding at top-notch speed as it should. . . . The great limiting factor is the lack of labor."

Therefore, Mr. Colby continued, "the Federal Shipping Board is engaged to-day in organizing a great labor reserve corps, . . . on which America can draw to replenish the depleted forces of her shipyards, to supply added shifts where the whole day is not now being utilized."

But there have been other causes for those delays in our ship-building program which have been so vigorously denounced and loudly lamented in Congress and in the press. The New York *Evening Post* thus sums up certain facts brought out in the Congressional investigation of the Shipping Board's work:

"Labor troubles on the Pacific coast played no small part till a few weeks ago, but are almost wholly adjusted now. A shortage of cars to transport materials caused temporary delay in some yards. A change in the design of the wooden ships has cut down the tonnage of the wooden fleet to the possible extent of 250,000 tons, Mr. Hurley not committing himself to an exact figure. A great delay was occasioned at the outset because hundreds of men sought contracts with the Government who had no shipyards and knew nothing about ship-construction, and careful sifting was necessary to determine which were worthy of Government support. The Goethals-Denman controversy, followed by the caution of Admiral Capps, caused a delay 'from the last week in July until late in September' in letting contracts for most of 100,000 tons. One serious cause of delay still exists in the housing problem at Baltimore, Philadelphia, Wilmington, and other cities with great yards near; and Congress should heed Chairman Hurley's statement that at least $20,000,000 is needed to meet it."

Raking up past Shipping Board history is hardly worth while, the Newark *News* thinks, except to emphasize the desirability of such single-handed control as Chairman Hurley now exercises. The Newark daily joins with the Kansas City *Star*, the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and many other papers in congratulating the country on the Board's work of reorganization in recent months. They particularly approve of Mr. Hurley's appointment of practical shipping men as his advisers, of the assignment of representatives of the Board to posts abroad and the establishment of a shipping control committee which will practically pool Allied tonnage, coordinate it with American land transportation, and go far to relieve our freight congestion by ordering all supplies to the most available American port and ordering vessels to that port to receive the cargoes.

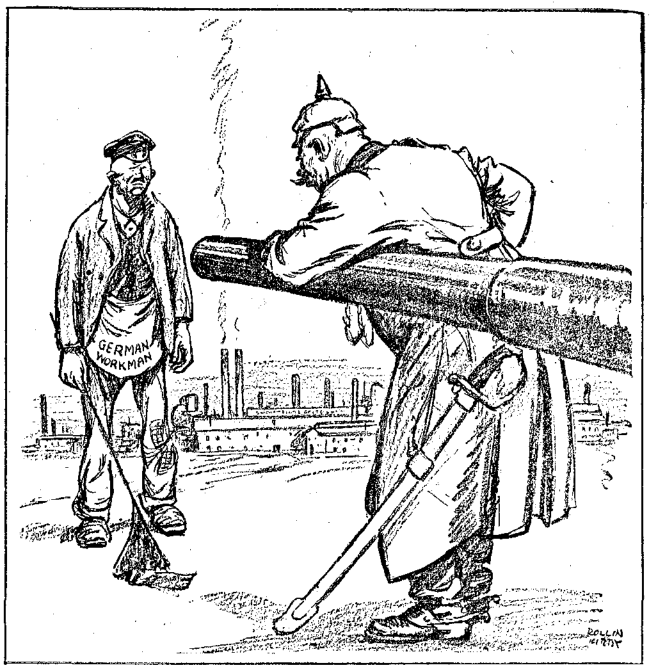
But not until the end of this year—a year and three-quarters after our entrance into the war—shall we begin to realize upon the nation's ship-building program, says a Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. The total program of over 8,000,000 tons for 1918 and 1919 was about eighteen per cent. completed at the end of 1917. Three shipyards are at work on the standardized fabricated steel ships of which so much is expected. Such ships as have been completed, between fifty and a hundred, were among those commandeered on the ways. Estimates of the precise amount of tonnage to be finished by the end of the present year differ widely, largely because of uncertainty as to labor and weather conditions. Secretary Baker's prediction that 1,500,000 United States soldiers will be in France this year will mean that 7,500,000 tons of shipping will be needed, on Secretary Daniels's basis of five tons per man. The New York *Sun*, in a Washington dispatch, presents the following estimates of available and expected tonnage to meet this demand:

	Tons
Available floating tonnage under American flag and expected from neutrals	4,000,000
Original program of the Shipping Board called for the completion this year of	6,000,000
Lloyd's estimate of the tonnage to be completed this year	4,000,000
Estimate of Homer L. Ferguson, president of the Newport News Shipping Company	3,000,000
Estimates of members of the Senate Committee on Commerce	2,500,000

To make up the necessary tonnage to carry our forces and supplies, in case the Shipping Board can not put through its program, the Washington correspondents hear that Great Britain has guaranteed us 1,000,000 tons of additional trans-atlantic shipping. And a fifty per cent. reduction in imports, in the shape of an embargo on non-essentials, is being considered by the Administration as a means of making available further additional tonnage for Army transport needs.

THE TEUTON PEOPLES ANSWERING OUR SIGNALS

COUNTLESS SCRAPS OF PAPER, bearing in German, Polish, Czech, and Slavic the words of the far-off American President, are being furtively passed from hand to hand along the German and Austrian battle-lines and through the mines and factories of the Central Empires. The despised and ridiculed Bolsheviki, according to Senator Stone, are printing and sending into *Mitteleuropa* these American messages of sympathy for the Teutonic peoples under the autocratic yoke, and the circulation of these tracts may have had its part in rousing the Austrian and German peoples to the brief protest of the strikes of a few days ago. Berlin, at any rate, blamed America for the strikes, and sentenced two British aviators to ten years in jail for dropping the Wilsonian gospel like manna from the heavens on the wilderness of Kaiserdom. Various reasons have been assigned in the press for the labor revolt, but German officialdom has given its version pretty clearly by jailing Wilhelm Dittmann, the Socialist leader, for signing and distributing a pamphlet containing this paragraph:



"YOU WILL STRIKE, WILL YOU?"

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

> "Only a peace without indemnities and annexations can save us, and the hour has come when you must raise your voice for such a peace. At this moment the German people must by means of powerful demonstrations manifest its will to finish the war."

Threats of court martial ended the strikes, say the dispatches, but more than one American editorial observer believes the unrest will not down. "It may be possible," concedes the Omaha *World-Herald*, "for the ship of state to ride this storm, and for the junkers to quell it. But so surely as day follows day another storm will follow. And as storm succeeds storm they will become increasingly frightful." And it adds:

> "Those allies for whom President Wilson has been patiently searching and calling—allies within the German Empire—are beginning to appear. That political offensive, derided and misunderstood by many, to which from the beginning he has pinned his faith, is making its power felt. It may yet bring us victory—the victory of the still, small voice—over an arrogant and evil institution against which, for three and one-half years, the armed might of the world has been helpless."

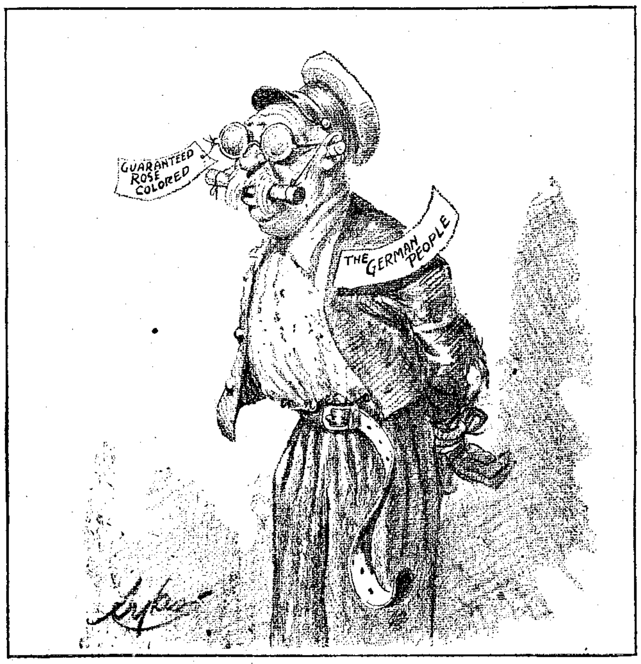
More trouble for junkerdom is also predicted by the New York Socialist *Volkszeitung*, which observes with an expert knowledge of the German working class:

> "The strike movement in Germany is on the wane. No matter how contradictory in detail are the reports reaching here about the internal situation in Germany, they all admit of one conclusion: For the present the great German revolt amounts to nothing.
>
> "And anything else could hardly have been expected. No powerful tree falls at the first stroke. And who could deny that German bureaucracy and militarism are firmly anchored and that they still have large sections of the people behind them?
>
> "Therefore, several more charges and attacks will be necessary before the colossus falls shattered to earth. But of one thing we are certain: That this first great mass-action of the German proletariat, coming so close on the heels of the various army and navy revolts, will soon be repeated and will continue to be until final victory is won. The revolutionary wave which, despite all orders barring it, swept over the Russo-German border into Germany will ebb and rise, but will never entirely disappear again. Even before the war is ended the revolution in Germany will be an accomplished fact."

Ex-Ambassador Gerard expects no German revolution at present, but sees the German morale nearing the cracking-point. He said in an after-dinner speech in New York last week:

> "The strikes that you hear of in Germany are not going to make Germany surrender. The talk of revolution doesn't amount to anything; it comes too easily through the fingers of the censor and is intended to make us halt our preparation for war.
>
> "There will be no German revolution until the soldiers come home from the trenches. But in the German character there is a suicide point, and that will be reached as soon as the Germans really realize that, led by our great President, we are unfalteringly and whole-heartedly in the war. They are approaching that point now and we've only got to hold together. The war will be decided this year."

Strikes and riots are nothing new in Germany, notes Rev. Aloysius Daniels, a Catholic priest, who has just returned from a three-year stay in the Empire of William II. He would have returned earlier, but had to serve a jail sentence for defending President Wilson against the charges of a street-corner orator in Münster, Westphalia. He reports in press interviews that the desire for peace is "rapidly becoming a mania" among the German people, soldiers and civilians alike. He proceeds:



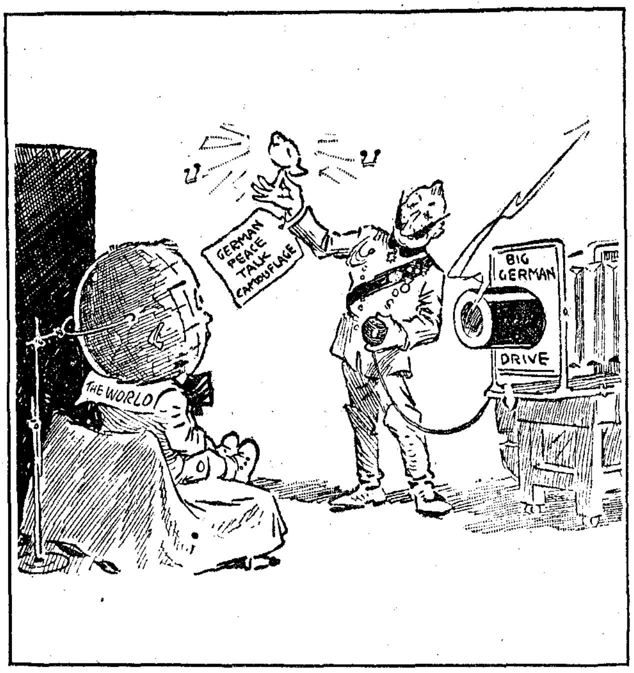
BUT HE MUST BE THINKING.

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*.

> "The feeling against the Government is most bitter with the soldiers who go home on furlough every six months, and at each visit find conditions more intolerable. I have heard them

cursing the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, and the highest officials. The men are shot down like dogs upon the slightest provocation, however, and so they return to the trenches to fight for something they hate.

"I know what German *Kultur* means, and there is nothing too fiendish to class under it. It means taking schoolboys, placing guns in their hands, and sending them to do men's work in a front-line trench. It means devitalizing German women, putting them to cleaning the streets, making munitions, and, at the same time, starving them. It means making a starved and diseased generation of the children of Germany. It means deserting the aged men and women, refusing even to give them nourishment because they can not help the Kaiser carry on his war.



"NOW, WATCH THE LITTLE BIRDIE."

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

"Those who go to a police-station and ask permission to buy milk or eggs for a sick person are immediately asked, 'How old is the sick man?' If the person who is ill is beyond any age of active service, food is at once refused. 'That man is of no use to us. We have nothing for him,' is the customary reply.

"If any man who is spreading German propaganda in this country and secretly praising the Kaiser had to live under the conditions I have seen for the last three years he would welcome the first opportunity to return to the United States, and would thank God thereafter for the blessing of a democratic government."

Further light on the cause of the German unrest is afforded by the Reichstag debate of January 26, which immediately preceded the Berlin strikes. In this debate Georg Ledebour, one of the Socialist leaders, praised Count Czernin because he "accepts Wilson's proposals as the basis of understanding, whereas the Chancellor rejects them." He asserted that "the proletariat must force peace on the basis of the reconciliation of all nations." More praise for President Wilson on the very floor of the Reichstag came from Hugo Haase, another Socialist leader, who used these frank words:

"The German negotiators are not playing a square game. The occupied territory is still a part of Russia and the people can not freely express their will as long as foreign troops are present.

"Hertling's remarks on Belgium are unsatisfactory. It is necessary to say that the economic and military independence of Belgium will be restored. Such a statement would greatly stimulate the peace desire of the English workers.

"Is it that Hertling is yielding to the wishes of Hindenburg and Ludendorff when they threatened resignation? If so, the coming offensive is to serve to bring about a Pan-German peace by force.

"Threads have already been spun between Austria and America. It is Germany's duty to join Austria. Wilson is plainly guided by a serious wish for understanding, and understanding is possible if our military dictatorship is eliminated.

"The acquisition of Alsace and Lorraine in 1871 can not be termed disannexation. Their deputies in the French Parliament voted against separation. The French and German Socialists were agreed before the war that Alsace-Lorraine should become a free German State. If it is possible to end the war by granting the population of the Reichsland a referendum, then the concession should be made. It is irresponsible to pursue a prestige policy in these times.

"The Armenians must also be granted the right of self-determination.

"The Independent Socialists have never made any secret of their ideal of a social republic. Can the workers be blamed for exercising the right to strike when the Pan-German press threaten the strike of a commanding general?"

We should not slacken our war-preparations for a moment in expectation of a German revolt, Secretary Baker warns us, and our press indorse his view of the case. As the Manchester *Union* remarks:

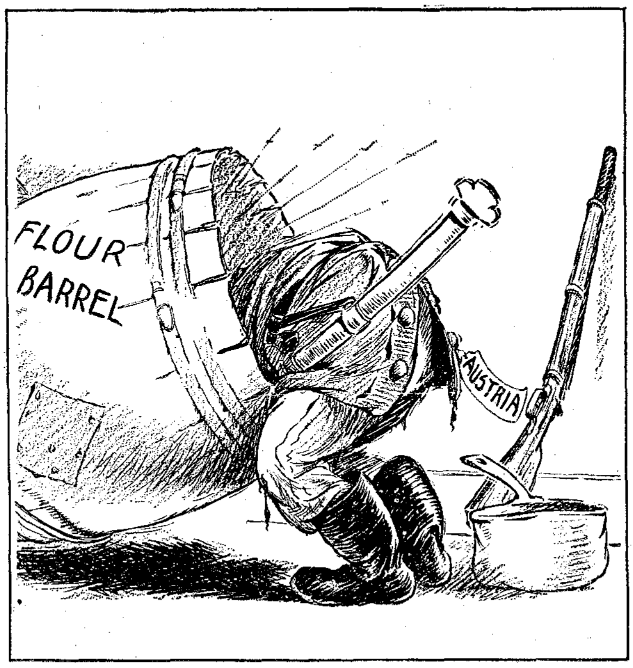
"Very likely there are unrest and some striking in Germany. But not one scrap of evidence goes to show a crack in the German Government, and we shall go the extreme of folly if we permit current 'made in Germany' news to slow down our war-endeavor."

The strike may be a failure, but it will nevertheless have its effect, believes the New York *Globe:*

"The movement to end the war by setting up a different kind of government in Germany collapsed without a fight—with scarcely a street collision. Tame and abject, docile and subservient, the spirit of freedom seems drilled out of the German people.

"The collapse is not surprizing. Whatever the German masses may feel in their hearts, they fall to trembling when their master, with threatening voice, raises his hand to strike. Alone among modern peoples they are fundamentally servile. The saying is a true one which says that no revolution will occur in Germany because the Kaiser will not permit it.

"Nevertheless, a beginning, altho a poor one, has been made toward the regeneration of Germany. The Kaiser can command obedience, but he will not be able to reestablish the German morale. The tide of dissatisfaction will rise again, and it will be impossible to fence the Army away from it. Germany may be regarded as disillusioned. The Allies need no longer meet such a war-mad army as poured out of Germany in August, 1914. The long-heralded strike is a failure, but its reactions will be displayed in military operations. The façade of the Kaiser's military edifice is still impressive, but its foundations are rotting and its walls are shaking."



PEACE MAY BE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL.

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

THE WORKERS TO RULE THE WORLD

NATIONS AND STATES will come under control neither of king nor president, but of the man with the hoe, as a result of the world-war. This prediction, hazarded by various political observers, is crystallized in the utterance of one of the most famous American captains of industry, Mr. Charles M. Schwab, of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. "The time is coming," he said at a dinner of the alumni of the public school he attended in New York, "when the men of the working classes, the men without property, will control the destinies of this world of ours. It means that the Bolshevik sentiment must be taken into consideration and in the very near future. We must look to the worker for a solution of the economic conditions now being considered." The Chicago *Herald* thinks that as "a seer of social evolutions" Mr. Schwab is "an excellent reporter." The revolution in industry he foretells has already been "partly formulated and somewhat conventionalized" in Great Britain, according to this journal, which believes that his virtue lies in his ability to understand that changes profitable in one country may be adapted in others, and "his wisdom centers in his wish to meet pleasantly what he deems unavoidable." As to the propertyless manual worker ruling the world, *The Herald* tells us, Mr. Schwab has Russia in mind, and possibly was thinking also of the British trade-unionists who have had "so important a part in the recent recapitulation of the war-aims and peace proposals of the British Empire." We read then:

> "It is not unlikely that he remembered, too, the committee on reconstruction which had drawn up a system of representative *post-bellum* government for the great industries of Britain. He witnesses the economic enfranchisement of the workers, and he returns to his old school to announce what he has seen.
>
> "Just now the pendulum of history does appear to be swinging toward the establishment of a more complete democracy in nearly every department of life. But so far as fundamental movements are concerned it is hard to comprehend what an era is bringing in until that era has been given its place in the museum of history. Few, if any, of the wise men of 1865 could have correctly interpreted what was happening in the United States at that time. Their attention was directed to the South, while the significant events were transpiring North and West. But if Mr. Schwab's conjecture is correct—there is no reason to controvert it—his suggestion that the wind be tempered by the lambs about to be shorn is undoubtedly in season."

The New York *Times* is alarmed at Mr. Schwab's opinion about Bolshevism and considers it fortunate that "there is an object-lesson at hand to illustrate the unhappy working out of such benevolent intentions as those of Trotzky." What a travesty upon brotherhood and benevolence by the Bolshevik route is on the screen in Russia! exclaims this daily, and adds:

> "What workman who sees the difference between himself and Mr. Schwab does not also see that Mr. Schwab's prophecy shuts for others the door through which he passed, and through which any like him may pass. What would become of Bethlehem if Mr. Schwab were again working with his hands, and was no more than the equal of those without his abilities? What would be the loss to the country if it were to lose for futile uplift all that the Bethlehem idea stands for? Saturday's newspapers reported the organization at the City Hall of the representatives of labor who submitted their 'demand' of what property should do for them. If the list were fulfilled there would be another and another until there was no property. The list is economic, not political. If there are political grievances, they are not peculiar to labor, and must and will be redrest for the common good. All the time such grievances are being redrest. But our politics has drifted a long way from politics. It concerns itself with the restrictions of profits rather than with the enlargement of rights, with getting something from tax money rather than with good government. It is the Bolshevik road to desirable ends. The greatest good for the greatest number can be attained better by the loyalty of all classes to each other than by a process of leveling by statute or violence."

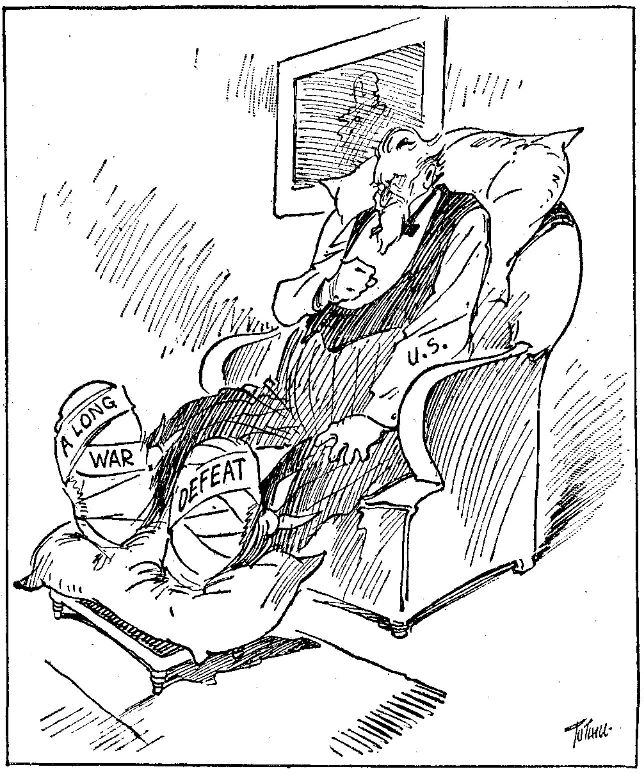
Mr. Schwab is no idle dreamer, but a business man with vision, according to the Houston *Post*, which believes that his present vision will come to pass, and reminds us that "other men as able to foresee events as he have predicted the same thing." The day of the worker is coming, and it is the part of the worker to be ready when it arrives, warns this journal, for—

> "To-day the worker is manifestly unable to solve the problems which face him. To-morrow will he be unable to solve those other and more far-reaching problems which will then confront him?
>
> "If those problems are to be solved by workers who are also thinkers, well and good. But if the men who are to settle the world's most important questions in the years that are to come are molded like the self-seeking visionaries who are entrusted with the greater part of labor's work for the world to-day, the world may well beware."

Mr. Schwab's utterance is not "as revolutionary as it seems," remarks the Indianapolis *Indiana Times*, and it is extremely doubtful that he foresaw any sudden transition such as that by which the revolutionary government in Russia was overturned by "a group of fanatics and visionaries." This paper and others, including the Chattanooga *Times*, admit that the American workingman is going to have more to say in the management of the Government hereafter; but this means also that he is going to be more responsive to the aims of a representative government, because he will have a heavier responsibility than he has hitherto felt for the conduct of public affairs. In other words, under the new order the influence he formerly "exerted selfishly and for his own particular advantage" will be diffused "to a more general recognition of the greatest good to the greatest number—to all classes as well as to himself." The Boston *Transcript* quotes from Mr. Schwab's speech the line—"I am not one to carelessly turn over my belongings for the uplift of the nation, but I am one who has come to a belief that the worker will rule, and the sooner we realize this the better it will be for our country and the world at large." Such words, with the spirit that prompts them, augur well for the "future industrial understanding and arrangement which will save America from anarchy and destruction," according to *The Transcript*, which proceeds:

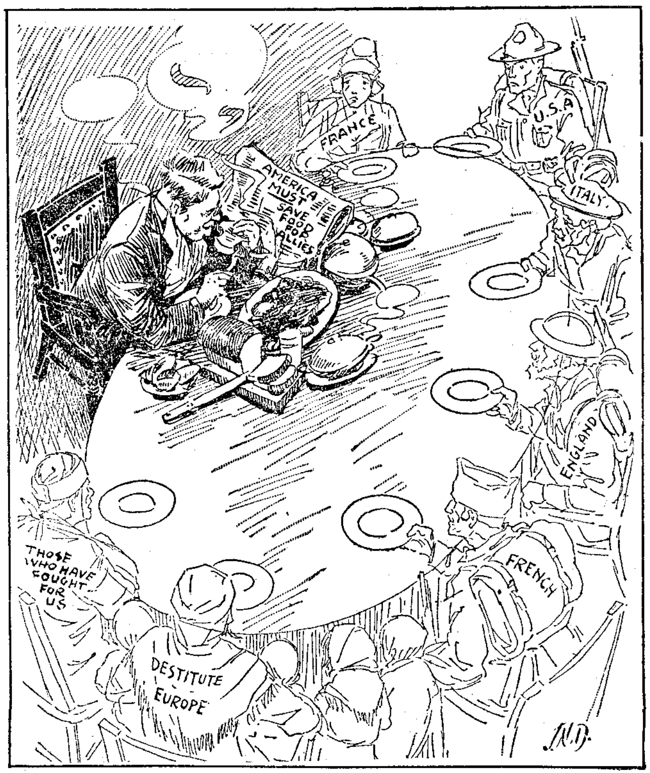
> "Certainly we have a wiser lot of workers than they have in Russia. We have radicals and destroyers among them. But we have many leaders of labor who are too well versed in American principles, too well convinced by long and free experience of the necessity of cooperation of all elements and interests for a common result of industry and the mutual profit, to wish to destroy and upset everything. American labor has sometimes prest its advantage, with the help of demagogic politicians, quite over the line of equity and prudence. But it is still very far from the Bolshevik position, which resentfully destroys the opportunity to work in destroying the capitalist, the *bourgeois*.
>
> "After all, our workers want to work. And in this country we are able, employees as well as employers, to take the fraternal view of the matter. Our employers have been the employed. They belong to no 'superior class.' The employed of this year may be the employers next year. The arrangement works out for the advantage of all, and the American workingman knows it. In such a social and industrial condition, it is inevitable that the interests and ideas of the actual workers, of the employed, should react on the organization and direction of industry. It is the fact that there are such employers as Schwab at the head of our great industries, and that there are men on both sides who can see themselves in the others' position, that gives us our security."

The San Francisco *Chronicle* points out that Mr. Schwab apparently refers to manual workers, and asserts its belief that "all workers rather than some should rule," and they probably will, "but it makes no great difference who does the ruling so long as it is done by votes and not by bludgeons." On this point *The Chronicle* is supported by Charles W. Eliot, President



IF HE EATS TOO MUCH.

—Tuthill in the St. Louis *Star*.



FRANCE
U.S.A
AMERICA MUST SAVE FOOD FOR ALLIES
ITALY
ENGLAND
FRENCH
THOSE WHO HAVE FOUGHT FOR U.S.
DESTITUTE EUROPE
J.N.D.

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FORGOTTEN GUESTS AT OUR TABLE.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

HINTS TO THE HUNGRY.

emeritus of Harvard, who agrees with Mr. Schwab that workers will rule the world in the future; but, as quoted by the New York *Evening Mail*, says: "Under the term 'workers' I include the bankers, teachers, inventors, and managers, and I expect that in the future, as in the recent past, this latter class of workers will do most of the ruling and most of the solving of the great economic questions now being considered—at least in free countries."

In other words, comments *The Mail*, Dr. Eliot notes that leadership is "inseparable from the processes of civilization." Wherever men have attempted to dispense with leadership they have "destroyed the achievements of the past and have put nothing in their place."

The Socialist New York *Call* is much amused at the alarmed tone of the New York *Times* and thinks it should amuse Mr. Schwab himself. Referring to the quotation above in which *The Times* asks, "What would be the loss to the country if it were to lose for futile uplift all that the Bethlehem idea stands for?" *The Call* observes:

> "It is a little difficult to know whether *The Times* means Bethlehem, Pa., or Bethlehem, Judea, tho it probably is the former institution. But nothing worse will happen it than that it will have to go out of the gun and ammunition business and into the manufacture of peaceful implements. Still the ruling idea of Bethlehem, Pa., was neither; it was profit instead. And if the owner, Mr. Schwab, is willing to forego the profits when he sees that he really has no choice in the matter, why should *The Times* lament? Possibly when Bethlehem, Pa., goes, Bethlehem, Judea, with its message of peace on earth and good-will to men, will come into its own, a horrible prospect over which *The Times* naturally mourns. That, surely, would be a 'futile uplift,' in its opinion."

The Schenectady *Citizen* (Socialist) also jibes *The Union Star* of that city and wonders whether its editors will put this super-captain of industry "in the same class as Lenine and Trotzky and insinuate that the greatest manufacturer of Entente munitions in the whole world is in the pay of the Kaiser." Mr. J. Louis Engdahl in the *Eye-Opener* (Social Reform Chicago) charges that "Schwab's kind words toward the new social order that is coming are intended as chloroform to keep the workers asleep until the profiteers have found some way to block progress for a few more years; this time, at least, until after the Congressional elections this fall." The Cleveland *Citizen*, a labor organ, remarks that the war in Europe has aroused the working class the world over and spread revolution just as the war in Mexico in a smaller way emancipated the peons and has made it possible to establish "conditions undreamed of by the most enthusiastic idealists," and we read:

> "The predictions of far-seeing statesmen, journalists, and captains of industry in this country as well as Europe bring home to us, as workers, a serious fact outlined by Philipp Scheidemann, the majority Socialist leader in Germany, when he warned the organized laboring people that their position is changing from that of criticism of and opposition to the present ruling classes to the more serious and important phase of accepting the grave responsibilities of furthering constructive legislature and administrative functions. . . . . . .
>
> "The plain duty of the workers now is to educate themselves as rapidly as possible in order that they may shoulder the new responsibilities that will be placed upon them, to organize their forces until they become a solid phalanx in every industry in the land, and to inculcate in them the spirit of class loyalty, pride, and ambition, to the end that labor's administration can be made effective and the nation set free for democracy not only politically, but economically and socially as well."

While Mr. Schwab may not be a philosopher or an economist, and does not profess to be a prophet, observes the Springfield *Republican*, he seems convinced that "the cannon he manufactures are blowing sky-high the present basis of civilization," and this journal adds:

> "A new order is coming into the world. The Christian Crusades introduced the Renaissance. The prolonged wars which accompanied the rise of Protestantism broke down the old imperial system which was Europe's inheritance from the Roman Empire and left a free field for modern individualism and industrialism. The wars of the French Revolution established political democracy. This war will probably open the way for something equally revolutionary and vital in the life of the world. Mr. Schwab is warning the men of his kind to get ready. Our children at least should know the truth, and our grandchildren may read about it, a finished thing, in their school histories."

TO SAVE COAL BY USING DAYLIGHT

WE SHOULD HAVE a million tons more coal now, it is estimated, if the Daylight-Saving Bill now before Congress had been enacted last summer. In other words, remarks the Newark *News*, the clock has been "a slacker," and "no exemption should be granted to it this year." This bill, agrees the New York *World*, "remains the most practicable coal-conservation measure yet proposed, and it would work automatically." The principle which it embodies, to use daylight and conserve artificial light by setting the clocks ahead one hour during the summer months, has been tried for several years in Cleveland and Detroit, and telegrams from those cities indorse it unreservedly. "Clevelanders to-day would no more give up the hour of daylight thus gained than they would give up their citizenship," declares the editor of the Cleveland *Press*, and the editor of *The Plain Dealer* wires us that "after more than four and a half years' actual experience with daylight-saving, Cleveland, one of the largest and most important industrial centers in the country, would not turn the clock back for the hour it took May 1, 1914, under any consideration." "Daylight-saving is here to stay," says the editor of the Detroit *Journal*, and *The News* of the same city testifies that "the plan has had an accelerating effect generally."

Even more impressive is the testimony from the twelve European countries where daylight-saving has been adopted as a war-time measure. According to the Chicago *Herald* it is claimed that this simple device of setting forward the hands of the clock saved 260,000 tons of coal last summer in England and reduced lighting bills 23 per cent., and that in France an economy of $10,000,000 was announced. One estimate has it that the saving in this country, had the measure been in effect last year, would have amounted to $40,000,000.

The Calder Daylight-Saving Bill would advance all clocks throughout the country one hour on the last Sunday of April and push them back again on the last Sunday in September. Among the principal results, advocates of the measure say, will be saving of fuel, increased production of food, and a larger output from the factories which are turning out articles necessary for the war-program. Last year the bill was passed by the Senate, but held up in the House. It now comes before Congress with the indorsement of President Wilson, Railway-Director McAdoo, the United States Chamber of Commerce, and the executive committee of the American Federation of Labor. Says Marcus M. Marks, president of the National Daylight-Saving Association, writing in the New York *Evening Post:*

> "A greater interest in farm-gardening was evidenced abroad among those who, arriving home an hour earlier, spent that hour cultivating the garden-plot; others prepared to participate in tennis or baseball during the daylight opportunity gained under the daylight-saving plan. An increase in farm products resulted, as also an increased interest in outdoor recreation and athletics.
>
> "It has been suggested that all the advantages of daylight-saving could be obtained without touching the clock by rising and retiring an hour earlier during the summer months. The answer is that we would not do it, and if we tried it, we would find ourselves out of harmony with our surroundings. There is an element of psychology in this movement. It would be quite an effort for those accustomed to arise at seven o'clock to get up at six; but when the clock says seven, habit asserts itself, and in a few days no one remembers that the clock has been advanced. Furthermore, to be successful, the change must be universal, and this can best be accomplished by Federal legislation."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

PERHAPS some time there will be a kickless day.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

EMBARGOES seem to apply to about everything except critics.—*Newark News.*

NO, we haven't hanged or shot any spies yet. But we have reprimanded one or two of them very severely.—*Syracuse Herald.*

WE will say this for the Czar, and the Grand Duke, they had better looking whiskers than the Bolsheviki.—*Columbia Record.*

NOW it appears certain that daylight saving will become a fact. It has been discovered that it would be good for baseball.—*Buffalo Express.*

THE fact that the demand for peace in the Central Powers is largely the demand for a piece of bread only makes it the more menacing for Wilhelm.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

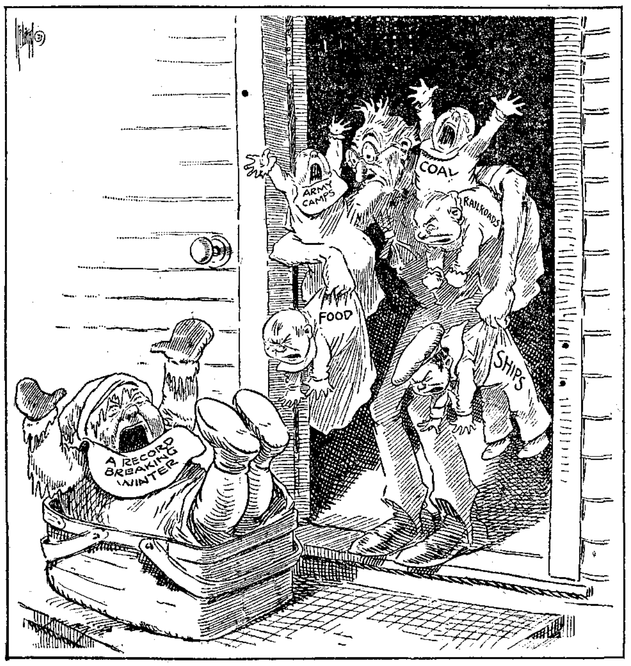
WILLIAM, the well-known Christian Kaiser, has written another letter thanking the Almighty for help. We're afraid William is sending his thanks in the wrong direction. — *Cleveland Press.*

THERE is evidently such a thing as being too well prepared; the Germans built the *Vaterland* in such a way that she could be at once converted into a troop-ship.—*Philadelphia North American.*

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN pleads for a reconsideration of the Alsace-Lorraine question, self-determination of nations, and the like. It looks as if Max simply can't get enough jail to suit him.—*Chicago Herald.*

"GERMANY," says Hertling, "does not desire the annexation of Belgium by violence." This, no doubt, accounts for the fact that Germany has so carefully abstained from violence in Belgium. — *New York Morning Telegraph.*

SO many are the strike and riot rumors, it is possible that the delightful German people, with whom we have no quarrel, are trying to get from under the Potsdam thumb; but our confidence in the weight of that thumb is such that the most startling headline fails to get a rise out of us.—*Chicago Tribune.*



IT WAS THAT EXTRA KID THAT GOT HIS GOAT.
—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch.*

THE trouble about revolutions in Germany is that they are *verboten.*—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

RUSSIAN Socialists are opposed to war, but apparently do not stick at murder.—*Wall Street Journal.*

WHEAT bread is tabu on Wednesday, but look at the nice loaf you get on Monday.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

ANOTHER piece of hard luck for Russian women is that they have got the vote in a country where there are no elections.—*Dallas News.*

THERE seems to be a general feeling among the Austrians that they might as well be licked as the way they are.—*New York Evening Sun.*

GERMANY does not want "violent annexations." Neither does any robber want violent booty. He prefers that the victim submit quietly to the outrage.—*Chicago Herald.*

THE situation seems to be, briefly, that while the War Department has made no mistakes precautions have been taken to prevent their repetition. —*Kansas City Times.*

THE fact that the Government has commandeered the hemp supply gives hope that something may be done to check the work of the German propagandists.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

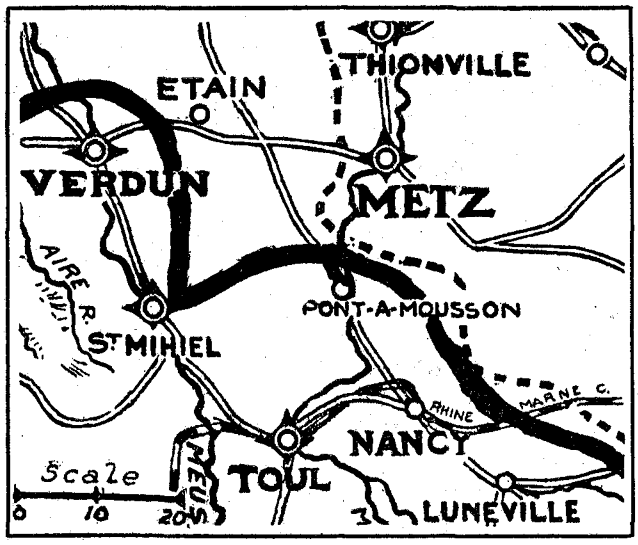
THE report of 500,000 striking workmen in Berlin is pretty good news viewed from one angle, but it destroys that comforting deception about the complete exhaustion of Germany's man-power. — *Philadelphia North American.*

THE Patent Office *Gazette* for January 15 contains twenty-three paragraphs similar to the following—arguments which the Teut can grasp without standing on his head: "Patent No. 724789, April 7, 1903, to René Bohn, of Mannheim, Germany, assignor to Badische Anilin and Soda Fabrik, of Ludwigshafen-on-the-Rhine, Germany, a corporation. Blue dye and process of making same. License applied for by E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., of Wilmington, Del."—*Chicago Tribune.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

GERMAN IDEAS OF THE PRESIDENT'S AIMS

THE SINISTER AIMS of our wicked President have at last been discovered by the penetrating keenness of Germany's renowned "experts on America." These discerning gentlemen have suddenly awakened to the fact that their "American bluff" theory will not hold, and they are casting around for some workable hypothesis which will save them from having to face the prospect of America's real military success. As the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* says, "This much is certain—the American President is not arming 1,000,000 men as bluff, and is not merely seizing this opportunity to provide American Imperialism with the necessary weapons against England and Japan. He has the serious intention of employing these weapons in the present war and he hopes by the use of them to produce a decision in the Anglo-Saxon interest." What, then, is the President's real aim? The *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* has penetrated the dark secret and reveals to an astounded humanity his "infamous designs." The President, the Munich organ graciously informs us, is no visionary idealist—that theory was all a mistake due to a wrong interpretation of the "peace without victory" speech—and it proceeds with this illuminating paragraph:



WHERE OUR TROOPS FIGHT IN FRANCE.

The authorized announcement, says the New York *Times*, which publishes this map, that American troops have taken over a sector of the French front northwest of Toul, indicates that they are holding a part of the line on the eastern side of the St. Mihiel salient. The exact location, for obvious reasons, can not be disclosed as yet.

> "Wilson would have to be estimated as a mean spirit if exclusively pacifist and humanitarian motives and tendencies were to be the driving force for the application of the enormous resources of power of his country. And we should be attributing very slight political insight to the representatives of the American people in Congress and Senate if we were to assume that they had been moved by sentimental or moral excitement to bring out their enormous resources of power, the greatness of which is in such striking contrast with the apparent goal for which they are striving. No, Wilson's policy is aiming at great things—at the erection of an undisputed position of world-power for the free North-American State, and the overwhelming majority of all the politicians and statesmen of influence are following him gladly in order to attain this exalted aim.
>
> "Little Europe has hitherto dominated the world politically, intellectually, culturally, and economically. This domination is now to pass to the great American Republic. . . . By the longest possible extension of the war the complete military, financial, and economic exhaustion of the European peoples is to be achieved and American world-power is to rise from the ruins."

This interpretation of the President's aims has badly upset poor Prof. Moritz Bonn, who is a "really and truly" American expert, for he actually came to this country once as assistant to Dr. Dernburg when that seductive siren was making ardent love to us three years ago. He proceeds to answer the *Nachrichten's* strictures in a letter which shows considerable confusion of mind, but is interesting because it brings out the terror with which Germans of every class regard the possible employment of economic retaliation. Professor Bonn writes:

> "The question now is whether President Wilson has become a convert to force, and whether he and his people are pursuing a policy of conquest. Or is he still trying to reach his old aims by new means? For, if he is going to throw a million American warriors upon the battle-field, he must accept the principle that the sword is mightier than the mind—and this at a time when the idea of a peace by agreement is rising in all parts of the world.
>
> "It is not probable that Professor Wilson will complete this departure from his principles if he finds a way out. If he is aiming at the overthrow of Germany, that doesn't necessarily mean that this overthrow must be produced at a given moment by the participation of an American army of a million—if he thinks that he has other serviceable weapons at his disposal, such as the blockade of the neutrals and the future world-trade blockade.
>
> "If Wilson is right in thinking that by cutting off the supplies of commodities from overseas the future recovery of Germany can be made impossible, he need not renounce his pacifist past in spite of his participation in the war. For he could thus cancel the German victory on all the battle-fields. He could even cancel by this means the smashing of England, if England were to be smashed. We are consequently faced by a political problem which can not be solved by arms."

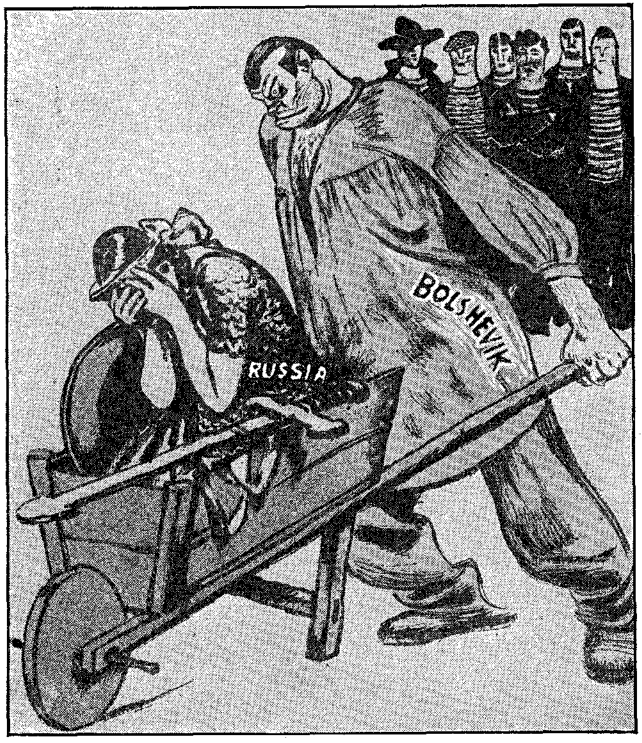
If the German people can not remove the American menace by the force of arms, the German military critics are also unanimously agreed that the German people can not be beaten by force of arms, certainly not American arms. Colonel Gädke, who is acknowledged to be one of the best military critics in Germany, pours out his scorn in the Bremen *Weser Zeitung* in this scalding article:

> "The Entente has now pinned its faith entirely to American help. It therefore is important that the Germans know just how serious is this American menace. The Americans are coming to Europe to meet the most perfect instrument of war that any age ever has seen. Can they do it?
>
> "Secretary of War Baker recently told us that a million and a half men were under training. With all modesty we call his attention to the fact that the men who are still being trained can not terrify us. It took the English two years to put a million men in a battle-field which was quite near them. The Americans, with the handicap of distance, can not do better.
>
> "How are the Americans off for officers? Where are they to get 4,500 generals and staff-officers? Mr. Baker said he had 9,000 officers of all ranks in April, but now has 110,000.
>
> "That is truly an American masterpiece of accomplishment—to sew epaulets on a hundred-thousand men and call them officers. Does Mr. Baker imagine that these gentlemen in six, nine, or twelve months can become fit to perform the difficult tasks of officers in modern war? . . . . . .
>
> "Of the total strength the Americans are able to muster it has been shown that only a half-million can get to Europe, but when? The Entente leaders have got to expect them before next autumn—neutral observers say six months later.
>
> "Moreover, these men will arrive still untrained. While perhaps they may be useful for a defensive, they may be considered negligible for any offensive operations."

RUSSIA INCITING GERMAN STRIKES

FLOODING THE GERMAN TRENCHES with revolutionary propaganda, the Bolsheviki are causing no little embarrassment to the German authorities, and at the same time furthering their ideal of an international class warfare of labor against capital. Lenine has openly pledged the Russian Red Army to the support of the German radicals if they will only rise, and Dr. Harold Williams, the Petrograd correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle*, writes:

> "Lenine 'glories in civil war.' 'Yes,' he cried in a speech at the *Soviet* Congress, 'we are physical-force men. We stand for violence against all exploiters, and we are not abashed by the cries of those who weep and shudder in the presence of the great struggle. We are the first Government in the world that openly declares it is carrying on civil war, and we pledge ourselves to carry on this war to a finish.' "



PREPARED FOR SACRIFICE.

BOLSHEVIK—"Proud of the Social Revolution! I should say so. I'd sacrifice Russia herself for it."

—*Novy Satirikon* (Petrograd).

In order to hasten the "good work," the Bolsheviki begin on the material nearest to hand—their enemies in the German trenches; and to convert them to the ideals of the Social Revolution, they have published a newspaper in German which is sent from Petrograd to the front and distributed freely over the German lines. Its name is *Das Volksfriede*—the People's Peace—and it is bitterly hostile to the German Government. Here are its comments on the recent peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk:

> "In order to understand the falseness and cynicism of these peace-conditions, it is enough to remember the domination of the Germans in Poland and Lithuania under which the will of the inhabitants was declared. In the occupied districts the Germans rule with the mailed fist. Workmen are pursued and seized in the streets and deported to Germany, where they are forced to work in factories and are treated like slaves. The working classes remaining in the occupied districts are held in subjection by the knout of militarist domination.
>
> "At first the workers' press was subjected to a very severe censorship; later it was completely suppressed. The workers' leaders have been relegated to German concentration-camps, where for months past they have been starving. Hunger demonstrations organized by the workmen are dispersed and the hunger of the old men is appeased by bullets. All these facts have been exposed many times in the German Reichstag and the Prussian Landtag by Social-Democratic and *bourgeois* Deputies, and are borne out by documentary evidence."

An earnest appeal is made to the German soldiers not to allow the inhabitants of Courland and Poland to be exploited by the Pan-Germans:

> "And now the German Government declares that as the Russian workmen and peasants do not desire to oppress their comrades belonging to other nations, the latter are to be the prey of whoever wants them. The German barons in Livonia and the Polish proprietors in Lithuania and Poland can give them up to German capitalists. For if the German capitalists and generals declare themselves in favor of the right of nations they do so to gratify the Poles, Lithuanians, and Letts!
>
> "The truth is that the German Government wants to free the peoples on the Russian Western front from the Russian Revolution and to subjugate them with German capital."

Just why the Bolsheviki balked at concluding peace with the Germans is explained:

> "In view of all this, the Russian Workmen's Government will in no circumstance carry on negotiations. The mask has fallen, and now the word is with you German soldiers and workmen. The German Government duped you for three years with pacifist assurances, assuming the airs of an innocent angel or a harmless lamb, and saying it was the Russians, the French, and the British who did not desire peace.
>
> "The Russian workmen and soldiers sent the Czar to the devil and brought to its knees the *bourgeoisie*, which was prolonging the war. The Russian workmen and peasants desire a true peace, defending all and harming none. The German Government utters hypocritical phrases and puts on the mask of democracy, but when we look, not at its lips, but at its hands, we see its fists clenched."

A final appeal is made to the German soldiers and workmen to throw off "the yoke of the tyrant":

> "German soldiers and workmen, the word is with you. If you do not compel your Government to renounce the peace proposals which it had the audacity to announce to the Russian Revolution, your own blood and that of all the proletariats will be shed to an infinite extent. Up, proletariats—up, soldiers of Germany, and join the revolutionary struggle against the continuation of the war, and against the Governments which are betraying the masses. Let there not be a single shot fired on the Russian front. Do not be the executioners of the Russian Workmen's Revolution. Let not a regiment allow itself to be transported to the other fronts. If you wish for a general peace make the peoples listen to reason. Long live the International Workmen's and Peasants' Revolution!"

DECIMATED GERMANY—From the beginning of the war up to the end of 1917 there were over a million more deaths in Germany than is normally the case, writes the Berlin correspondent of the Rotterdam *Maasbode*, who sends to his paper some interesting information as to the results of the war upon the vital statistics of the Fatherland. He writes:

> "For the first three war-years the entire loss by mortality is said to have been 3,700,000. Thus, instead of the normal increase of the population by 2,400,000, there was, on August 1, 1917, a decrease of 600,000, to which another 700,000 was added as a result of the decline of the birth-figure that still continues. The absolute decrease in the population after three years, therefore, would have been 2 per cent. of the number at the beginning of the war, and for a human lifetime the years of reduction will manifest themselves at the various ages as weak links in the chain of the generations on whom will fall the work of reconstruction.
>
> "Moreover, yet other phenomena are to be expected for the near future. Instead of 14,000,000, the men between the ages of seventeen and forty-five will only number 12,700,000, and instead of 800,000 as now, the excess of women over men will be 2,100,000. It is not yet known how the war-losses will be spread over the various ages. But it looks as if there will be 1,100 women to every 1,000 men of marriageable age. For these reasons, and in view of the fact that there will be a large number of invalids among the men, the marriage chances must

be termed greatly reduced, a fact which will in its turn produce further shiftings on the labor market, that, on their part, will again react on the population movement."

QUEBEC WILL NOT SECEDE

A BRIEF HOUR OF GLORY has been enjoyed by Joseph Napoleon Francœur, of Lotbinière, for he has caused the Federal Parliament of Canada to spend three days discussing the grievances of the Province of Quebec. He proposed that Quebec secede from the Canadian Confederation, but, the Montreal *Star* tells us, "the outstanding fact about yesterday's debate is that nobody in the Chamber seemed to have the slightest desire to have Quebec secede from the Confederation. Even Joseph Napoleon Francœur himself appeared to have no such idea." It would appear that Quebec has felt hurt at the "abuse" showered upon her by her partners in the Confederation, and especially by Ontario. The debate has cleared the air, and Mr. Francœur, having achieved his purpose, withdrew his motion, saying:

> "I did not want to bring about the rupture of the Confederation pact. But if the campaign of vilification goes on, and more especially if the Federal Government lends itself to this campaign, the inevitable result will be the separation of Quebec. Even English Protestants in Ontario admit the truth of this statement."

The passionate loyalty of French Canada to the flag, to the Confederation, and to all that it stands for, was brought out by Sir Lomer Gouin, the Prime Minister of Quebec, in a magnificent speech, in which he said:

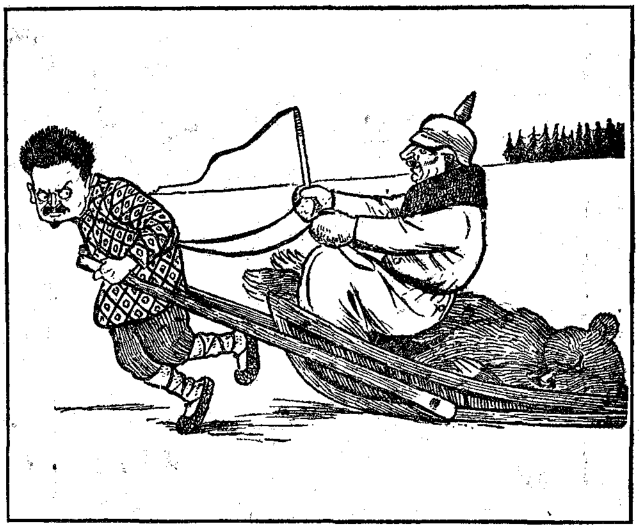
> "What would happen if we separated? I would not like to have people think that Mr. Francœur meant that. But since we are on the subject, everybody should say what he thinks. How would we protect our harbors, our frontiers? We would be surrounded with tariff walls. How would we pay the debt that would fall on our shoulders. What position would the French-Canadians in the other provinces be in?
>
> "Up to now we have suffered nothing but certain unjust articles and oral insults. Would that be enough? Recall the position of the United States before their Federation. Each State was ambitious to surpass the other. The quarrel lasted for a long time until there suddenly arose a question, the liberation of the slaves. The Civil War broke out, costing the lives of 500,000 men and more than two billions in money. What happened after this? Reconciliation. And it is, perhaps, because of this shedding of blood, of this spending of money, that the United States has grown, achieved wealth, and reached such great power. And that is perhaps why, entering the war on the side of the Allies, they are going to-day to preserve, high and firm, right, justice, and liberty. . . . . . .
>
> "For fifty years we have lived under this régime. We have had difficulties, it is true, but to-day have we any right to be dissatisfied, to say that the system has failed? I believe we have not. When I look at the results that have been achieved, when I see the developments that have been realized, I feel like saying, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier said last July at the fiftieth anniversary of the Confederation, that the hopes of the Fathers of Confederation have been outstript. . . . . . .
>
> "It is to preserve to my country her greatness, to guard in the hearts of our children all their hopes, to hand down to them the inheritance which we received from our fathers, that we should fight fearlessly against the passing storm and work ceaselessly for the development and maintenance of the Canadian Confederation."

What Quebec itself thinks of it all can be seen from the remarks of *Le Soleil*, one of Quebec's French journals. It writes:

> "We hope that the echoes of this debate (on the Francœur resolution) will be heard in the other provinces. It is in an undeniable manner the echo of the profound sentiments of a whole people, of a people who, without useless recrimination, without violence, but with firmness, claim the right to live respected by their partners in the Confederation. We have the firm confidence that if this debate shall have been properly reported in the other provinces we shall have made a decided step forward, because without knowledge of each province by the others there can not be any understanding or harmony, and consequently no common fruitful life in the Canadian Confederation."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's paper, *Le Canada*, of Montreal, believes that the other provinces might be induced to legislate Quebec out of the Confederation, but it has no fears on that account:

> "Quebec has no fear of Federal legislation which will remove her constitutional rights. It knows that the Imperial Parliament, more solicitous of sacred treaties than our fellow citizens of the West—which it has proved by throwing itself into the war to defend the treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium—Quebec knows that the Imperial Parliament will never allow the Confederation pact to be broken."



WHAT THE KAISER WOULD DO WITH TROTZKY.

—*Westminster Gazette.*

In Ontario, where some bitterness against Quebec has been said to prevail, the friendliest sentiments are exprest by the Toronto *Globe*, which is particularly imprest with the words of Sir Lomer Gouin:

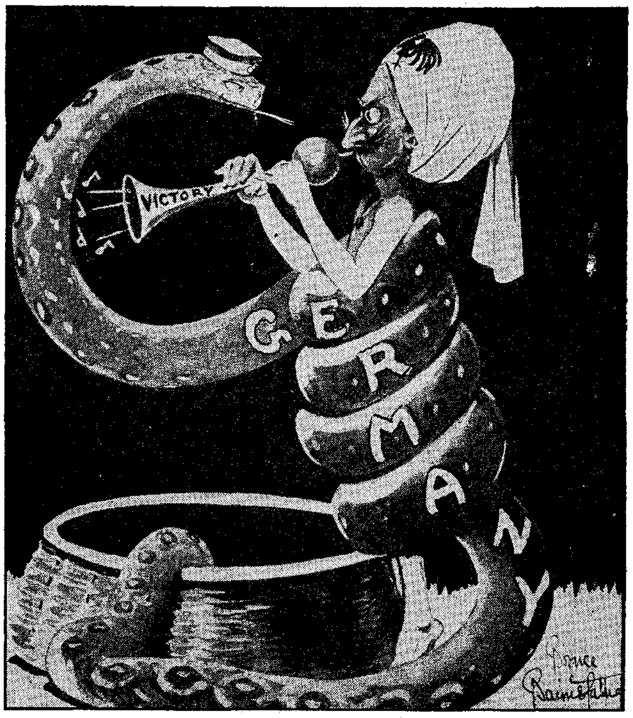
> "Sir Lomer's words will carry weight not only in Quebec, but in the sister provinces. His plea for the rights of minorities is sound Liberalism and sound democracy.
>
> "Canada must continue to develop the great purpose of Confederation. She must go on with nation-building. She must bring the noble vision of Sir George Étienne Cartier, fifty years ago, into present-day actuality.
>
> "We must unite our provinces, that the people, whose interests and sympathies are identical, can be melted into one great nation.
>
> "To best do that, the citizens of all provinces must banish prejudice and bigotry, eschew the bitterness, and earnestly endeavor to come closer together in the mutual sympathy and understanding of common ideals and common purposes."

CANADA'S NEW NATURALIZATION LAW—The Vancouver *Daily Sun* tells of the new rules under which Canada now enrolls citizens:

> "An important change in Canada's naturalization laws has become effective with the new year. Formerly, the period of residence required to secure naturalization was three years. Henceforth it will be five. On the other hand, the brand of naturalization formerly granted was not recognized outside of Canada. In future it will be good anywhere in his Majesty's dominions.
>
> "Under the old system an American citizen, for instance, might come to Canada, spend three years here, and take out his papers. He thereby acquired all the rights of a British subject so long as he remained in this country. But if he moved to Australia or England he had to put in another period of residence and take out another set of papers. This is now done away with. He can move from Canada to Australia and find himself in the same legal position as if he moved from British Columbia to Alberta. Everywhere under the flag his rights will be the same.
>
> "This change has been brought about as the result of an agreement reached at the imperial conference some years ago and implemented by concurrent legislation in all parts of the Empire."

THAT BIG DRIVE AT THE WEST

STRIKES, HUNGER, AND UNREST in Germany have driven the proud Pan-German party into a corner. All the news coming out of the Fatherland shows clearly that the Jingoes realize that if some substantial success is not speedily obtained, the hungry proletariat may rise, and then—as Heine rather neatly put it nearly a century ago—"The French Revolution will be only an innocent idyll." Consequently a great drive at the Western front at the earliest possible moment is predicted by both sides, and the French at least are quite wide-awake to the trend of events, and prepared. Mr. Marcel Hutin, one of the shrewdest military critics in France, thus writes in the *Écho de Paris:*



THE POTSDAM PIPER.

"What the Hindenburg will happen when I have to stop?"

—*Bystander* (London).

"The question is, where will the attack be made? I still think the Germans will try to exert pressure on the entire Franco-British front, but that the real offensive will take place on the two wings—the first from St. Mihiel to the Swiss frontier, and the second from Armentières to the sea.

"The Crown Prince and Duke Albrecht of Württemberg cherish the hope of capturing Verdun while endeavoring to cut the main line to Bar-le-Duc so as to recapture the portion of Upper Alsace occupied by our troops. This dream dates from as far back as 1916.

"The offensive on the British front would aim to take Calais and Dunkirk. Then the strategic plan would be to maneuver the two extreme wings so as to bring about a general descent of the Central armies on Paris. Such is Ludendorff's colossal military dream to impose his peace upon the stubborn Entente before the first million American troops can get to work. We have, however, a command which will know how to meet every eventuality, which will be able to distingush between feints and real offensives, and we have armies ready not only to retaliate, but also to take the initiative."

The Paris *Matin* publishes an interview on the immediate military prospects as seen by a neutral who recently left Germany after a long stay. In his opinion it is "an absolute necessity for Germany to undertake within the shortest possible time an offensive on the Western front." He thinks the moral and material forces both of Germany and her allies would be unable to resist the strain of prolonging the war until the fall, "when America will be able to enter the field in full strength." He continues:

"At present there are two parties, one under General Ludendorff, who is with the Crown Prince, the other under Herr von Kühlmann, who is supported by the Emperor, while Count von Hertling is acting as arbiter. Ludendorff is said to have stated before the Bundesrath that Germany has three chances out of four of winning. Verdun has been chosen as the most favorable point of attack. The German Emperor has recently addrest encouraging words to the Verdun army, and General Gallwitz, who commands there, has received the highest distinctions. The new Verdun offensive is to be the Crown Prince's revenge. The general reply to those who point out that the last Verdun offensive was a failure is that the Germans were stopt only by the mud. Diversions on a large scale are also contemplated against Calais and Italy."

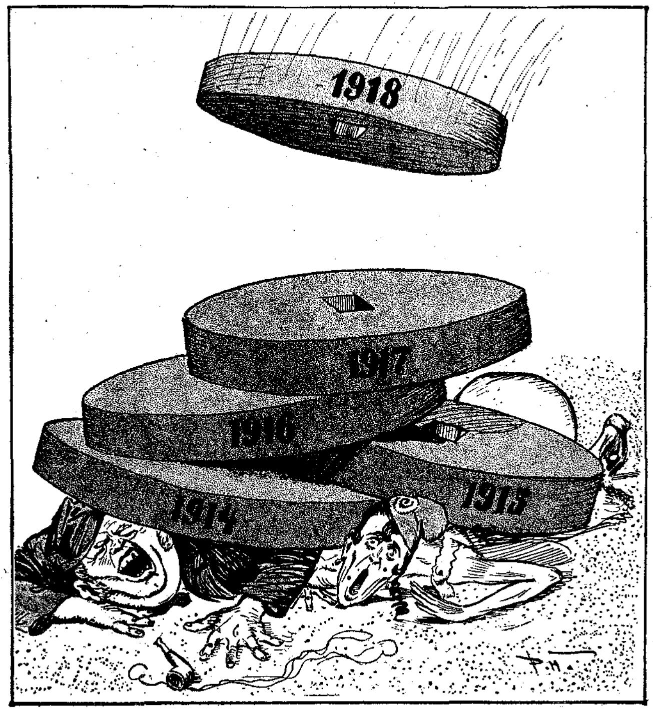
The Pan-Germans, it seems, imagine that a successful assault either at Verdun or Calais would inevitably bring about a "German peace." But Philipp Scheidemann, the leader of the German majority Socialists, is of an entirely contrary opinion. In a speech to the Main Committee of the Reichstag, reported by the Berlin *Vorwärts*, he said:

"The nervous fighters at home who are prepared to sacrifice the last drop of the blood of others can not awaken the feeling of hate in me. Their agitation has produced two parties, now opposing each other. One holds that the struggle will be ended within a few months by a smashing victory. The other party does not believe it. One desires a peace by agreement; the other a forcible peace. Just listen to this:

"'The statesman who emerges from this war without Longwy and Briey, without Belgium remaining in our possession, without the Flemish coast being wrested from the English sphere of power, and without the Meuse line being modified to our advantage, will be designated by history as the grave-digger of German power.'

"This is no resolution from the lunatic asylum in the Hauptstrasse at Schöneberg, but a sentence from the speech of that National Liberal, Deputy Führmann, in the Prussian House of Representatives. . . . . . .

"Suppose we conquer Calais and Paris. Would that mean peace? I say no. The most astounding fact is that the war continues on and on, tho both sides have already realized that the struggle can not be ended by a great military decision. We have overrun entire states. We have driven enemy governments out of their country, but notwithstanding all this we have not secured peace as yet, and when finally the youth of Germany and France has bled to death, and we shall have completely vanquished England and France, will we then have peace with America?"



THE MILLSTONES OF WAR.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND (groaning)—"Here comes a fifth crusher."

—*Ulk* (Berlin).

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

A TEST OF YOUR INTELLIGENCE

TO PICK OUT AN ADULT of superior intelligence by any one test may be regarded as not within the bounds of possibility; yet Prof. Lewis M. Terman, of Stanford University, proposes one, which he says has such a high value that, used without others, it will give results within 10 per cent. of those obtained by the far-famed Binet-Simon scale. This test is the so-called "vocabulary test," and it is so easily used that within a brief period readers of THE DIGEST will doubtless be applying it to their families and friends. The vocabulary used, copied below from Professor Terman's book on "The Measurement of Intelligence," consists of 100 words derived by selecting the last word of every sixth column in a dictionary containing 18,000 words, presumably the most common in the language. The assumption is that 100 words selected according to some arbitrary rule will be a large enough sampling to afford a fairly reliable index of a subject's entire vocabulary. Says a reviewer in *The Journal of Heredity* (Washington, January):

1. orange
2. bonfire
3. roar
4. gown
5. tap
6. scorch
7. puddle
8. envelop
9. straw
10. rule
11. haste
12. afloat
13. eye-lash
14. copper
15. health
16. curse
17. guitar
18. mellow
19. pork
20. impolite
21. plumbing
22. outward
23. lecture
24. dungeon
25. southern
26. noticeable
27. muzzle
28. quake
29. civil
30. treasury
31. reception
32. ramble
33. skill
34. misuse
35. insure
36. stave
37. regard
38. nerve
39. crunch
40. juggler
41. majesty
42. brunette
43. snip
44. apish
45. sportive
46. hysterics
47. Mars
48. repose
49. shrewd
50. forfeit
51. peculiarity
52. coinage
53. mosaic
54. bewail
55. disproportionate
56. dilapidated
57. charter
58. conscientious
59. avarice
60. artless
61. priceless
62. swaddle
63. tolerate
64. gelatinous
65. depredation
66. promontory
67. frustrate
68. milksop
69. philanthropy
70. irony
71. lotus
72. drabble
73. harpy
74. embody
75. infuse
76. flaunt
77. declivity
78. fen
79. ochre
80. exaltation
81. incrustation
82. laity
83. selectman
84. sapient
85. retroactive
86. achromatic
87. ambergris
88. casuistry
89. paleology
90. perfunctory
91. precipitancy
92. theosophy
93. piscatorial
94. sudorific
95. parterre
96. homunculus
97. cameo
98. shagreen
99. limpet
100. complot

OF COURSE, YOU ARE A SUPERIOR ADULT.

If so, you can give passable definitions of at least seventy-five of the above words. The average adult can not manage more than sixty-five of them. Ability to give seventy-five definitions from the above list indicates the possession of a working vocabulary of 13,500 words.

"Rather extensive experimentation with this list and others chosen in a similar manner has proved that the assumption is justified. . . . It may seem to the reader almost incredible that so small a sampling of words would give a reliable index of an individual's vocabulary. That it does so is due to the operation of the ordinary laws of chance. It is analogous to predicting the results of an election when only a small proportion of the ballots have been counted. If it is known that a ballot-box contains 600 votes, and if when only thirty have been counted it is found that they are divided between two candidates in the proportion of twenty to ten, it is safe to predict that a complete count will give the two candidates approximately 400 and 200 respectively. In 1914 about 1,000,000 votes were cast for Governor in California, and when only 10,000 votes had been counted, or a hundredth of all, it was announced and conceded that Governor Johnson had been reelected by about 150,000 plurality. The completed count gave him 188,505 plurality. The error was less than 10 per cent. of the total vote.

"The 100 words thus chosen are arranged approximately (tho not exactly) in the order of their difficulty, and the examiner usually begins with the easier words and proceeds to the harder, continuing until the subject examined is no longer able to define the words. 'With children under nine or ten years,' Dr. Terman directs, 'begin with the first. Apparently normal children of ten years may safely be credited with the first ten words without being asked to define them. Apparently normal children of twelve may begin with word 16 and fifteen-year-olds with word 21. Except with subjects of almost adult intelligence, there is no need to give the last ten or fifteen words, as these are almost never correctly defined by school-children. A safe rule to follow is to continue until eight or ten successive words have been missed and to score the remainder minus without giving them.'

"As to scoring, 'credit a response in full if it gives one correct meaning for a word, regardless of whether that meaning is the most common one, and regardless of whether it is the original or a derived meaning. Occasionally half credit may be given, but this should be avoided as far as possible.

"'To find the entire vocabulary (of the individual who is being examined), multiply the number of words known by 180. Thus the child who defines twenty words correctly has a vocabulary of 20 × 180 = 3,600 words; fifty correct definitions would mean a vocabulary of 9,000 words, etc. The following are the standards for different years, as determined by the vocabulary reached by 60 per cent. to 65 per cent. of the subjects of the various mental levels:

	Words	Vocabulary
Eight years.......	20	3,600
Ten years........	30	5,400
Twelve years.....	40	7,200
Fourteen years....	50	9,000
Average adult.....	65	11,700
Superior adult.....	75	13,500

Altho the form of the definition is significant, it is not taken into consideration in scoring. The test is intended to explore the range of ideas rather than the evolution of thought forms. When it is evident that the child has one fairly correct meaning for a word, he is given full credit for it, however poorly the definition may have been stated.

"'While there is naturally some difficulty now and then in deciding whether a given definition is correct, this happens much less frequently than one would expect. In order to get a definite idea of the extent of error due to the individual differences among examiners, we have had the definitions of twenty-five subjects graded independently by ten different persons. The results showed an average difference below three in the number of definitions scored plus. Since these subjects attempted on an average about sixty words, the average number of doubtful definitions per subject was below 5 per cent. of the number attempted.

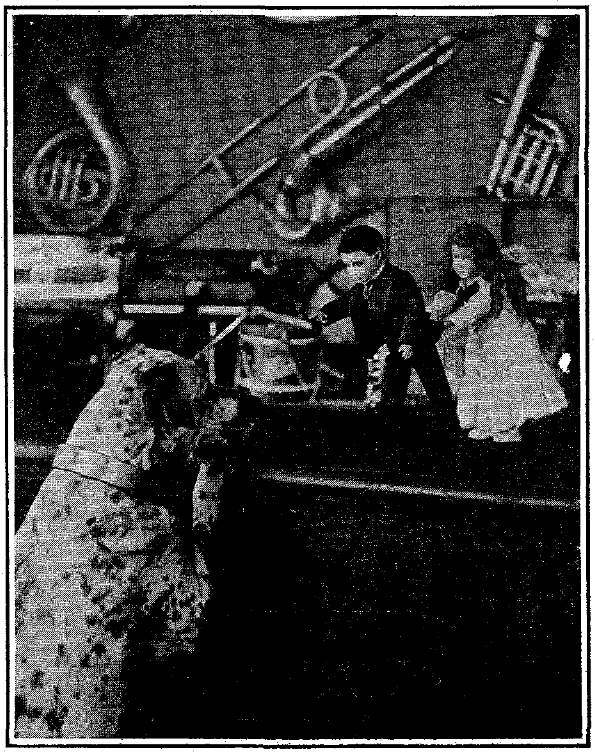
"'An idea of the degree of leniency to be exercised may be had from the following examples of definitions, which are mostly low grade, but acceptable:

1. *Orange.* "An orange is to eat." "It is yellow and grows on a tree."
2. *Bonfire.* "You burn it outdoors." "You burn some leaves or things." "It's a big fire."
3. *Roar.* "A lion roars." "You holler loud."
4. *Gown.* "To sleep in." "It's a nightie." "It's a nice gown that ladies wear."

"The test is particularly interesting, since it seems to give reasonably correct measurement of the intelligence of adults, and there are very few single tests which can be easily applied that give reliable results in such cases. There is, Professor Terman finds, a well-marked difference between the average adult and the superior adult, altho the number of words in the vocabulary by which they differ is only ten. A majority of average adults can give sixty-five words, but only one-third of them can give seventy-five words—the test of the superior adult. But of those whom extensive testing shows to be 'superior adults,' 90 per cent. can pass the superior adult test of seventy-five definitions. 'Ability to pass the test is relatively independent of the number of years the subject has attended school, our business men showing even a higher percentage of passes than high-school pupils.'

"While this test may be more reliable than any other single test, it would be a mistake to place too much dependence on it. It is somewhat influenced by the kind of training and education one has had—altho less so than would be expected. No single test, and no series of tests, is an adequate measure of the general intelligence. The trained examiner takes account of every clue he can find, and it would be a disservice to psychology to give the impression that any tests are infallible, especially if given by unskilled examiners or by autoexamination. The most that is claimed for the Binet tests, for example, may be stated in Dr. Terman's own words:

"'One who knows how to apply the tests correctly and who is experienced in the psychological interpretation of responses can in forty minutes arrive at a more accurate judgment as to a subject's intelligence than would be possible without the tests after months or even years of close observation. . . . Exceptionally superior endowment is discoverable by the tests, however unfavorable the home from which it comes, and inferior endowment can not be normalized by all the advantages of the most cultured home. Or, to quote from William Stern, the greatest German exponent of the psychology of individual differences, "The tests actually reach and discover the general developmental conditions of intelligence, and not mere fragments of knowledge and attainments acquired by chance."'"



Illustrations with this article by courtesy of "The Scientific American," New York.

IT TOOK SEVERAL DAYS TO GET THIS SCENE WITH A LIVE DOG.

DOLLS AS MOVIE ACTORS

THE STARS OF FILMDOM are shortly to be confronted with formidable rivals — competitors who will pose without salary and require neither food nor sleep. There are, to be sure, some compensatory disadvantages, as will be seen from the descriptive matter that we quote below. The new actors and actresses, to be brief, are made of wood and wax. They are dolls which can be made to move gracefully but slowly. This slowness of motion is one of the disadvantages noted above, altho of course it does not appear in the finished result. Even the simplest scenes which, when projected at normal speed, may be run off in a few seconds, may require perhaps an hour or more to pose the dolls and photograph the individual movements. A doll is posed for the beginning of a movement, and the camera man, turning the crank of his machine once, makes a single exposure. Then the director moves the doll a fraction of an inch, another exposure is made, and so on. The simplest action, such as raising or lowering an arm, is composed of ten to twenty movements. Says Mr. Robert H. Moulton, who writes on "Toyland in the Films" for *The Scientific American:*

"But simply moving the dolls about and photographing them is not all of the job by any means. To produce natural movements, the director must know just how far to move them between each exposure and how many times to do it to secure the effect desired. This requires a vast amount of study and experimenting. As a matter of fact, Mr. Moss almost invariably goes through every action to be performed by his dolls himself and counts the number of pictures it will take to complete that action. In addition, he must observe the proper angle at which an arm, a leg, or a head must be moved to make the entire action seem continuous and true to life when it is projected on the screen. For this reason Mr. Moss uses only the finest jointed dolls, capable of much flexibility, and even these he finds it necessary to have made to order under his personal supervision.

"That the work of posing dolls to act before the camera requires infinite patience and care goes without saying. Mr. Moss experimented for several years before he felt qualified to attempt a production worthy to offer the public. During this time he turned out a number of short plays, which, however, were not for general exhibition. Furthermore, his earlier efforts were confined exclusively to dolls, whereas in his latest efforts he has introduced living characters in some of the scenes. This means that the difficult problem of synchronism had to be solved.

"That is to say, while he could control the movements of his dolls well enough, Mr. Moss had to figure out a way to make the human actor's movements occur simultaneously and in proper *tempo* with those of the dolls.

"This he succeeded in doing in a most realistic manner. For instance, he has a scene where the hero and heroine dolls have lost their way in the country. We first see them climbing a six-foot embankment to the road, while down the road comes a farmer on foot. Reaching the road, the dolls hail the farmer, who has arrived opposite them, and ask the way home. To move the dolls up the embankment required thirty minutes, and while this was going on the actor-farmer had so to regulate his speed that he would cover the required distance in the same time.

"Of course the scene had to be rehearsed several times for the benefit of the actor-farmer, until the whole thing was mathematically correct.

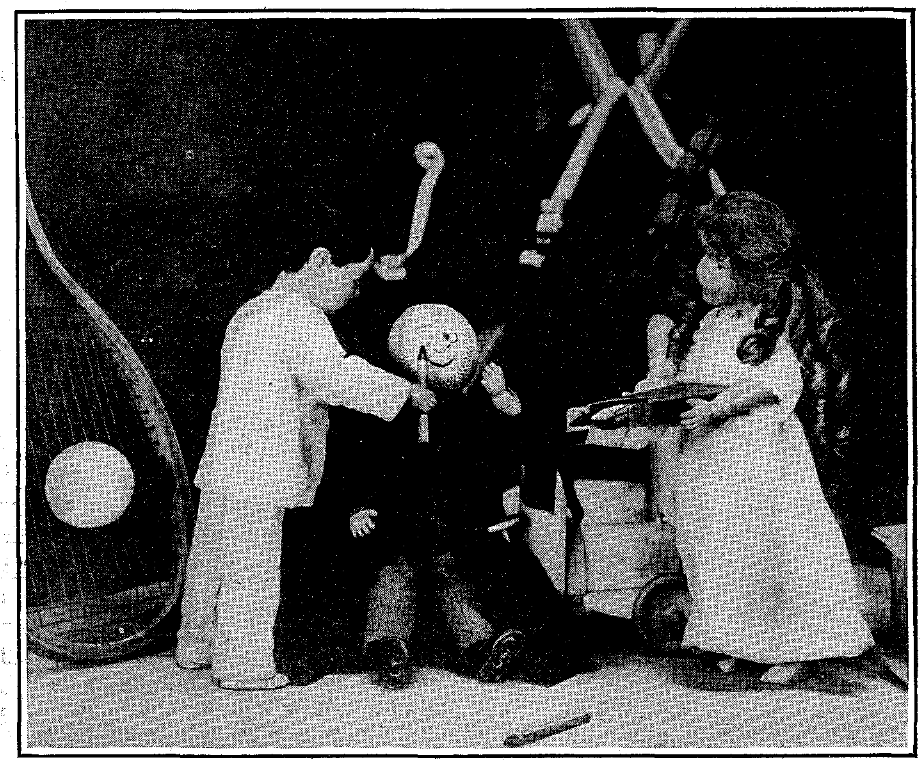
"This brings out an advantage, and perhaps the only one, that the director of the dolls enjoys over the director of real people. The dolls do not have to be rehearsed, but are ready to go through their paces the moment the director gives the word, and without any preliminary training. Generally they do it, too, without the slightest objection. The word generally is used advisedly, for, preposterous as it may sound, the dolls occasionally seem afflicted with 'temperament,' just like a thousand-dollar-a-week star. At any

THE "FARMER" MUST TIME HIS MOVEMENTS WITH THE DOLLS'.

rate, they sometimes refuse to do what the scenario calls for, and then it is necessary to work up new business for them. It may be the weather that affects their joints, or it may be that same inexplicable thing which causes a fish-line to become hopelessly tangled, but the fact remains that they have their fits of contrariness. The only consolation is that under such circumstances the director may express his opinion freely without any chance of a come-back from his actors. . . . . . .

"To tell much of the tricks of this business would be to tell it all. It may be said, however, that a great many pins and invisible threads and wires are used. Then, of course, special scenery is required. Mr. Moss employs a corps of carpenters who do nothing but build miniature stage-settings and properties, many of which are quite as elaborate in detail as those employed in productions with real people. The question of costumes is also an important one, and so, like almost everything else, they are designed and manufactured under Mr. Moss's personal supervision.

"It may be stated that they cost quite a bit of money, too. Mr. Moss's latest achievement is to give expression to his dolls. He has worked out a scheme whereby they are made to smile, frown, pout, wink, and exhibit various other emotions. But just how it is done is a secret that rests with the director alone."



GIVING THE DECAPITATED JUDGE A NEW HEAD MADE FROM A BASEBALL.

THE BRIQUET AS A COAL-SAVER

THE COAL FAMINE, which is not yet relieved, makes of more than usual interest an article in *Die Neue Welt*, the magazine section of *Vorwärts*, the Berlin Socialist journal. Every one who has kept house in Germany has become acquainted with the briquet, the rounded, prest bricks which there are used as we use broken anthracite for household warming and cooking. In Germany there are two varieties of briquet, the black and the brown. The former is a product of what here goes largely to waste, but is there carefully saved and used. It is composed of the dust and the siftings remaining from broken and assorted stove-coal, mixed with the greasy and inflammable refuse remaining from the manufacture of tar and lubricants. There is, therefore, here a twofold saving. Large plants, consisting chiefly of transport conveniences, presses, and drying ovens for the prest brick, are worked in connection with the mines, so that all usable material produced by the miners is worked up. But the black briquet is usable only under forced or strong draft, since under moderate draft it tends to disintegrate and "bank" the fires. It is therefore employed chiefly in locomotives and manufacturing establishments.

The brown briquet is made in a smaller size and for household use. It is produced from coal of younger geological formation, which therefore lies less deeply covered. Indeed it is in many places close to the surface and worked from open excavations. It has not yet hardened into the consistency of stone. In the working of these deposits the material comes out mainly as slack, tho a considerable portion is taken out in lumps and used in that form.

The "slack" is worked up in a manner similar to that composing the black variety. But it takes fire much more quickly, burns readily and thoroughly, gives good heat, and leaves a clear, light ash.

In view of the immense slack heaps near our own mines and the available refuse from coke and tar manufacture, it would seem that here is an opening for a commercial venture that will use waste material and also conserve our fuel-supply.

TRYING OUT DOLL POSES FOR A ROMANTIC SCENE.

TOADSTOOLS FOR CORK—On account of the scarcity of cork in Germany various substitutes for this commodity have been recommended. Says *The Druggists' Circular* (New York, January):

"Wohlfart and Sachovitz have worked out a process by which toadstools are converted into a substance which on account of its elasticity can be used not only for making stoppers for bottles, but also gaskets for preserving-jars and in making automobile-tires, etc. Wesseling uses linden and willow-wood, from which thin-walled caps are made which fit the neck of the bottle, and so replace stoppers."

COOK YOUR BANANAS

THE REASON why the banana is not sufficiently appreciated as a food is that we persist in eating it unripe and raw. We might as well eat raw potatoes as to eat bananas in the condition in which they are usually offered. The remedy is to treat them as we do the potato—namely, cook them. This is the advice of an editorial writer in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago), reviewing some recent dietary studies by Drs. M. C. Pease and A. R. Rose, of the New York Postgraduate Medical School. Raw starch, he says, has not proved to be a satisfactory nutrient for the human body. It is obviously unwise, therefore, to expect the raw banana, in the stage in which much unconverted starch still remains, to prove free from the objections that apply to other unripe or uncooked starchy foods. He goes on:

"Even the green banana can be eaten with impunity if the pulp is thoroughly cooked, as is done in the case of the comparable potato. The chief reason for the unfavorable reputation attained by the banana, when eaten uncooked, appears to lie in the failure of most persons to understand what a ripe banana really is.

"The chemist has closely followed the changes that the skin and pulp of the banana undergo simultaneously during ripening, a process facilitated by heat in the presence of air. Bananas that are merely yellow are not ripe. Pease and Rose remind us, in harmony with numerous published analyses, that characteristic changes take place in the peel as the fruit matures. The thick, turgid covering of the green banana becomes thinner and more pliable; the color passes from green to pale yellow, deepening to golden yellow with brown spots; and finally the peel becomes brown all over. Bananas are edible raw when the brown spots appear, and need not be refused as overripe when the peel is entirely brown if the covering is intact and the pulp shows no signs of fermentation. The brown color of the ripening must not be confused with the brown patches due to bruising.

"The proof of the pudding is the eating. Utilization experiments have demonstrated that the underripe banana when baked is utilized to about the same extent as the potato, and is similar to this vegetable in its nutritive value. There has in no case been any suggestion of deleterious effects from eating the banana baked or raw when fully ripe. In the late yellow stage, before the development of the distinct golden color, the raw fruit can be consumed by normal persons in small quantities (say one or two bananas) without discomfort or apparent harm. Nevertheless the recent authors are of the opinion that the raw fruit should not be given to children at this stage. Pease and Rose have conducted enough actual feeding trials on young children to justify the statement that the banana can with profit enter liberally into the child's dietary, provided it is fully ripe or well cooked. If eaten baked in the yellow stage of ripeness, or if eaten raw when fully ripe, the banana makes a delightful and highly nutritious article of food. Its composition does not warrant the use of the banana as the main component of the child's dietary, but it can compete well with other fruits, and is decidedly to be preferred to candies. . . . . . .

"Let the important fact be emphasized again that the banana ought not to be eaten raw until after the brown spots begin to appear. At this stage, we are reminded by the investigators cited, the banana assumes a full golden yellow and is in its most attractive appearance. A completely browned skin, they properly add, is not in itself a sign of overripeness, and such fruit should be judged by the texture of the pulp. The brown color of the peel, however, should not be confused with the darkening due to bruises. An injured banana is soon invaded by molds and yeast-cells through the abrasions and the broken end; the banana 'finger,' therefore, should not be broken from the 'hand' or stem, but cut off in such manner as to leave a good margin between the cut surface and the pulp.

"When we have at length learned to recognize ripeness in the banana and have ceased to eat the unripe fruit because we mistake its yellow tinge as the sign of a wholesome stage, we may further come to appreciate a positive advantage in the 'sterile package' represented by the undamaged peel. Bailey's investigations have shown this to be practically impervious to bacteria. Therefore—and this is worthy of distinct emphasis—a banana properly handled is 'uncontaminated by dirt and pathogenic germs even if purchased from the push-cart in our congested streets.' How many other foods that are edible without cooking can make an equally meritorious claim?"

WHAT SHALL WE USE FOR SUGAR?

SUGAR, AS WE KNOW IT, is a comparatively modern food. Our ancestors got on without it, and some of their descendants are even now doing as well as they can with various substitutes. *The Druggists' Circular* (New York, January) states that with reasonable economy there will be sufficient sugar to supply all legitimate demands during 1918, but the experiences of November and December have shown us, it says, that a drastic curtailment of supplies is not impossible. The British authorities removed sixty-three official preparations from their Pharmacopœia in July, 1917, in order to conserve the available supplies of sugar and glycerin. With this in mind, it behooves American pharmacists, *The Circular* concludes, to economize in these products and to be prepared, if necessary, to dispense with sugar entirely in certain preparations. At a recent branch meeting of the American Pharmaceutical Association, Dr. Curt P. Wimmer, of the New York College of Pharmacy, read a paper on "Emergency Substitutes for Sugar, Sirup, and Glycerin," from which we quote in part below, using the report in the periodical named above. Altho he speaks especially to druggists of the use of these substances in medicinal preparations, what he says is also of interest to the householder. Said Dr. Wimmer:

"In discussing various substitutes let us not forget that they can not be reasonably expected to be equal in all respects to the substances that they displace. Sugar and glycerin have a number of valuable properties, and if we succeed in devising a preparation which in a given galenical [medicine] satisfactorily replaces the sugar or glycerin the substitute may be called a success."

The reviewer then goes on:

"In discussing sugar substitutes he classified the properties of sugar as follows: first, its taste; secondly, its preservative power; thirdly, its consistency and bulk; and fourthly, its physiologic action, and he stated emphatically that where sugar was used for its physiologic action, either as a food or a medicine, it should not be replaced by any substitute.

"Where sugar is used only as a sweetening agent he advocated the substitution of saccharin and stated that this product, almost an outlaw in most nations up to the outbreak of the war, was now coming into general use in several of the European nations, being sold by pharmacists in Italy as a sugar substitute in dilutions of six parts of saccharin to 1,000 parts of dextrose.

"For use in preparations to which sirup is now added to impart consistency, he suggested glucose, honey, invert sugar, manna, or molasses, and stated that a glucose sirup much used in Great Britain is prepared by diluting glucose with water until the mixture has the specific gravity of ordinary sirup, boiling the mixture, straining and adding sufficient chloroform to act as a preservative. Not satisfied with this sirup, the viscosity of which is very high, Dr. Wimmer prepared a sirup more nearly approximating the official sirup in viscosity by mixing 66⅔ per cent. of glucose with water at 25° C., and to this, in order to impart the required sweet taste, he added a carefully calculated amount of saccharin. . . . . . .

"The principal objections to the use of such a glucose sirup are that the glucose usually contains traces of sulfur dioxid; such a sirup can not be used with any substance easily susceptible to reduction; and, finally, it is not as permanent as a sucrose sirup.

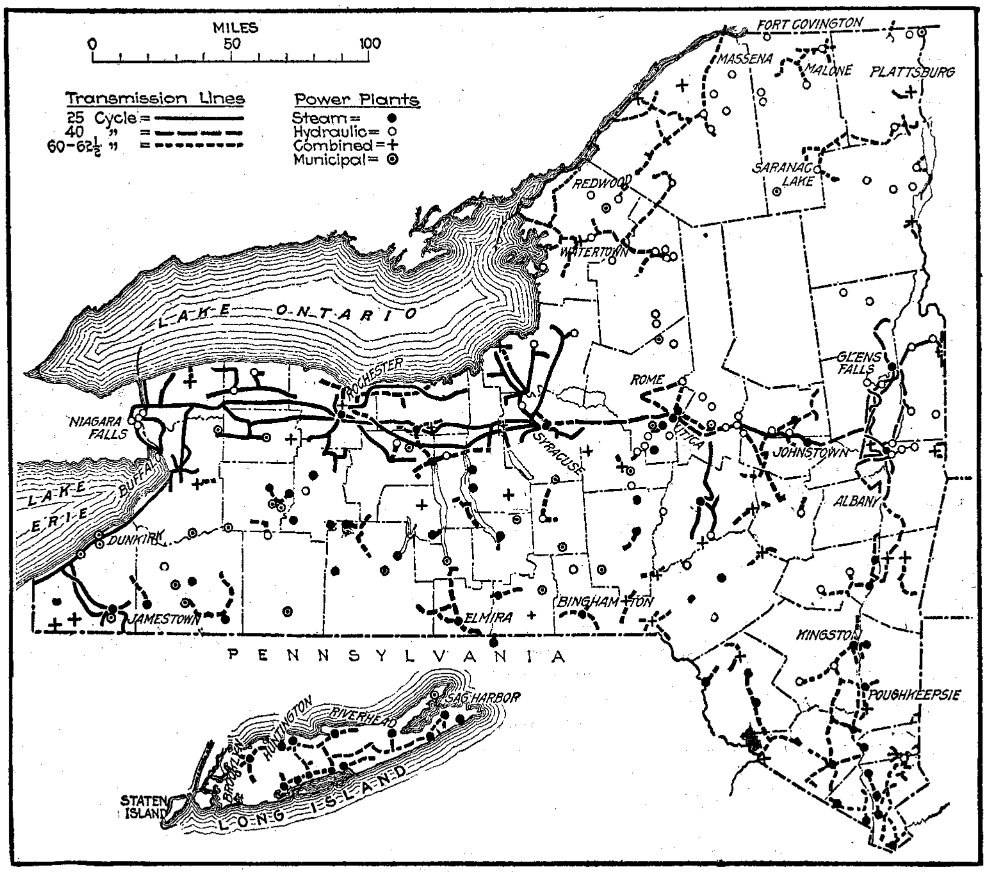
"By replacing the sugar content of compound licorice-powder with a mixture of saccharin 1½ parts and dextrose 1,000 parts, he stated that he produced a satisfactory preparation. He advocated the use of invert sugar in the manufacture of ice-cream as a war-time economy."

On its editorial page *The Druggists Circular* says further on this topic:

"The use of saccharin as a sweetening agent has been condemned by many eminent authorities and advocated by as many others, those who favor its use claiming that economic and political, rather than scientific, considerations have been responsible for the enactment of laws prohibiting its employment for that purpose. Whatever may be its virtues—or lack of them—saccharin is now coming into general use as a sweetening agent in Europe, and its use for that purpose in pharmaceutical preparations in this country should be permitted if the exigencies of war make it necessary or advisable to curtail the use of sugar in medical practise. Glucose sirup should prove entirely satisfactory in certain preparations, tho it can not be employed in combination with any substance susceptible to reduction. Also it lacks the preservative properties of sucrose sirup."

ELECTRICAL LINKS TO SAVE FUEL

THAT THE AMALGAMATION of generating systems within a State by connecting them electrically would effect more fuel-saving than the same amount of money expended on increasing the efficiency of the individual systems is asserted by a contributor to *The Electrical World* (New York, January 5). He points for evidence to existing conditions in two widely separated States—New York and California—which he believes prove that "extensive connection of generating systems will give immediate and practical results in fuel-conservation." Such connection makes, in effect, one huge plant out of a number of smaller ones and gives the latter the benefit of the economies now realized only by the larger companies. In the summer some of the smaller plants may even find it economical to shut down altogether. Such connections, we are told, may often be made inexpensively by building very short links. We read:



WHERE A FEW LINKS WOULD SAVE MUCH

By connecting existing electric power-plants and lines in New York State for mutual cooperation.

"The opportunity for extensive interconnection of generating systems as a means of conserving power and fuel has been given particular attention in the States of New York and California. As a war-measure of first importance this subject is receiving consideration from both the utilities and the State regulating-commissions. Offering the advantages of economy in fuel and generating facilities, together with better service to the public, the comprehensive arrangements which are now under discussion are evidently forerunners of new policies that will control the operation of central stations.

"The Empire State Gas and Electric Association, through its committee on war-measures, has taken steps to demonstrate the great value of such interconnection. This committee has made a report which includes a reference to the specific benefits of connecting plants. The association has also presented the possibilities of the situation to the New York Public Service Commission.

"The committee in its report shows that construction of transmission-lines from efficient large plants to small village plants would make a material saving in coal. Transmission-lines would enable many companies which are finding it difficult to obtain additional apparatus for handling increasing load to operate at full capacity, because a breakdown or the withdrawal of one unit at one plant would be cared for by distribution of the load among other plants.

"With its letter to the Public Service Commission, discussing ways of economizing fuel, the executive committee of the association sent a memorandum in regard to the interconnection of systems. This said in part:

"'It is suggested that the most immediate and practicable results that may be accomplished in fuel conservation by public utility companies on a broad scale throughout the land can be attained by use of "linking up the companies"; that is, by interconnection and the tying-in by transmission tie lines, etc., of adjoining systems. This has been accomplished on a considerable scale under war-time pressure in Great Britain and has also been developed to a considerable scale in the United States. . . . . . .

"'This general scheme of linking up accomplishes many purposes in economical power-production, making it possible for the centralized plant to avail itself of the diversity factor that exists among a number of smaller and differently situated units. It enables the smaller units to be shut down during the whole summer season, when the central generating plant has a considerable margin of capacity, and even during so-called peak periods it enables the smaller and less efficient plants to confine their operations to the peak hours, when it is necessary to have their installed capacity as a contribution to the total power necessary to handle the load of the consolidated system. Such linking-up can often be accomplished by short tie connection or, where necessary, by transmission-lines with reasonable expedition and with no great cost.

"It is quite practicable to secure immediate results in many cases and enable fuel to be conserved, and such expenditures as may be involved become a permanent investment contributory to the permanent economic advantage that will be derived therefrom to the public as well as to the utilities interested.

"'It is believed that such interconnection of utilities is of more immediate and practical advantage in fuel conservation than any attempt to secure greater operating efficiency in the individual plants.'

"The Railroad Commission of California has been conducting a detailed study of the benefits that could be gained by certain interconnections of the primary transmission-lines of the State. The investigations, under the immediate direction of F. Emerson Hoar, have been planned so as to show, among other things, just how much fuel oil could be saved in stand-by plants, how the combined load factor of the companies involved could be improved by certain tie-ins, and how these tie-ins could be best accomplished. . . . . . .

"The systems last year handled 437,730 kilowatts, developed by hydroelectric energy and 323,317 kilowatts developed by steam, a total of 761,047 kilowatts. . . . . . .

"It is interesting to note that about 75 per cent. of the energy generated for the central group of systems is utilized within twenty-five miles of San Francisco. The highest transmission voltage in California is the 150,000-volt, 240-mile line from Big Creek to Los Angeles."

WAR-TIME-FOOD-PROBLEMS

Prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST *by the* UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION, *and especially designed for High School Use*

RAISING CROPS TO WIN THE WAR

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HERBERT HOOVER,
United States Food Administrator.

A POET ONCE EXPREST great pity for "The Man with the Hoe." But he was speaking of the downtrodden farm-laborer of many years ago. Nowadays the person who cultivates the soil, and helps feed his fellow men, may rightly be considered as one of the most privileged persons in the world. And to-day the man who plants and harvests the nation's crops is a good deal more than "the man with the hoe"; he's the man with every sort of modern agricultural implement which scientific ingenuity can devise: the modern plow, harrow, and cultivator; the massive reaper, thresher, and binder; and—most labor-saving of all—the tractor, driven, as the case may be, by steam, kerosene, or gasoline.

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE" IN 1918—Yet, wonderful as all these are, the humble hoe still holds its own. It is an indispensable implement for the man or boy or girl who runs a small garden. And nowadays it is something more. You may have read how, in times past, peasants who had no swords and guns to defend their homes from an invading foe, used to arm themselves with scythes and other farming tools. Those days have gone. Nevertheless, in this year of 1918, loyal Americans with homes and lands should also sharpen their agricultural implements for the fray. In any war the artillery would fail without the commissariat. And the hoe is going to have as much to do with winning this war as rifles and cannon. Only its field of battle will be the farm and the home-garden.

Since it is true that food will win the war, it naturally follows that we must first have the food. Victory will depend on whether the home army does its duty in planting and raising a sufficient crop.

THE CRUCIAL YEAR FOR FOOD—Don't let anybody tell you that the matter will take care of itself, that the United States is such a large country that its crops are bound to be extensive under any conditions. That is true in itself, but merely a large crop this year will not do; it has got to be large *enough*. And *large enough* for 1918 means more than it might in some other year. For this year the soil of this country has got to produce not only enough for our people, but enough to make up the crop deficiencies in other countries which we must supply.

THE GAPS WHICH AMERICA MUST FILL—In the article of six weeks ago it was explained why the crop-production in the belligerent countries has dropt since the beginning of the war. For example, last year's production of wheat in France was about 160 million bushels as compared with 350 million bushels in normal times. And a similar enormous decrease is evident with other crops and in other countries besides France.

And just as our nation has got to fill the gaps made in the line of the Allies' soldiers at the front, we must also fill the gaps in their home crops. But to do it we must have the crops. And to have the crops we have got to begin, this very spring, to plant—plant—plant.

This applies not only to the farmer but to every one who has any available land. It is the farmer's regular business to raise crops. This year others must make it their business also.

THE QUESTION OF CROPS—What crop shall the farmer plant? That question is one which must, of course, be answered differently in different sections. The definite answer will not be attempted here. But it is safe advice to tell the farmer not to make any radical changes from his plans of other years. He knows what his land is best suited for. He should bear that in mind, and the fact that *the more food he raises, the more he will be serving his country and proving himself a patriot.* This is no year for the farmer to worry lest he may not be able to market his crops at a price satisfactory to himself. It is a safe prophecy that the farmer who this year reaps large crops will at the same time reap substantial financial rewards *along with the consciousness that he is helping win the war.*

THE BEST ADVICE—The way for every patriotic farmer—and this ought to mean every farmer—to get advice about what to plant most advantageously, for himself and his country, is to turn to the United States Department of Agriculture. He should consult that Department's State or county agents or his State Agricultural College. The planting, raising, and harvesting of this nation's crops have always been the special province of the Department of Agriculture. And this spring the Department more than ever stands ready to devote all its expert knowledge and enthusiasm for cooperation with the farmer, to tell him what it is wise to plant and to forecast, in so far as is possible, future marketing conditions.

Any farmer who fails to seek or heed such counsel this year is lacking in the sense of team-play upon which the farmers of this country pride themselves.

HOME PLOTS—And what of the man or woman, the boy or girl, who has some ground which can be cultivated? They, too, belong to the vast home army of service. Every home which has a patch of land should set that land to work. For even a half-acre of soil may be made to serve the cause of freedom. And every boy who can swing a baseball-bat is able to help raise vegetables.

HOME TABLE—One fact must specially be borne in mind. *Raise a crop that you can use at home.* Grow vegetables to eat, or can, or dry, *not* to sell. In so far as possible, make your town, your county, and your State provide their own food, so that the heavily loaded railroads of the country will not have to haul vegetables to places where these same vegetables might perfectly well have been raised, and later canned or dried. By so doing, this country may in large measure prevent such evils of "cross-hauling" as were described in the previous articles on Transportation.

Remember the corn boys of Ohio, and what they have done. By raising sweet corn and drying it, you can save your father and mother from buying canned corn next winter. And the same is true of many other vegetables. So, if you had a garden last year, plant it again. If you never had one before start your first this year.

PLAN TO RELIEVE "LABOR SHORTAGE"—The United States Department of Labor will make every effort to give the farmer any help he may need at harvest time. And it is worth remembering that in the past the Allies' soldiers have been released from fighting duty to help in harvesting in their countries. It is not impossible that, if need be, similar measures may be taken in this country.

Seasons vary in different sections. But, taking it the country over, planting time is near. And while our army is forming overseas, the great home army should be recruiting for its spring drive to produce the greatest crop this country has ever known. Both armies are needed. *If you can not be in the first, surely you can enlist in the second, helping here at home. Or at least you can persuade others to. For the army at the front can not do its best unless the home army is backing it up by providing supplies for the future.*

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. *How has the farm tractor been utilized at the battle-front in this war?*
2. *For what reasons have the crops produced in the belligerent countries fallen below those of normal times?*
3. *Where is the nearest State Agricultural College?*
4. *Explain how the principle of having every community raise the vegetables it needs is nothing but use of the zone system about which you studied in the articles on Transportation.*
5. *What plans are you and your family making to cultivate a garden this year?*

THE NATION AND THE WAR

A Series of Articles prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST *by the* UNITED STATES BUREAU OF EDUCATION, *and especially designed for High School Use*

CAN WE BRIDGE THE ATLANTIC?

© Harris & Ewing, Washington, D.C.

PHILANDER P. CLAXTON, United States Commissioner of Education.

"SEND US MORE WHEAT" is the message which comes from England. "Tell your Americans to come quickly," says the Premier of France. Our industries have been closed partly that ships may be coaled and sent abroad. Our President by special proclamation has demanded a careful observance of wheatless and meatless days. Thus, the summons comes for our men, munitions, and food from our friends across the sea.

Our abundant harvests, our great supply of raw materials, our national spirit encourage a favorable reply—and we stand ready to obey the President's proclamation by conserving food. But all this is of little avail without the ships *and the more ships* necessary to carry over aid to the Allies. American enterprise has accomplished great things in the past. Can it now bridge the Atlantic?

OUR MERCHANT MARINE—Once we were masters of the sea. Until after the middle of the nineteenth century our maritime power was preeminently successful. Then we faced inland and turned our attention and energies to the conquest of our continent. We felled our forests, fenced our fields, broke our prairies, built our highways and railroads, bridged our streams, tunneled our mountains, harnessed our water-power, exploited our mines, built our cities, and became the greatest agricultural and industrial country of the world, leaving to other nations the task of carrying our products across the seas. At the outbreak of the Civil War we had two and one-half millions of tonnage. By 1891 this had been reduced to a little more than one million, and it had not increased at the outbreak of the present war. In recent years we have greatly increased our Navy, but our merchant marine has remained undeveloped. Our shipyards have been closed and the shipwrights have turned their energies in other directions.

THE GIGANTIC TASK—Now we are summoned to do the work of a great maritime Power. We must have supply-ships for our increasing Navy. Vessels suitable to carry food and munitions are demanded in great number, and transports must be found to carry a million men to the battle-fields of France. In 1914 our output of ships was 200,000 tons. In 1918 the demand has come for from five million to six million tons.

It was just a year ago February 1 when Germany began her ruthless submarine warfare. Altho she has not fully accomplished her purpose, she claims she has sunk ten million tons of shipping. She adds that all the tonnage built by the Allies and neutrals in this period is less than half that amount.

Let us hope that this is exaggerated, but all would admit the toll has been heavy. An American editor estimates the loss of Allies and neutrals during the year at 2,000 ships. All are looking to our country to fill in the gap. Nor could any one say there is any desire to shirk our duty, tho the obstacles in the way at times have seemed serious.

One difficulty has been to obtain men in sufficient numbers, so great is their demand in other war-activities. England had to call back her ship-builders from the Army and we may have to do the same.

Strikes have occurred in many yards to interfere with the work. The problem of housing so many workmen suddenly called to one section has been difficult. Nevertheless, all these have been attacked with vigor and a determination to win.

THE OUTLOOK—What is the outlook? Having set our hands to the task, we must and will carry it through. Our Government and our people have no other idea than that of its most thorough success.

Uncle Sam has entered the shipping business in earnest. His first investment was $50,000,000, but he is limited only by his needs. Altho his helpers have not always agreed on the best plan, yet he learns from his mistakes.

He has provided a way for settling labor disputes, and inspired a loyalty on the part of labor hitherto unknown in this country. Labor bureaus have been established to gather in the new recruits needed in the shipyards, and he is planning now to build houses for the workmen where most needed.

Shipyards have had to be built from the ground up. Others have been commandeered until the number has increased from 18 at the beginning of the war to 118.

He has added to his store by seizing 50 ships under construction in our shipyards, and 500,000 tons of interned German vessels have been taken, put in order, and are now transporting our soldiers to the Western front.

A Shipping Board has been created with all power necessary for the accomplishment of its great and unprecedented task. Its Chairman has said, "if the ships are not built it will be my fault." His men are urged on by his motto, "A full day in the shipyard is equivalent to taking a German trench." His workmen have been arranged in three shifts, and the steady blow of the hammer suggests the energy and pertinacity of the campaign by which Grant brought an end to the Civil War. One thousand ships are now building, and it is estimated that at least 5,000,000 tons will be the record of 1918.

Some there are who predict that it will be the decisive year of the war and the decisive factor must be, our own America.

All the world is watching the conflict and awaiting eagerly the results. Never before have the issues of a war been so significant. The freedom of the world is in the balance. Our boys in France are fighting that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth," but may extend to all the world.

To the French belong first honors in the victory at the Marne. American ships to carry munitions, men, and food must win the final victory.

In the meantime the increasing number called out of the forces of production and into the Army of the Allies, the needs of our boys already facing Germany, and our new soldiers of freedom waiting impatiently for transports suggest a labor worthy of Hercules. Indeed the question on the lips of many—both in and out of Congress—is, "Will the ships be done on time?" "Can any way be found to speed up the work?" "Is there a possibility that in the critical hour our food, our supplies, or our men will be found wanting, because the bridge which American hands must build for their passage was finished too late?"

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. *Name as many reasons as you can for the decline of our merchant marine.*
2. *What legislation has discouraged ship-building?*
3. *What raw materials and manufactured products have we in abundance, which would help us to build ships easily?*
4. *What is likely to be true of our maritime interests after the war?*
5. *What other changes in our industrial life have been suggested as possible results of the war?*
6. *Is there any way high-school boys can help "speed up" the ships? Many have become farm cadets. Are there not more who would like to help hammer out a ship?*
7. *What is your nearest shipyard?*
8. *How has President Wilson dignified such service?*
9. *Why has England considered it desirable to maintain a large merchant marine?*
10. *If she had followed our policy what change would have been noted in the war by this time?*
11. *Why have we felt secure with our merchant marine decreasing?*
12. *Show how that feeling could no longer exist under present conditions.*

LETTERS - AND - ART

GALLI-CURCI DISCOVERED BY NEW YORK

NOW THAT WAGNER'S OPERAS are quenched in silence it is a fortunate circumstance that a singer arises to make it easier to forget. Regret that we have to listen to their very opposite has no part in the welcome given even to Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," an opera whose "plot takes first prize for silliness," as says the critic of the New York *Evening Post*, adding, "and how tawdry the orchestration sounds!" The début of Amelita Galli-Curci in this work in New York was attended with all the furore of enthusiasm that we hear of other days when less sophisticated audiences were wrought into frenzy by the Malibrans, Marios, and Pattis.

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NEW YORK'S LATEST THRILL.

Spain, Italy, and Chicago have delighted to honor what New York is but just hearing—the marvelous voice of Amelita Galli-Curci.

"New school—old school," observes Ellen Terry in her great autobiography, "any school is best that is best interpreted." And just when we had supposed Wagner and all the subsequent moderns had dramatized coloratura music off the boards, along comes a Galli-Curci. "We had thought that the great coloratura soprano had passed from the stage with the passing of Marcella Sembrich, tho Luisa Tetrazzini had brought back a momentary brilliance," says the New York *Tribune*. "Now we know that we were wrong; that the great tradition continued by Patti, Melba, and Sembrich lives in this young Italian, who two short years ago was unheralded and practically unknown." Two New York papers give the event attention in their editorial columns apart from the regular music critic's notice, *The Tribune* remarking that Caruso's first appearance fifteen years ago was the only occasion comparable to this one. The New York *Times* finds an added noteworthiness in the fact that at this time "a new personality should emerge in the shaken realm of the allied arts of peace." It is a glowing picture here presented:

"A new singer arises to challenge a place among great names that have gone into history here in New York, the musical metropolis of the earth; the city that first knew Patti, that welcomed others, from Maria Garcia or Jenny Lind to Sembrich and Melba, and after them Tetrazzini. The celebrity to-day is Amelita Galli-Curci; her Italian origin is from the best in Milan, she is largely self-developed, and on her twenty-seventh birthday, November 18, 1916, a little more than one year ago, she first sang in this country at Chicago.

"Galli-Curci stole into New York's view and hearing at the Lexington, the last of ten Manhattan theaters built by Oscar Hammerstein. It was Campanini who brought the supporting company a thousand miles to assist her in Meyerbeer's opera 'Dinorah,' a work, as was remarked, that gives its heroine 'two solid acts of "mad scene."' She stole out on the stage, a tiny figure in the brown linsey-woolsey of Breton peasant dress, her oval, olive face shaded in the glossy black of her own long curls, in which flamed scarlet poppies. Nerves tugging at her throat, she sang flat, as she had before she became famous. On a second entrance, drawn by a flute played on the stage, the voice tones brightened to their true lyric quality—still a low voice, that excellent thing in woman—till it was doubtful which note was singer and which was flute.

"New York waited to be assured of the one more thing needed, the miracle of song. It came in the second act, and even then it was just a girl playing with her shadow on the moonlight, who sang the 'Shadow Song,' smiling, dancing, only momentarily at rest as the voice each time took up a newer, higher flight of dazzling ease and beauty. They heard her through, the silence becoming breathless in a house that had been a bit noisily astir till then, and at the close of a trill like a bird's full-throated outpouring, all the famous stars in town, save a few singing elsewhere, joined with an assembly representing the musical taste and the society of New York in giving the awaited verdict. They gave it standing, waving arms in air, shouting, and applauding.

"The singer, bowing before the storm, came before the curtain and repeated part of the air, to others difficult or impossible; to her it was simply something to sing, as she had sung all evening, quite naturally, all in character, never a prima-donna pose. She knew she could do it; she did it twice over, and after a twenty-minute greeting that waked old memories of this town, the town knew it too. The Lexington's battle was her great triumph; to call it 'victory,' an enthusiast said, would be to speak of Verdun in a nursery-rime."

To analyze the material qualities of Galli-Curci's voice will doubtless occupy the attention of reviewers for some time to come. They will have to remember that the sound is in the hearer's ears as the sight is in the seer's vision. Here are two to choose from; first from the New York *Evening Sun:*

> "To write, in timid turn, of Mme. Galli-Curci's voice itself is to provoke a host of unleashed, always justifiable superlatives. It is a voice not merely coloratura (as she herself said lately that she would not be content to have it be), but that, even at the thrilling heights of its scale, retains the creaminess, the velvet softness, and round warmth which so distinguish it. It is a voice of extreme purity, totally precise in its placing of tone, amazing in its fluency and in the grace with which its owner uses it. So absolute are its virtues that, were it not for the humanity, intelligence, and charm of personality which Mme. Galli-Curci interweaves with each note of its using, it should seem—and should deserve to be judged as—an instrument wholly perfected, axiomatically faultless. But, given these other attributes for allies, there is so much more to praise, to wonder at—so much more that doubtless could not be appreciated even in this one ecstatic hearing.
>
> "Clean, clear, accurate, her play with the voice gave an immediate proof of how much she is its powers' mistress. Her *legati* were exquisite delights, her *staccati* chimelike in their light, strong sweetness, and all her embellishments of the florid piece became swift successions of a magic dazzling and intoxicating. And all of it with a *virtuoso's* ease, complacence, glorying in calmness, altogether calm in the glory. The final notes of that 'Shadow Song' were more golden than those from any throat that New York has known for ten or twenty years. In spite of the libretto, they sang not of *Dinorah's* plight; they sang, as the lark does when he sings to the coming day, of a new glory, a larger fame, an added triumph."

Then the more cautious *Evening Post:*

> "Between the acts one could hear her being compared with Patti, Sembrich, Tetrazzini, Melba, and other operatic stars of the first magnitude.
>
> "In some respects she deserves to be classed with these singers; in others she doesn't. Her voice has not the natural beauty of the voices of the singers just named. It is not luscious, not velvety, nor is its quality always pure. There is an occasional reedy or nasal tone, and it is seldom honeyed. Nor is it a colorful voice; its range of modulation seems small, but this observation is made in the confident expectation that her *Juliette* will prove it to be erroneous. Her trill is not agreeable, because it is too vague in the matter of pitch, and seems to be produced partly with the jaw, instead of in the throat.
>
> "In other respects her technique and bravura are admirable —nay, wonderful. She avoids the white voice, and executes difficult passages with astonishing ease; she is mistress of a perfect *legato*, but it is her *staccati* that put her on a level with her great predecessors and that dazzle and delight her audiences. It was after she had sent up her sky-rockets of delicious tones while the flute was warbling with her in the orchestra below, during the shadow dance, that last night's audience went wild with joy. Evidently that is the business end of her voice, and it was therefore good business to choose 'Dinorah' for her début."

All this enthusiasm gives the Boston *Transcript* occasion to remark on the "provinciality of the newspapers of New York with the arts." Hardly one observer, it goes on to say, "much less the future chronicler, say of 1988, might infer from these vociferations around the parish pump that the singer was not without reputation in Spain, in Italy, and elsewhere; that through two seasons of opera in Chicago—no mean city in such things—the experts and the laymen of song have 'recognized' Mme. Galli-Curci and heaped her with plaudits; that East and West, save only in New York, she has been known for what she is in many a concert-room before audiences neither unpractised nor undiscriminating." In spite of this background, Mme. Galli-Curci insisted on a two-weeks' rest before facing the verdict of New York. "I am most anxious to have this great public know and like me," she is reported to have said. After seeing New York "fond and foolish" and changing its characterization of "provincial" to "parochial," *The Transcript* lays a snare for its own home-town when the great singer shortly makes her first appearance there.

DECLINED WITH, OR WITHOUT, THANKS

THE "PLACID NERVE" of those who have the giving out of New Year's honors in England—knighthoods and such other decorations—arouses the admiration of the Detroit *Journal.* It looks upon the recent little drama there with John Galsworthy declining the accolade as something of a comedy. Galsworthy, *The Journal* remembers, "has devoted his great gifts to tearing the hide off the English governing system," and this breezy Middle-Western journal can only see him looking toward the British governing classes "as the Briton now does toward the German," with an intense desire "to destroy the whole lot of them," and it tries to imagine a parallel case. "A title linking Galsworthy up with the system would seem as absurd as a dinner at Potsdam at which Liebknecht was the principal guest." Whatever the motive of the British Government in decorating the author, and the Philadelphia *Inquirer* sees that the honor was conferred "for the services he has rendered the country by his pen since the Great War began," the Detroit paper imagines that "if they felt that Galsworthy had persecuted or maligned them, they purposed making it all appear to him as if they didn't care a whoop." The vehemence of Detroit is shared by some other American editors who seem to regard titles as important matters in life. The Pittsburg *Sun* is highly indignant because Kipling was passed over, and declares that the chances are that he never will be a "Sir" "until the Wettins are off the throne of England" —forgetting that the Wettins are now the Windsors. Of course it knows the reason why:

NO ACCOLADE FOR HIM.

John Galsworthy, who declines a knighthood after spending his life satirizing the undemocratic upper classes of England.

> "It is because years ago Kipling, in one of his pieces of verse, referred to 'the widow of Windsor,' and not 'her Britannic Majesty.' Because of that Anthony Hope Hawkins and John Galsworthy are given preference in Court circles. Kipling

manages to maintain his place with the public, and it is at the head of the procession, but it shows that a king can be little—and maybe human."

Over there the matter is taken with amused tolerance. Mr. Galsworthy, indeed, did not mean to emphasize his refusal, and the publication of the award was made without the knowledge that he had already declined the honor. Mr. Solomon Eagle, who writes a vivacious page in *The New Statesman* (London), observes that the honors came too late to be of any use to either Mr. Galsworthy or Mr. Anthony Hope. The latter, he says, "ought to have received a knighthood from Queen Victoria or not at all." But—

"The usual thing has happened. When every honors-list is being compiled some responsible jack-in-office remembers that 'we must give a knighthood or two to literature and art.' Out of some panjandrum's stagnant and cobwebbed mind emerge names from the past, names which were much talked of when last the dignitary read a book. I wonder how often they have to make researches to find out whether the objects of their esteem are really still above ground. I wonder whether this year, or last year, they wrote to Wilkie Collins or George Gissing offering a knighthood and received no reply. They are obviously running fearful risks; for the Galsworthy episode shows that proposed names sometimes slip into the definitive lists when answers have either not been received or have not been properly docketed.

"Mr. John Galsworthy did himself credit, and his craft justice, in electing to remain a gentleman—even tho on this occasion he would have had the distinction of climbing the honorific ladder in company with, tho below and behind, that illustrious man who has become a baronet, and Marmaduke, Lord Furness, who has been made a Viscount, shortly after complaining bitterly about the taxes at a company meeting whereat he also declared a dividend of 30 per cent. One can not too often repeat that these titles, as a body, never have been any test or token of merit or service and are to-day less than ever so. Consequently, they are wasted on men of conspicuous genius or virtue unless they are given sufficiently early to be—the world being what it is—a real help in the man's career. A good artist who has not yet arrived at financial security could certainly be assisted by a knighthood, which would convince the sheep and the slow-coaches that he really was a person of importance. But to a man who has reached fame and a competence the thing has no uses at all."

KNIGHTED OVER KIPLING'S HEAD.

An American paper resents the fact that Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins can not say Sir Rudyard Kipling.

Mr. Eagle indulges his bent for foolery in inventing two letters for the benefit of literary men of the future who may be offered Galsworthy's honor and may in one case feel as he does and in the other the opposite. First for the grateful recipient:

"Sir:

"I beg to acknowledge, etc. . . . I am still a comparatively young and rather poor man, and I shall be happy to accept the honor which you have kindly advised his Majesty to confer on me, for the following reasons:

"(i) I am sure that if I am called 'Sir' instead of 'Mr.' I shall be able to get credit much more extensively and easily than in the past. This will be a great convenience to me.

"(ii) Altho my work is very meritorious I have, like most writers, very little business capacity, and have consequently never got good prices for my articles. When I am a knight I am pretty certain that I shall be able to ask at least one guinea more per thousand words, as the odd people with whom I deal will think that, in some mysterious way, I have improved.

"(iii) In recent years my wife and I have found it difficult to get, and impossible to keep, domestic servants. We ascribe this largely to the modesty of our establishment and our—as the maids think—low, mean, and vulgar way of life—*i.e.*, we have no lace curtains, my wife no silk dresses, we do not dress for dinner, I do not go out in fine black clothes on Sundays, we do heaps of things for ourselves which we might make the maids do for us, our plate and crockery are only just in excess of our needs, etc., etc. Most cooks, in our revoltingly undemocratic and uneducated society, are, I regret to say, snobs, and I am only too certain that the grandeur of my wife's title will attract them and retain them where our personal charms and studied deference did not. This consideration, which may seem to you trivial, is the one which has really determined my decision.

"I know that you, who have spent your life in that atmosphere of unflinching honesty which has long been the glory of our British House of Commons, will not merely pardon, but probably admire my candor, and I beg to remain,

"Your most obedient servant,
"S. Eagle."

Mr. Eagle is inclined to garrulity and we must cut him short on his letter of refusal:

"Sir:

"I beg to decline the honor, etc.

"I should not venture to add any more in reply to your very kindly letter, but I do very strongly feel that it is about time that some representative of the fine arts should say to you directly what almost the whole body of intelligent Englishmen say in private. I am not indulging in a silly boast, or stating the thing which is not, when I say that my name is well known throughout the whole civilized world; that my revenues from my books considerably exceed the loot—and, God knows, that is large enough—which you have got out of the public purse for professing, in the most petrified of *clichés*, principles of which you forgot the meaning at the age of thirty, and which you no more mean to put into operation than you intend to enter a lamasery; that the names I received from my ancestors, who were English, have always stood without an invidious prefix on my title-pages, and under those bare names I enjoy whatever respect I have won; and that sentiment would prevent me from changing my designation in my old age, even were the order of knighthood as relatively pure as that of the Round Table. But when it comes to asking me to become 'Sir X,' when, of a hundred other Sir X's, all picked out for an equal distinction (save that some of the nastiest and stupidest will have been made baronets), . . . and umpteen will be persons whom it would take either of us a prolonged study of reference-books to identify: well, where the devil, if I may say so, is the temptation? We now know, of course—we have had your assurance—that knighthoods are never bought; but even with that knowledge I remain disinclined. If it had only been a baronetcy there would have been some sort of doubt about it. I don't believe in hereditary honors, but my poor son, who is something of a noodle, might have found it useful after I am gone—for, even if directorships are not so easy to get as they were, a baronet can usually secure at least a trial in the Gaiety chorus. A knighthood, however, I must emphatically refuse.

"Yours, etc., etc., etc.

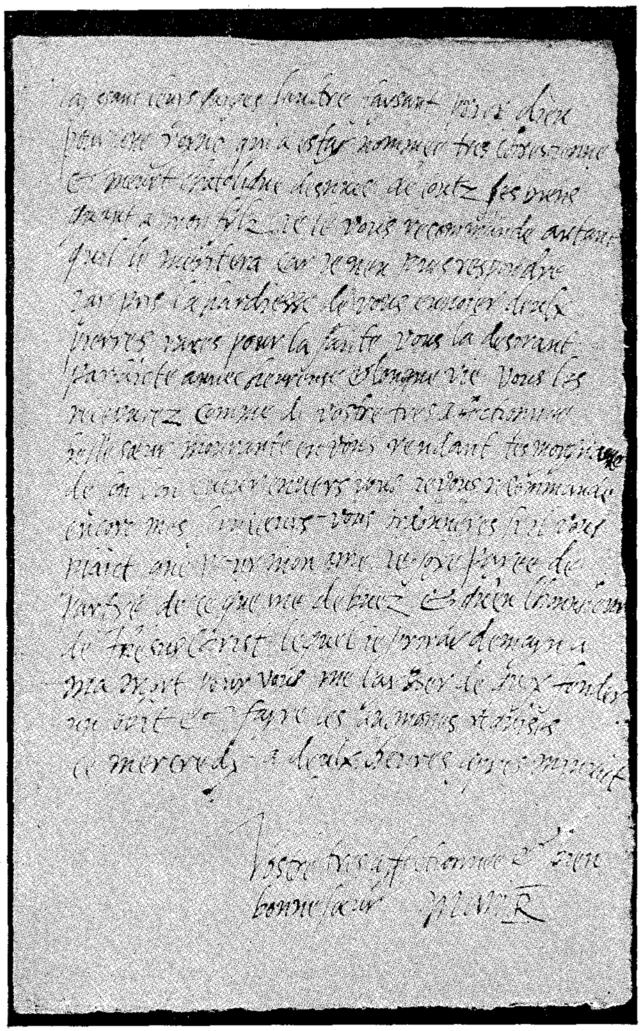
"P. S.—Why don't you take a knighthood yourself, as a proof of good faith?"

Mr. Eagle imagines they may get letters of this sort sometimes, and "wishes that the Bolsheviki could get at some of our archives" and let us all know the truth.

WHERE OUR RARE BOOKS COME FROM

BOOK-COLLECTING is one of the sports of millionaires in this country, and the zest shown in it is one of those few things the war hasn't lessened. It is not so in England, altho we look to that country for most of the things, even Americana, that figure with fabulous prices. The auction-room where these precious volumes are bartered is a center of romance for many who find that there is something more in the matter than the glamour of high figures. Mr. Clement H. Shorter writes in the London *Sphere* of a little volume recently privately printed, called "Notes on the History of Sotheby's"—the great book-auction room of London. Mr. Shorter, with the enthusiasm of a frequenter, says that the author of the book, Mr. G. T. Hobson, has "told the story . . . with that dash of romance which must always obtain where the book-auction is concerned." Here is some of the romance:

"The first book-auction held in this country took place in 1676, but the first great book-auctioneer was Samuel Baker, whose first sale was held in 1744. There were not regular book-auctioneers or auction-houses until his time. In 1778 Baker was joined by his nephew, John Sotheby, and three generations of Sothebys were associated with the firm, the last of whom was an author who wrote 'Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton.' He died in 1861. A Mr. John Wilkinson became a partner in 1842 and a Mr. William Hodge in 1864, and thus we have the firm of Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, altho not one of these names is now in the business. . . . . . .



THE "MOST WONDERFUL LETTER IN EXISTENCE."

Written by Mary Queen of Scots, the night before her execution, to the King of France and signed "your very affectionate and good sister."

"But to return to the real romance of Sotheby's, its wonderful sales of books, connected with which it has issued no fewer than 7,000 separate catalogs. Some of them, beautifully illustrated, are so interesting that one binds and preserves them in one's library, especially when they are concerned with the books of noteworthy people. The recent Morrison sale was a case in point, when the letter of Mary Queen of Scots, probably the most wonderful letter in existence, was privately purchased for the benefit of the nation, and when the Nelson autographs and manuscripts, many of the letters being to Sir William Hamilton, or to his wife, Lady Hamilton, were knocked down for £2,500.

"The most interesting feature with regard to these sales, as it strikes me, is the large place which the Greek and Latin classics played in the sales of the eighteenth century and the small place they play in the modern world. But the most amazing thing of all is the great enhancement of prices under modern commercial conditions, and largely due, no doubt, to the fact that the American millionaire is frequently a great book-buyer, altho his brother in England is rarely so. This would account for the fact that one of Shakespeare's first folios sold for £40 19*s*. [$205] in 1799, and a copy fetched £3,600 [$18,000] in 1907. Mr. Hobson points out that a collection of early quarto plays sold in 1798 for £22 3*s*. [$110.75], and that it would be considered cheap at £5,000 [$25,000] to-day, and might easily fetch double or treble that sum. When the sale of Henry Fielding's library took place in 1764, books with his autographed notes fetched only a few shillings, whereas in 1911 the novelist's copyright agreement with his publisher sold for £1,015 [$5,075].

"One of the most interesting things in this book is a facsimile of one of each of the love-letters of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, a collection of letters which in 1913 sold for £6,550 [$32,750]. But the material provided in Mr. Hobson's interesting book is infinite, and is a worthy memento of the firm's change of address from the Strand to the West End of London, a change, however, which I personally greatly regret. As an inhabitant of Fleet Street, an occasional visit to the salesrooms when they were in my immediate neighborhood was an agreeable pastime, but to me the West End of London is usually inaccessible, and more so than ever now that the taxicab has departed from our streets. Moreover, I greatly regret that these sales should be held at the awkward hour of one o'clock. I am quite sure that it is not a wise decision which keeps up this curious custom. From one till two is the conventional luncheon-hour of the English public, and I can imagine that, fortified by a good lunch, many buyers would bid more briskly if the sales commenced at two or even at three o'clock."

FOR THE RELIEF OF POETS—Polygamy is proposed by a Western poet as a substitute for the time-honored poet's practise of starving. The writer, who bears the name, if not the nature, of Bert Love, ought to be expected to know, since he speaks also from the confessed experience of needing the antidote. He calls himself "the unbugled bugler of Tulsa, Oklahoma," and sends his recommendation against the expedient of the unfortunate Chatterton to *Reedy's Mirror* (St. Louis). Thus:

"As to poets, every one of them should have a wife—or perhaps two or three wives—willing and eager to take in washing to the end that the husband be not ground in the journalistic wheel. In a somewhat long and wide-spread career as an unwilling victim of the journalistic wheel, hacked thin both fore and aft as well as amidships, I have had under observation more than one poet who died with all his music in him because no washboard was substituted for the wheel. I may be permitted to express the view that a special legislative act bestowing upon poets the privilege of polygamy should be passed.

"In these days one wife, even tho in high health and of exceptional biceptual prowess, can not be expected to keep a husband off or out of the wheel; she should have collaborators at the washboard, or, at any rate, say, first and second aids to hanging out and ironing. A matter of three conjugal laundresses should solve the high cost of living the poet's life, even in these days. . . . . .

"Until recent years living has been comparatively cheap. My own experience on the wheel causes me to feel and fear for others—since I know it to be a wheel that runs down and mashes thin all poetical aspiration—and for the sake of writers who have in them the capability of doing worth-while things in literary art I make bold plea for this poet-polygamous statute.

"One wife taking in washing is not enough to keep the average artist out of the wheel."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

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PALESTINE MOUNTS FOR THE BRITISH CAVALRY.

Supplies for the British Army in the late campaign for Jerusalem were transported through the desert on the backs of camels.

SPIRITUAL MEANING OF JERUSALEM'S DELIVERANCE

JERUSALEM, OCCUPIED by the British troops, brings home to the world the striking contrast between the spirit which inspires the Allies in this war and that which inspires the Central Powers. Upon the latter rests the responsibility as the inspiring cause of the practical extermination of the Armenians, the massacre of 700,000 Greeks and unnumbered Arabs and Jews. Germany's responsibility is greater, says the London *Morning Post*, "since her alliance with Turkey has made it impossible for the Allied or neutral Powers to save the unfortunate victims." One of the last acts of the Turks in Jerusalem, we are told, was to arrest and remove the Latin Patriarch and to order the forcible deportation of the Greek and Armenian Patriarchs under a guard with fixt bayonets. One of the first acts of the British when they entered the Holy City, it is further said, was to place the Mosque of Omar under the guard of Moslems furnished by the distinguished Indian regiment, the 123d Outram's Rifles. The sheik in charge of the Mosque, on the day of General Allenby's official entry into Jerusalem, exclaimed: "Praise God, the British have come. Now we can live in peace and tranquillity." The scene that marked the transfer of Jerusalem from the hands of its age-long masters is described by W. T. Massey, correspondent from Jerusalem of the London *Daily Chronicle*, where he says:

"It was a ceremony fully worthy of the cause for which we are fighting. In this hallowed spot, whence the Savior's preaching of peace on earth and good-will toward men was spread through the world, there was no great pageantry of arms, no display of the pomp and circumstance of a victorious army. The commander-in-chief and a small staff, a guard of less than 150, all told, of Allied troops, a quiet ceremonial of reading the proclamation of military law, and a meeting with the notables of the city and the heads of the religious bodies, and official entry was over. There were no thunderous salutes to acclaim the world-stirring victory, which will have its place in the chronicles of all time.

"No flags were hoisted, and there was no enemy flag to haul down. There were no soldier shouts of triumph over a defeated foe, but just a short military procession into Mount Zion, a portion of the city 200 yards from the walls, and out of it.

"The ceremony was full of dignity and simplicity, tho it was also full of meaning. It was a purely military act, with a minimum of military display, but its significance was not lost on the population, who saw in it the end of an old régime and the beginning of a new era of freedom and justice for all classes and creeds. No bells in the ancient belfries rang, no 'Te Deums' were sung, no preacher came forth to point the moral to the multitude, but right down in the hearts of the people, who cling to Jerusalem with the deepest reverence and piety, there was unfeigned delight that the old order had given place to the new.

"It needed no great parade of troops to tell the people that the new system of government was backed by strength. The fighting on the hills and in the deep-cut valleys of Kar, by the Holy City, was proof of that; but the absence of any triumphant display and the strict observance of the susceptibilities of all creeds were more eloquent than any words or outward show that the government by tyranny and oppression had passed with the retreating Turks."

Elsewhere in Mr. Massey's article he gives some account of his personal experiences inside the Holy City's walls to show the deep-seated feeling of thankfulness at the end of the Turkish rule:

"I was talking in David Street when a Jewish woman, seeing that I was English, came up and said: 'We have prayed for this day. To-day I shall sing "God save the Gracious King, long live our noble King." We have been starving, but now we are liberated and free.' The woman clasped her hands across her breast as she said this, and repeated: 'This is our day of liberation.' An elderly man in a black robe, whose pinched face told of a long period of want, caught me by the hand, and said: 'God has delivered us. Oh! how happy we are.' This was uttered with whole-hearted fervor. An American worker in the hospital who knows the people well assured me that there was not one person in Jerusalem who in his heart was not devoutly thankful for our victory. He told me that on the day we captured Nebi Samwil three wounded Arab officers were brought to his hospital. One of them who spoke English said: 'I can hip, hip, hurrah for England now.' The officer was told to be careful as there were Turkish wounded inside, but he replied that he did not care, and, in his unrestrained joy, he called out: 'Hurrah for England!'

"In my wandering through the Sacred City I beheld with admiration the Mosque of Omar, or Dome of the Rock, the place next after Mekka held to be the most sacred spot in the Mohammedan world. At the church of the Holy Sepulcher the priests were delighted to show Englishmen that hallowed pile, and my experience in Jerusalem confirms what the American Red-Cross worker told me, that Jerusalem contains a happier people to-day than at any time within living memory. . . . . . .

"During the war there were executions at Jerusalem. Before the first battle of Gaza the Mufti of Gaza and his son were brought to Jerusalem. The Mufti, who advises the cadi on matters of religious law, was hanged on a gallows erected near the Jaffa Gate, and his son was shot. The Turks made their headquarters in the Hospice of Notre Dame, and before leaving they sent away all the furniture of that French religious establishment. Less than a fortnight ago General Falkenhayn ordered that all Americans should be removed from Jerusalem, but the Turkish doctors, who had seen the good work done in the American hospital, protested that the doctors and staff should remain. Their protests succeeded, but only two days before the surrender a number of Americans were taken away."

Jerusalem is one of the mighty imponderabilia of history, says *The Biblical World* (Chicago), quoting Bismarck to the effect that it is imponderabilia that "determine the making of wars." Furthermore:

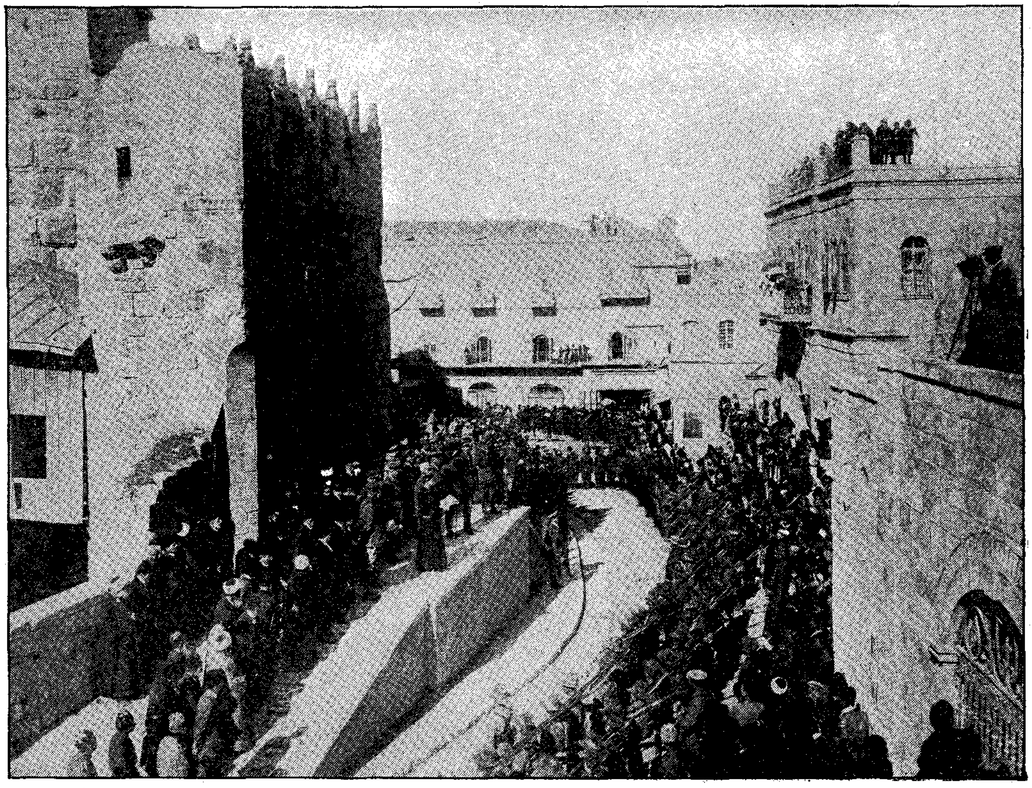
"It has no commercial, military, or political power. To see it is to be disillusioned. Sentiment retreats before geography and imagination pales in the face of archeology.

"But Jerusalem persists as a symbol. It stands for religion. To possess it is to proclaim the might of a religion. To lose it is to confess a defeat for a religion. That helps explain the passion of the Crusaders, the pride of the Turk, the lament of the Jew.

"What its future may be no one can tell. But this is certain: Jerusalem has always fallen in the direction history, both religious and political, has been moving. From the days of David it has been conquered by the great conquerors. Assyrian, Egyptian, Babylonian, Macedonian, Syrian, Roman, Arabian, Crusader, Turk, have sealed their triumphs with its walls. To-day it is in Christian hands. The omen is, indeed, auspicious! . . . . . .

"We shall have many pronouncements as to the end of the world, now that Jerusalem has fallen. . . . Pessimism is not a sign of faith. Jerusalem in its falls has had historical rather than miraculous meaning."

Inspired by the same mind, doubtless, that described "strategic retreats," the *Kölnische Zeitung* tells why the Turks let the British wage so successfully their campaign in southern Palestine. It seems that the Turks, acting upon the suggestions of their benevolently disposed German advisers, are turning their attention in Palestine from military activity to engineering feats with the object of benefiting agriculturists and developing the resources. The particular enterprise adduced in support of this is the reclamation of the marshes (or "lake") of Huleh, south of the sources of the Jordan and north of the Sea of Galilee. This "lake" is a large area of swamp made such because the rank growth, largely of papyrus, interrupts the flow of the river and spreads the water in sluggish movement over a larger surface. By cutting a channel for the Jordan through the papyrus growth the water will have free course through the swamp, while the marsh will be drained and become good farming or pasture-land. It is to be remarked that this is a project which is still *in Aussicht*—*i.e.*, in prospect! The Turks were well aware, we are told, of the British preparations in the Sinai peninsula; but the implication is that they were so engrossed in this benevolent scheme that their hold on the southern part was in comparison unimportant.



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A NEW PAGE IN BIBLICAL HISTORY.

A priest reads the British proclamation to the people of Jerusalem from the steps of the Tower of David, which was standing when Christ was in the city. It advises the people to return to their accustomed lives, confident of security against molestation from the British forces.

AN "AMATEUR PADRE"

WHY REIMS, why many other points without apparent military importance, have suffered from the fury of German shells, will be one of the mysteries disclosed, perhaps, by peace. One of these seemingly futile bursts of fury has brought out an episode illustrating the instinctive religious life of the trenches better than many homilies. The tale is told by Victor Grayson, who speaks in the London *Daily Mail* of a two hours' "strafing" suffered by the small sector in his immediate observation, which only puzzled them in their dugouts. There was not an ammunition-dump within a mile and a half and no battery nearer than a mile, yet Fritz had spent all that time tearing "the already shell-plowed earth into crazier undulations." The narrative continues in the writer's words:

"At last, with the seemingly gratified moan of the enemy's last shell, the sun sails forth from a heavy screen of sullen clouds—and a hundred or more smiling New-Zealanders emerge from their muddy misery of their water-logged holes.

"We spread our oil-sheets and prepare to stretch ourselves luxuriously under the warm rays of the welcome sun . . . but our energetic sergeant appears, carrying a spade on his shoulder.

"'You've had a rare old spell this morning,' he cries. 'Well, now, what about a funeral party?'

"In less than ten minutes there are twenty of us, armed with picks and spades, following his sturdy figure toward a ridge some couple of hundred yards away, on the other side of which lie the gallant victims of a recent action awaiting burial. Several heroic—even foolhardy—attempts have been made to bring them in, but the watchful hate of the *Boche* extends even unto the dead, and every effort has served but to increase the toll. . . . .

"Our hands tremble slightly (for we little like our task) as we fumble for pay-books or identity disks, so that anxious loved ones may cross the border of anguished uncertainty. Silently we ply our spades and in crude graves, hastily made, we lay our comrades with a tenderness that only soldier-sextons know.

"Suddenly our grim labors are interrupted by the cheery voice of a young officer—a fair-haired major whom we have not seen before.

"'Just one moment, boys,' he says, in a clear voice which attracts the attention of most of us. 'Is there no chaplain with you?'

"Our sergeant explains that our labors are a casual inspiration of his own, and that our *padre* is away with another burial party at another place. The major scratches his head. 'Hang it all!' he says, 'we can't put the dear lads in like this. . . . It seems so shabby, somehow.'

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AS THE CRUSADERS DID.

General Allenby leads his victorious forces on foot into the captured city of Jerusalem, following the practise of the Crusaders, who, tho their conquests were many, failed of the ultimate goal.

"There is a moment's awkward pause, in which he seems to be debating something with himself.

"'Look here,' he says, brightening up, 'I'm pretty sure to make a mull of it, but there's—er—nobody here to criticize! . . . I'll just run over what I can remember of the—er—Burial Service. . . . It'll make a bit of difference, somehow!'

"'Stand by, lads!' calls the sergeant, and the major clears his throat. A couple of shells lob near an abandoned pill-box some fifty yards away. We remove our steel helmets and reverently bow our heads. The major's modesty is amply justified. He does not remember much of the Burial Service, and at times he helps himself to stray portions of Scripture to fill in the gaps. His voice falters and stumbles, but he manfully perseveres.

"'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. . . . . . .'

"Following his example, we stoop and throw a handful of soft earth solemnly into the respective graves.

"The service is over, and we notice that the major is blushing.

"'Good-by, lads,' calls out the amateur *padre.*

"'Good luck, sir!' we answer, and set to work to cover up the anointed dead. And tho the brute-enemy is quickly getting our range, we manage before returning to our holes to seal our labors with a clumsy sign of the Cross."

ADULT AND JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

THE NATURAL EFFECT of war may perhaps be observed in criminal statistics in New York State for the past year. While those old enough to have their shortcomings designated as criminal are less in numbers than the preceding year, those young enough to be styled delinquents are considerably greater in number than a year ago. The figures of the Children's Court furnish this picture of this state of affairs, tho in comparison with the three years preceding 1916 the number of children delinquents, according to the New York *Tribune,* steadily decreased in number. We read:

"Stealing and disorderly conduct were the two particular offenses in which there was a material increase among New York youngsters last year. The fact that the figures for 1917 show a marked increase all around over 1916, however, Presiding Justice Franklin Chase Hoyt insists, should not prove alarming. Year before last a number of causes, including the epidemic of infantile paralysis, which kept thousands of children out of the city during the summer and fall, helped not a little in making the record low for the year. Judge Hoyt does not believe that thus far any appreciable effect of war-conditions is to be seen.

"The report shows that a total of 14,519 children were brought into court during 1917. In 1916 the total was 12,425.

"Of the total arraignments in the Children's Court last year, 7,232 boys and girls were arrested on the charge of juvenile delinquency. Last year there were 5,970 arrests on the same charge."

While the children have been thus misbehaving, their elders, doubtless, finding more occupation to substitute for wayward tendencies, make a better showing in the report filed with the legislature by Secretary of State Francis M. Hugo. This, says the New York *Sun,* is shown not only by the Secretary's analysis of the criminal statistics of the State for last year, but also by the records of the State Prison Department. An abstract is furnished by *The Sun:*

"Reporters, authors, baseball-players, and horseshoers apparently are in a class by themselves, so far as criminal tendencies and subsequent convictions are concerned. The report reveals but one each as having strayed from the straight and narrow, while three publishers, ten pressmen, and sixty-five printers got into trouble and eventually landed in the courts. Three lawyers and an equal number of clergymen also were careless enough to figure in the report.

"While county clerks reported 67,969 convictions in courts of special sessions in this State last year, the figures, large as they may seem, are nevertheless lower by 1,423 than those of the previous twelve months. Records in the State Prison Department show 6,980 persons under lock and key in January, 1916; 6,517 on the same date in 1917, and 5,916 the first of this year. Improved industrial conditions as well as a tendency on the part of the courts to place persons convicted on probation have played an important part in bringing about this decrease.

"Out of the 67,969 persons convicted for one crime or another 64,243 were males. Of the 7,930 persons convicted in courts of record, 2,881 were married, 5,084 were natives of the United States, 7,440 could read and write, and 7,274 claimed to be of temperate habits, and 2,902 had been convicted previously. . . . . . .

"In glancing over the report one learns that forty-eight butchers must have done something more than cut meat, that eleven actors played rôles that furnished a judge for an audience. Twenty-nine bookkeepers were convicted, 100 carpenters, 6 cashiers, 231 chauffeurs, 413 clerks, 73 cooks, 7 dentists, 17 stenographers, 165 farmers, 2 ice-dealers, 12 insurance agents, 1,575 common laborers, 10 nurses, 20 musicians, 15 photographers, 203 salesmen, 26 soldiers, and 105 waiters."

CURRENT - POETRY

POEMS with the clear ring of actuality, the real touch of war as it is, can be written only by those themselves engaged in the struggle, and while America may soon feel the thrill of it, we still have to turn to the English as yet, to find its true expression. It is curious, too, to watch how the young warriors react to the strain of battle; some write in a mystic, others in a philosophic, strain, while yet another category develop an aptitude for vivid portrayal grim in its realism. From the Grand Fleet patroling the North Sea and keeping the German Navy safely behind its bulwarks at Kiel comes a slim volume, published by Erskine Macdonald, of London, entitled "Verses from the Grand Fleet," by a modest lieutenant who signs himself "Étienne." In the following poem we see just what "bottling up the German Fleet" means to those engaged in the task:

NORTH OF SIXTY, WEST OF TEN
THE PATROLS

By "Étienne" (Lt. R. N.)

Driving snow and blinding spray
Opening up the northern day,
Heavy seas and moaning gale
Carry on the daily tale.
Sudden squalls and stinging sleet
Lash the guardians of our Fleet.
Dies the daylight in the west,
Men on shore shall seek their rest,
But the men who serve their King,
Living on the gale's wild wing,
Through the winter hours' slow flight
These men work and search the night.

God, we thank thee for those men
North of sixty, West of ten.

"Étienne" has his philosophic moments when he looks at the great struggle, sees all that it means, and cries: "Oh, the pity of it!" Here we have him in this mood:

THE SURF OF WAR

By "Étienne" (Lt. R. N.)

Heavy is the price that the nations pay to war,
Heavy as the thunder of surf upon the shore,
Grinding up the sea-shells, it flings upon the land
Countless tiny works of God broken on the sand.

So the wave of warfare, relentless in its beat,
Smites the slow and sluggish, and smites the swift and fleet;
When the wave recedeth, sprawling on the sod,
Lies the broken wreckage of images of God.

In his new volume, "The Vision Splendid" (George H. Doran, New York), John Oxenham pays a whole-hearted tribute to the work of the Grand Fleet:

THE OUTER GUARD

By John Oxenham

Bold Watchers of the deeps,
Guards of the Greater Ways,
How shall our swelling hearts express
Our heights and depths of thankfulness
For these safeguarded days!
Grim is your vigil there,
Black day and blacker night—
Watching for life, while knavish death
Lurks all around, above, beneath,
Waiting his chance to smite.

Your hearts are stouter than
The worst that Death can do.
Our thoughts for you!—our prayers for you!
There's One aloft that cares for you,
And He will see you through.

Don't think we e'er forget
The debt we owe to you!
Never a night but we pray for you!
Never a day but we say for you—
"God bless the gallant lads in blue!
With mighty strength their hearts renew.
Bless every ship and every crew!
Give every man his rightful due!
And bring them all safe through!"

From the Navy we turn to the Army, to find one of the most remarkable books of war-verse from the pen of Lieut. Robert Nichols (Chatto & Windus, London). He is a true Georgian poet who disregards the conventions and, when the mood takes him, breaks all the rules, yet he has attained a vividness surpassed by none of the bards in this war. Witness these stanzas from his poem entitled:

BATTLE

By Robert Nichols

With a terrible delight
I hear far guns low, like oxen, at the night.
Flames disrupt the sky. The work is begun.
"Action!" My guns crash, flame, rock, and stun
Again and again. Soon the soughing night
Is loud with the clamor and leaps with their light.
The imperative chorus rises sonorous and fell;
My heart glows lighted as by fires of hell,
Sharply I pass the terse orders down:
The guns stun and rock. The hissing rain is blown
Athwart the hurtling shell that shrilling, shrilling goes
Away into the dark to burst, a cloud of rose,
Over their trenches.

Yet another illuminating glimpse into the mind of the soldier waiting to go "over the top," written in a curious, but effective, rimed free verse:

THE ASSAULT

By Robert Nichols

A sudden thrill—
"Fix bayonets!"
Gods! we have our fill
Of fear, hysteria, exultation, rage,
Rage to kill.
My heart burns hot, whiter and whiter,
Contracts tighter and tighter,
Until I stifle with the will
Long forged, now used
(Tho utterly strained)—
O pounding heart,
Baffled, confused,
Heart panged, head singing, dizzily pained—
To do my part.

Blindness a moment. Sick.
There the men are!
Bayonets ready: click!
Time goes quick;
A stumbled prayer . . . somehow a blazing star
In a blue night . . . where?
Again prayer.
The tongue trips. Start:
How's time? Soon now. Two minutes or less.
The gun's fury mounting higher . . .
Their utmost. I lift a silent hand. Unseen I bless.
Those hearts will follow me.
And beautifully,
Now beautifully my will grips.
Soul calm and round and filmed and white!

Even from the grimness of the trenches come flashes of exquisite tenderness, such as we find in the late R. E. Vernede's "War-Poems" (Heinemann, London). From a long poem beginning "What shall I bring you, wife of mine, When I come back from the war?" we quote these lines:

TO MY WIFE

By R. E. Vernede

"Little you'd care what I laid at your feet,
Ribbon or crest or shawl—
What if I bring you nothing, Sweet,
Nor maybe come home at all?
Ah, but you'll know, Brave Heart, you'll know
Two things I'll have kept to send:
Mine honor for which you bade me go
And my love—my love to the end."

An anonymous writer in *The London Pictorial* tells us how the younger women feel about the great struggle in—

THE WOMAN'S GAME

Was there ever a game we did not share,
Brother of mine?
Or a day when I did not play you fair,
Brother of mine?
"As good as a boy," you used to say,
And I was as eager for the fray,
And as loath to cheat or to run away,
Brother of mine!

You are playing the game that is straight and true,
Brother of mine,
And I'd give my soul to stand next to you,
Brother of mine.
The spirit, indeed, is still the same;
I should not shrink from the battle's flame,
Yet here I stay—at the woman's game,
Brother of mine!

If the last price must needs be paid,
Brother of mine,
You will go forward, unafraid,
Brother of mine.
Death can so small a part destroy,
You will have known the fuller joy—
Ah! would that I had been born a boy,
Brother of mine!

Robert Garland sends from his training-camp to the New York *Outlook* these grateful thoughts:

A PRAYER IN KHAKI

By Robert Garland

O Lord, my God, accept my prayer of thanks
That Thou hast placed me humbly in the ranks
Where I can do my part, all unafraid—
A simple soldier in Thy great crusade.

I pray thee, Lord, let others take command;
Enough for me, a rifle in my hand,
Thy blood-red banner ever leading me
Where I can fight for liberty and Thee.

Give others, God, the glory; mine the right
To stand beside my comrades in the fight,
To die, if need be, in some foreign land—
Absolved and solaced by a soldier's hand.

O Lord, my God, pray harken to my prayer
And keep me ever humble, keep me where
The fight is thickest, where, 'midst steel and flame,
Thy sons give battle, calling on Thy name.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

MR. RHODES'S ONE-VOLUME HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

Rhodes, James Ford. History of the Civil War—1861-1865. With Maps. Pp. xxi-454. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50. Postage, 18 cents.

Since his three volumes on the Civil War in his "History of the United States" was written, Mr. Rhodes tells us in his preface to this book that "much new, original material has come to light and valuable treatments of certain periods of the Civil War have appeared." Of this new material he has made use. The book is admirable in arrangement, charming in style, wise in proportion, and impartial as a record. If it could be read, just now, by all thinking men in America, the effect might be highly beneficial. The truth, as he tells it about that long contest between North and South, could not fail to discount many discouraging features of the far greater war now being waged. Discouragements, then encountered by the North, matched any which have recently obtained. Through long and weary months the Southern Confederacy appeared likely to succeed; its armies had defeated those of the Union; its prospects for European recognition were good and ever growing; its English and French friends were powerful; Gladstone's opinion voiced that of a great number. The North, it seemed, must yield. There were hopeful conditions, to be sure, alike at home and abroad, but across the sea they did not largely embrace men in power. One of these conditions, not generally recognized in this country at that time, is thus declared by Mr. Rhodes:

"The most significant and touching feature of the situation was that the operatives of the north of England, who suffered most from the lack of cotton, were frankly on the side of the United States. They knew that their misery came from the war, and were repeatedly told that it would cease in a day if the North would accept an accomplished fact; but discerning, in spite of their meager intelligence, that the struggle was one of democracy against privilege, of freedom against slavery, they resisted all attempts to excite them to a demonstration against its continuance. They saw their work fall off, their savings dwindle, their families in want and threatened even with the lack of bread, yet they desired the North to fight out the contest."

Those English working people, differing so positively from their class in southern England, were affected by the blockade of our Southern ports and the stoppage of cotton shipments, much as our Union people were affected by the war as a whole. Few Americans now living recall the hardships which were suffered while the Civil War went on, and even during the second year of it, in the North as well as the South. On page 342 of this volume we read:

"All sorts of economies were practised. Coffee and sugar rose enormously in price. Many families mixed roasted dandelion-root with pure coffee, while others made their morning beverage from parched corn or rye; some substituted brown for white sugar. One by one luxuries disappeared from the table and few were ashamed of their frugal repasts. The wearing of plain clothes became a fashion as well as a virtue. The North was for the most part a community of simple living. Opera was only occasional, theaters were few, and the amusements took on a character adapted to the life. A popular lecture, a concert, a church sociable with a charade turning on some striking event of the war, a gathering of young men and women to scrape lint for the wounded, a visit perhaps to a neighboring camp to witness a dress-parade of volunteers—these were the diversions from the overpowering anxiety weighing upon the people. Personal grief was added to the national anxiety."

In deference to some hundreds of requests from subscribers in many parts of the country, we have decided to act as purchasing agents for any books reviewed in THE LITERARY DIGEST. *Orders for such books will hereafter be promptly filled on receipt of the purchase price, with the postage added, when required. Orders should be addrest to Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

Industries everywhere suffered. Even women worked farms. One popular song included these lines:

> "Just take your gun and go;
> For Ruth can drive the oxen, John,
> And I can use the hoe."

Peace proposals, public and private, were in the air, however willing were the women and the men to fight on. Greeley wrote to Lincoln: "I beg you, implore you, to inaugurate or invite proposals for peace forthwith. And in case peace can not now be made, consent to an armistice for one year." Southern people were worse off than Northern—potatoes rose to six dollars a bushel; tea to five dollars a pound, boots to $25 a pair, as early as 1862; and in 1864 the price of a turkey was $60, in Confederate money; but we do not read that Southern leaders were even then crying for peace. The American spirit was dominant in both sections. In the North it criticized Lincoln more severely than Mr. Wilson is being criticized now, and for like reasons. The war was being mismanaged; inefficiency was the rule of his Administration; there should be a sweeping change. So ran the popular clamor. Lincoln himself would have been glad to retire from the Presidency—so he declared—but constitutionally he could not. Our system of government held him to his place. His patience kept him true to a tremendous trust. On the last page of this work its author can say of him:

"The great man of the Civil War was Lincoln. Lacking him the North would have abandoned the contest. His love of country and abnegation of self made him a worthy leader. Other rulers of great power have remorselessly crusht those who stood in their way. . . . We speak of the mighty Cæsar, never of the mighty Lincoln. But nobody speaks of 'Honest Julius,' while 'Honest Old Abe' will live through the ages."

AS TO THE PRESENT GERMANY

Coar, John Firman. Democracy and the War. Pp. viii-129. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

The author of this small but meaty volume was born in Germany of American parents; studied in Cologne, the University of Bonn, Boston University, and Harvard; has spent his life teaching German in various American schools and colleges, meanwhile lecturing both here and in Germany (before the war) with the motive in each country of bringing about a larger appreciation of the other's excellences. When such a man writes so restrained, just, and reasoned an estimate of Germany's government and people as this, and so lofty a statement of America's duty, he must be heard.

With a discriminating definition of the three terms, "state, government, nation," Professor Coar paves the way for an illuminating exposition of America's duty, privilege, and possibilities in the war—as defined by the character of the nation with which we contend. The contrast (or conflict) between democracy and autocracy he vividly presents in a distinction between "efficiency" and "effectiveness": "Efficiency denotes conscious energy, freely expressing itself in action adequate to a self-determined end" (*i.e.*, democracy). "Effectiveness denotes unconscious energy developed and directed by a superior will into action adequate to an end determined by this will" (*i.e.*, autocracy). The German has effectiveness; we must display efficiency.

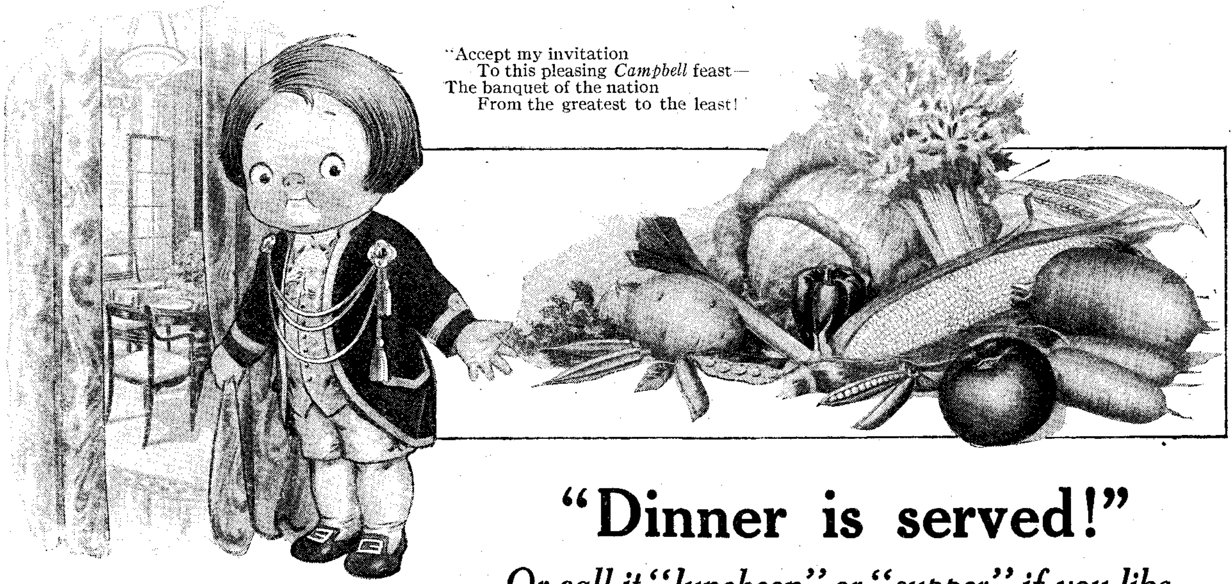
Incidentally Professor Coar makes it still more impossible than it has ever been to distinguish between Government and people in Germany. There democracy has as yet no place and no opportunity. The people have been educated by the Government to regard denial of their claim to national absolutism (*i.e.*, world-dominion) as denial of their right to national existence. Hence "internal revolt in Germany remains a very remote possibility." The Germans must first "reject the ethics of their national education and turn to the ethics of democratic nationalism." They will do this only "under the pressure of defeat." This is precisely what Americans do not yet realize.

Our author expresses ideally the notion of democratic nationality. It is embodying in international relations the principles of intercourse between individuals under a democratic régime: exercise of the fullest right of a nation to self-development with due regard to the rights of every other nation.

This book of 129 pages should be in every American household to serve as a text-book of democratic nationalism and internationalism.

Austin, Mary. A Woman of Genius. Pp. 515. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1917. $1.50.

"A woman of Genius" is not a new story, but a new edition of a story written and published several years ago, and the reader who looks below the surface will find reason to be grateful for the rewriting. It is the style and motivation that count, the revelation of character, the philosophy of life brought to bear on the common and uncommon events of a woman's developments, her deep insight into human nature (her own included), and her decidedly unique point of view, from which she studies her environment and the individuals who were a formative influence in the life which was a "struggle between a genius for tragic acting and the daughter of a country clerk with the social ideals of Taylorsville Ohianna."



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To this pleasing *Campbell* feast—
The banquet of the nation
From the greatest to the least!"

"Dinner is served!"

Or call it "luncheon" or "supper" if you like.

Mid-day meal or evening meal—it makes no difference. *Campbell's Vegetable Soup* is such a well-proportioned and satisfying food that in itself it supplies the best part of a palatable repast all cooked and ready for your table any time at three minutes' notice. You simply add *boiling* water, bring the soup to *boiling* point, let it simmer an instant, and serve it *hot.*

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We combine a full-bodied beef stock with diced potatoes, carrots and rutabagas. Also fancy peas, baby lima beans, Country Gentleman corn, fresh celery, okra and parsley.

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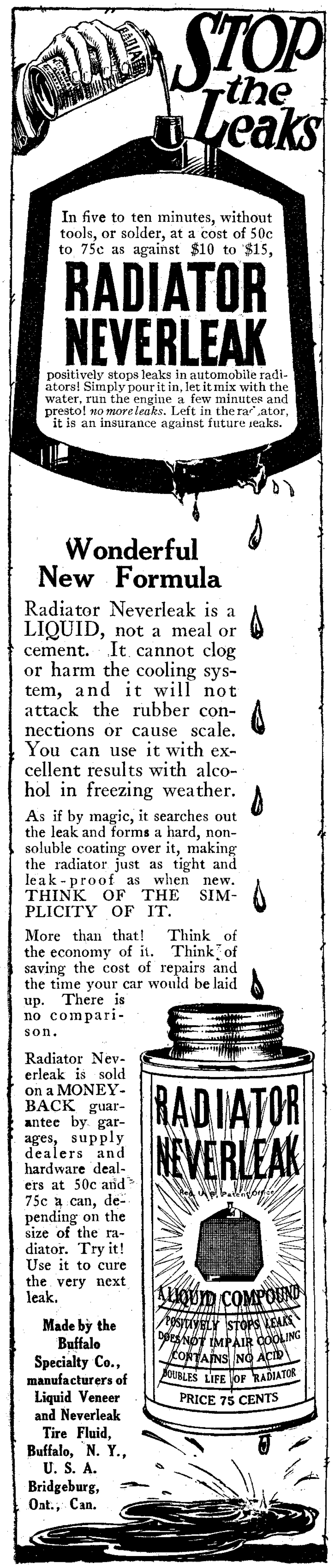

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

WHAT A CAVALRY OFFICER SAW OF AN INFANTRY WAR

A REGULAR division of cavalry—the first the American Army has had since the Civil War—is being formed at El Paso, Texas, according to news dispatches, and is preparing for action abroad. For the cavalry is coming back. So far the horsemen have had little riding.

While tanks and big guns have been playing the most conspicuous part in the Great War the cavalrymen have been doing their bit more quietly, and not always in the saddle. At Cambrai tanks, artillery, infantry, and cavalry worked together in perfect harmony. And it was the gallant charges of the mounted troops through the gaps torn by shot and shell in the German lines that made victory possible. As the lumbering tanks and the thunderous artillery smashed opening after opening in the ranks of the foe the cavalry dashed in, charging the German gunners with naked swords.

Since the development of trench warfare in the present conflict, experts have insisted that the day of the cavalry had passed. But Field-Marshal Haig stuck to his mounted troops, confident that the time would come when a cavalry charge would turn the tide of battle. The time came at Cambrai.

It was General Byng, himself a cavalry officer—"Bingo" Byng they call him in the Army—who worked out the plan whereby the four arms of service were synchronized in one great offensive.

But it is true that, until Cambrai, opportunities for actual cavalry operations had been scarce. In his book, "With Cavalry in the Great War" (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia), Frederic Coleman tells many stirring incidents of the fighting in the Ypres salient. Mr. Coleman was one of the original members of the Royal Automobile Club Corps which joined the British Expeditionary Force in France before Mons and the great retreat on Paris. He was attached with his car to the Headquarters Staff of the 1st Cavalry Division under Maj.-Gen. H. de B. de Lisle. Here is an interesting example of the development of trench warfare as he tells it:

> This war has taught that the most important item in the selection of a trench position is the extent to which the line can be hidden from the enemy gunners. The space commanded by the occupants of the trench and the nature of the terrane are secondary to the cardinal point of keeping the trenches well out of sight of enemy observers.
>
> Thus engineers might, years ago, select a hilltop as a trench position, the line commanding the receding slope to the valley below. After the experience of the greatest of all wars, they would preferably place it fifty yards behind the summit. More than fifty yards of "field of fire" was desirable, but not absolutely necessary. A fifty-yard space could be so covered with wire entanglements as sufficiently to delay an attacking enemy. Deep, narrow trenches, with traverses to restrict the area of damage from shells bursting in the actual trench, and to protect from enfilade fire, were demanded by the newer conditions, but great care had to be taken that they should not be constructed in ground of so soft a nature that howitzer-fire could too easily cave in the trench sides.
>
> That the British were clever in this work of placing trenches in invisible positions was proved by the following report of an interview in Courtrai with a wounded German officer whose regiment had been badly handled when attacking an English position in the Ypres salient.
>
> "Our artillery cannonaded incessantly the enemy trench which our company was to storm—we could see it in the distance. Toward evening we were ordered to advance. We marched forward without taking cover, confident enough, because not a shot came from the British trench. We thought it had been abandoned after the terrible bombardment to which it had been subjected all day long. To make things quite safe, when we were two hundred meters from the trench our *mitrailleuses* were brought into action, and we gave the silent enemy another good peppering. Still there is no reply. The place must certainly be empty. Shouting 'Hurrah' we rush forward to seize it, but we have not gone more than 100 meters before our whole front rank is stricken down by a volley from a point much nearer than the trench we had been shelling, and in addition to this terrible infantry-fire the British quick-firing guns are brought into play, and simply mow our men down. Six times we reform to continue our assault; six times we are knocked to pieces before we can get going. At last such officers as are left realize that there is nothing to be done, and we retreat to our original position.
>
> "This is how the English work it. The entrenchment, visible from afar, which we had bombarded, was not the spot where their troops were to be found. They were stationed in small subsidiary trenches in front of the principal trench, with which they were connected by means of narrow passages. The little advance trenches were concealed to perfection, and the troops sheltered beneath sheets of metal on which our German bullets ricocheted. So we had been shelling an unoccupied trench and had done no damage to the place where the enemy actually was hidden. Hence it is not surprizing that our 'assault' should have proved to be—for us—a veritable massacre."

The 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions having each done a ten-days' stretch of trench-occupation in the Ypres salient, the 1st Cavalry moved up to do its "bit" on the firing-line. Here is Ypres—shell-scarred Ypres—as the author found it, with the people going stolidly about their affairs, and the children playing in the streets tho the big guns still boomed in the distance:

> In the western edge of Ypres, in front of the first cluster of houses—buildings shell-marked and war-scarred from long bombardment—three grimy mites were playing in the dirt at the street-side. Further on a trio of little girls in soiled black frocklets were enjoying a game of tag. Across the street they darted under

the wheels of cars and lorries, missing the hoofs of the passing horses by inches. One bright-eyed little girl, out of breath from dodging a fast-drawn artillery limber, took momentary refuge in a ragged gap in a shell-shattered dwelling. As we approached the Grande Place more children were to be seen, then a number of adult townsfolk. Round the gaping ruins of the once beautiful Cloth Hall, in the main square, the number of people in evidence might well have led one to believe that the bombardment of Ypres was past and done with. Ruins, the work of shells and conflagrations, were on all sides, but no one noticed them. French and English soldiers and their officers, with a liberal smattering of civilian Belgians, filled the pavements.

Detachments of sturdy French infantry marched past, their uniforms faded to a pale blue. With swinging step each individual marched to his own time. I admired their fit and willing appearance. They were campaign-worn as to kit and clothing, but campaign-hardened, rather than worn, as to themselves.

A constant stream of people came and went. How long would the civilian population of Ypres remain to pay its toll of dead whenever the Germans decided further to shell the town?

Three women passed, two of them bearing month-old babies in their arms. Noting my interested glance they smiled and waved as they trugged on. What a place for a baby!

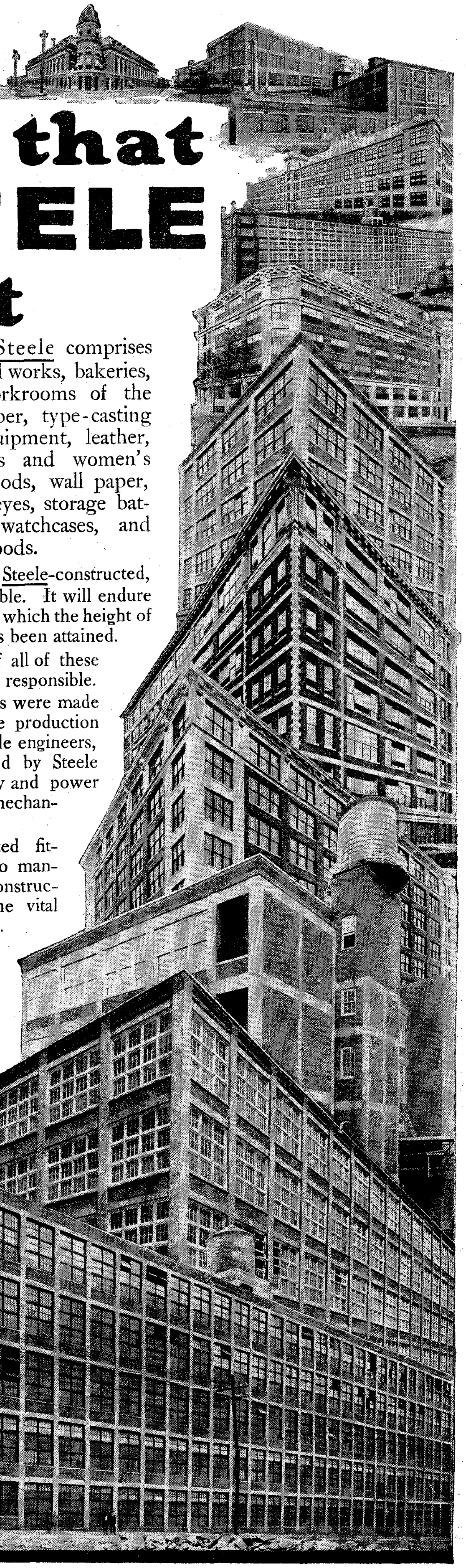
An old bent crone, crowned with a richly beaded bonnet of ancient type, in odd incongruity to the ragged condition and mean state of her original apparel, hobbled along, pausing now and again to pick up and store safely in her apron small pieces of coal that had been dropt from a passing wagon.

It was a quiet spring afternoon, a bit overcast—hardly to be called lowering, and yet of a stillness that seemed ominous; a day to fit all the mixture of folk going stolidly, carelessly, gaily, or how they would, about their daily tasks.

No one seemed to realize that they were in Ypres—the Ypres that had so often been shattered by shell that the poor old town could hardly be surprized by any sort of new shell caprice. No one saw the rent walls and gaping holes in every other building. I wondered if they could hear the guns! I could do so. They were hard at it every moment, all the time, from two to three miles distant. It was the old story of familiarity breeding contempt; or perhaps they were true philosophers, these Ypres folk.

Reaching the headquarters of General Gough, which the 1st Cavalry were to "take over" during their stay in the trenches, the author was told to put his car in the shelter of a house on the south side of the Menin road. Field guns were at work near by and German shells were dropping in a field beyond. The house which was to form a shelter in case a stray shell came that way did not present an encouraging appearance, as it had already been the target for many German explosives. The author says:

Those of its windows which were not shattered were shuttered. Half of the roof had been shorn of its tiles. A shell had wrecked the interior of one end of the building. A glance out of a rear doorway showed a whole collection of shell-



The City that STEELE built

THIS City of Steele comprises textile mills, steel works, bakeries, the factories and workrooms of the makers of hats, rubber, type-casting machines, dental equipment, leather, canned goods, men's and women's clothing, sporting goods, wall paper, cordage, hooks and eyes, storage batteries, knit goods, watchcases, and many other lines of goods.

Re-inforced concrete, Steele-constructed, makes this city imperishable. It will endure for generations, a city in which the height of efficiency and stability has been attained.

For the construction of all of these buildings Steele is solely responsible. The preliminary drawings were made by Steele architects, the production problems solved by Steele engineers, the buildings constructed by Steele workmen, the machinery and power plants installed by Steele mechanical experts.

It is this co-ordinated fitting of building design to manufacturing needs, and construction to both, that is the vital element in Steele success.

Wm. Steele & Sons Company
Engineers : Constructors
Philadelphia
Toronto

STEELE FOR STABILITY

holes in the yard a few feet distant. A door that still remained in position bore four lines of legend:

Vin à vingt
Sous la bouteille
Confiture, allumettes
Bougies, chocolat.

Glancing through one of the remaining panes of a window by the door, I saw a glass jar containing a couple of sticks of chocolate, beside it three jars of jelly, a box of French matches, a blue paper packet of half a dozen candles, a score of small oranges in one box, and in another, alongside it, seven or eight very dry-looking kippers. Peering through the partly obscured glass one could see a stolid-looking red-faced, albino-haired woman.

"Business as usual," with a vengeance! Such an odd curiosity-shop as this was not to be passed without examinations, so I entered and talked to the woman.

Her whole stock in trade was what I had seen through the window. She was cheerful enough tho she huddled for warmth over a fire by which sat a despondent-looking brother. She chatted laconically about the situation, and told me she had been there continuously throughout the fighting. The shell that hit the building was a shrapnel and came a month before. Shells still came near, now and again, but that fact seemed to be accepted by her as inevitable and not to be worried about. These people had no means of existence except the sale of their pitiable bits of provisions. They were in daily danger of their lives. Yet they stayed on. Typical Belgians! . . . . . .

One afternoon shrapnel fell for an hour near a fork on the Menin road, to which all sensible men gave a wide berth when convenient. Fifteen minutes after the bombardment died down, a procession filed by the fork headed for a graveyard in the direction of Hooge. A white-robed boy with red-tasseled black cap led the way bearing a cross. Behind him came a robed priest, then an ancient, dilapidated one-horse hearse containing a rude, black coffin. A score of mourners, one or two of them men, the rest women and children drest in their poor best, brought up the rear.

I wondered that they ventured down that shell-swept highway. Yet many such pathetic little processions passed along that road in those days. I saw one *cortège* wait for a cessation of the shelling, then proceed slowly over the ground that had but a few minutes before been peppered with bits of shell. It was an odd sight. A tiny lad trotted in front under a large wooden cross painted purple. A quartet of little boys behind him bore a rude, unpainted sort of stretcher, apparently improvised from the nearest bits of shattered timber to hand. The coffin resting upon this frame was covered with a dingy white sheet. A mother, bowed and feeble, followed the coffin. A few youths and a handful of little girls formed the struggling *cortège*, tramping over the snow-covered cobbles, their eyes downcast and red.

Death was no stranger in Ypres in those days, but still the Belgians stayed on.

Taking giant powder to the front for mining operations was one of the delicate daily tasks, and the author tells an amusing story of two Irish troopers who were performing the dangerous duty one day just as night was falling. They had started across the fields with a good-sized box of the powder when shells began to fall thickly on the route they had chosen. Says the author:

Another group started trenchward carrying various types of grenades. Howitzer-shells were falling front and rear and shrapnel bursting a few hundred yards away.

A flash and a crash came from in front.

"Them fellers with the joynt powder was like to be in that shindy," said a member of the second party. "Close to 'em, it was sure."

A moment later they came upon a strange sight. There in the field, just visible in the gathering darkness, sat the box. Behind it reclined the two troopers, snuggling close for cover.

"What are you doin' in this 'ere peaceful spot, Dan?" questioned one of the second party as they reached the box.

"Takin' cover the whiles we do a bit of a rest-like," was the reply. "The divils sent wan so clost it sure jarred the wind out av us, it did."

And they snuggled closer to the giant powder as he spoke.

On returning one day from the trenches the writer inadvertently showed himself to the enemy gunners, and as a result was literally forced to run a race with death. He writes:

The General pointed out a new route for my return, shorter than the one by which I had come.

"Keep that rise of ground between you and the line of high ground beyond," said de Lisle. "If you don't the Germans will see you and pot at you."

Crossing my first field I seemed to be well in the line of spent bullets, as several kicked up the dirt in front of me sufficiently close to make me imagine myself the target. I lost little time for the first few hundred yards. A maze of reserve trenches and wire pulled me up short. The only path through was a quagmire. Safe beyond, at last, I started collecting German timing fuses, which lay thick on the surface of the muddy field. Not far on my left was a ruined farm. The sun came out amid the swiftly moving clouds. "A splendid example of what shells can do to a group of buildings," I thought. "I must get a picture of the piles of débris."

I circled the smashed houses, took my picture, replaced my camera in its case, and turned to look sunward, as the clouds had cast a dull shadow all about me. An open bit of blue was racing toward the spot where the sun was hidden. Should I wait for it and essay a further snap shot?

As my eyes sought the sun, a bright flash in front of me, in my very line of sight, almost blinded me. A deafening explosion and the whir of scores of shrapnel bullets was followed by another flash. Crash! The second shell seemed nearer than the first.

The pluck! pluck! pluck! flop! of bits of projectile striking in the soft mud all about me came from every side. Little spurts of mud and water were thrown up close around me. I imagined I could feel the breath of passing shrapnel bullets. A bit of stick hit me in the face and a gob of black mud landed squarely over my mouth.

So many mud-spurts threw up in front of me, on my right and on my left, it seemed to be impossible I had escaped being hit.

I must have been in the very vortex of the shells' storm-center.

Turning, thanking God I had so miraculously escaped when death had seemed so near, I dashed off as fast as I could run, heading blindly for the general direction of the Menin road. Fear lent wings to my feet as I realized that in my interest in my photography I had advanced into plain sight of the line of heights of which General de Lisle had warned me. I had not run a dozen steps when—

Bang! Crash! Behind me came a second pair of shells whose coming I had dreaded every second. To my delight but one or two bullets came my way.

"I am gaining," thought I.

Bang! Bang! Another two burst overhead, throwing their deadly contents beyond me in the direction in which I was running.

I ducked to the right, and ran diagonally to the Hun line of fire. Panting, I struck a deep bog. I went before I realized that it lay in my path. In a twinkling I was in a pretty mess. My feet sank deep in the slime and ooze. It took great effort to raise them. Well over my knees in mud, I felt trapt, but struggled on. At last I trod on firmer bottom, and soon was racing away at much better speed.

Crash! Bang! I could see over my shoulder that the last two arrivals had burst over the muck through which I had just floundered, throwing spurts of liquid mud high in the air.

The Hun gunners were gradually increasing their range, tho I was well out of sight of them.

My breath came in great sobs, but I dare not slacken.

Bang! Bang! Two fell behind me again, but not so near. That encouraged my flagging footsteps, and I jog-trotted on until, at last, the Menin road was before me. Reaching it, I lay down utterly exhausted. The shells continued to burst nearer and nearer the road, and came in fours after the first half-dozen couples, twenty-four shrapnel having been fired in all.

Two British gunners attached to a siege battery near by hurried past me as I lay recuperating.

"Bad place to be, this," said one of them. "They shell this bit of road every day about this time. Those two holes were made yesterday"—pointing to two cavities not ten feet from me.

Then here is Ypres, finally battered out of all semblance of a city. The author was driving General de Lisle and Hardress Lloyd, and this is the picture of the devastated town as they passed through it on the way to Potijze:

From the railway crossing at the western edge of Ypres, past the smashed Cathedral of St. Martin, round the ruins of the Cloth Hall, through the Grande Place and down the Rue de Menin dead horses and men lined the way.

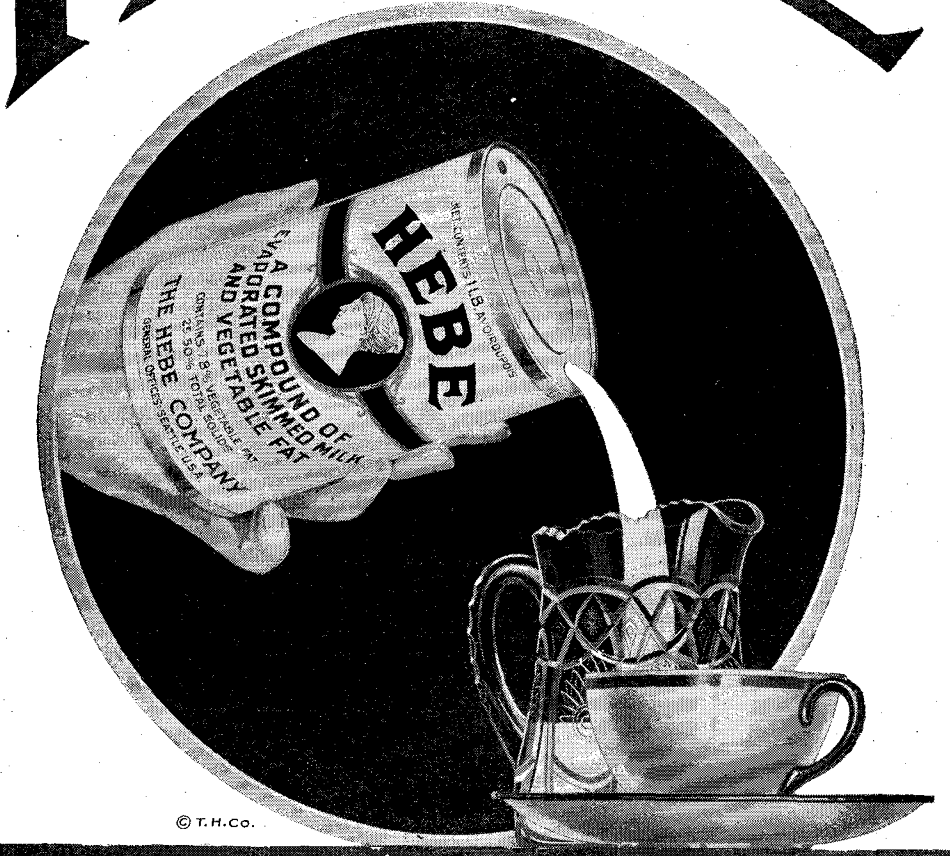
Ypres, which I had seen shelled so heavily time after time without its semblance of a city being destroyed, was at last indescribably in ruins. The slender pinnacles at the ends of the Cloth Hall still stood, and the tower itself had not fallen, tho it had been so riddled that it seemed in imminent danger of collapse. The tall, torn tower of St. Martin's near by was also standing.

I found great difficulty in picking my way through the square, past shell-holes, piles of paving blocks, and heaps of dead horses. At one end of the Grande Place a howitzer shell had burst directly on an artillery limber, the horses and men being piled indiscriminately together, every one instantly killed. They lay in a heap on the broken stones of the square.

Our previous brewery headquarters was leveled to the ground, and the house where

HEBE

PATENTS PENDING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Hebe gives coffee a tempting, golden-brown color and enhances its flavor. Hebe helps to make delicious cocoa and chocolate.

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Dilute Hebe with pure water to the richness desired. Use it in all recipes for soups, oyster stews, gravies, sauces, creaming vegetables and fish, making custard, cookies, puddings, desserts, etc.

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Pour Hebe diluted, or undiluted if preferred, over corn flakes, wheat flakes, puffed grains, porridge, oatmeal, etc. Cereals cooked with Hebe are most appetizing.

You may live in a section where Hebe cannot be obtained. As production increases, the needs of your section will be supplied through your local retail grocer.

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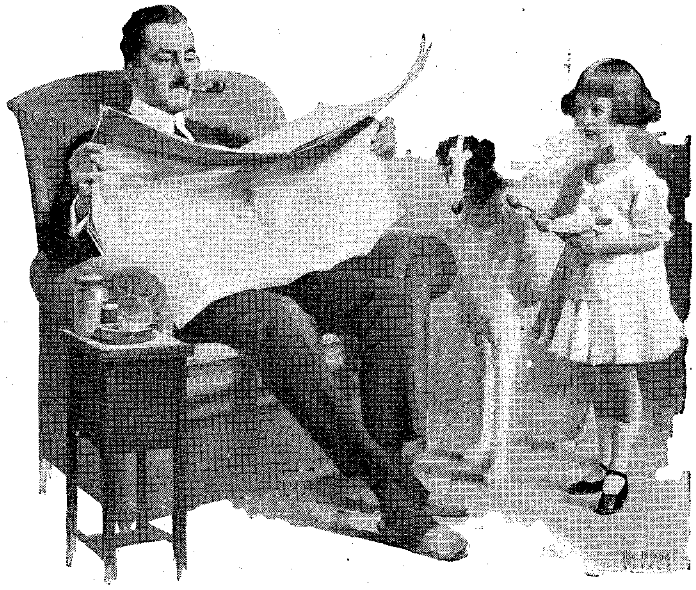

Sunday
Is Puffed Grain Day

Why So? In a million homes Sunday seems to be the chief day for Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. So all of our evidence indicates.

Can you understand why that is so?

That is partly due to Sunday suppers—these bubble-like grains in milk. Then a great many people think of Puffed Grains as dainties, too good for every day.

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Of course, Puffed Grains are dainties. They are light and airy, thin and flaky, with a fascinating taste. They are the food confections. But they are also more than that.

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole-grain foods, with the grains puffed to eight times normal size.

They are scientific foods, invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson—a famous dietitian.

They are the only grain foods so prepared that every food cell is exploded. Digestion is made easy and complete, so that every atom feeds.

It's a great mistake to serve such foods infrequently. There are three kinds, so you get a variety. They make the ideal breakfast dish. Mixed with fruit they form a delightful blend. In bowls of milk they are flavory, toasted bubbles, four times as porous as bread.

Salted or buttered, like peanuts or popcorn, they are perfect, between-meal tidbits. In candy making they are better than nut meats. They are flaky, toasted wafers for soups.

They are all-hour foods which never tax the stomach.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

We seal the grains in huge guns. Then roll them for an hour in 550 degrees of heat. That gives the nut-like flavor.

All the inner moisture is changed to steam, then the guns are shot. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Every food cell is exploded so digestion can instantly act. That is why these Puffed Grains are such airy, flimsy bubbles. Keep all three kinds on hand.

we had slept when last in Ypres was smashed out of all recognition.

Shells were falling in Ypres as we went through it. Across the Menin Bridge the road, once a broad highway, had been narrowed to a mere path by pile on pile of shell-strewn bricks and stones. The houses were one by one completely disappearing, as tho the space they occupied was required for other purposes, and the demolition of each one of them was a preconceived part of a plan of extinction of all signs of habitation.

Dead horses in dozens along the way lay close to the wheel-track. We passed an ambulance, its front portion torn away by a shell, and then the remnants of a supply-wagon smashed to matchwood.

As we sped on, as fast as the continual obstructions and deep shell-holes would allow, shells fell behind us, screeching overhead every few seconds with strange, weird, discordant notes, culminating in a reverberating bang! that seemed thrown back at us by the high walls across the moat.

The dozens of dead horses became scores as we pushed on. Some fields by the road were literally covered with them.

A signal-corps man told me that at one point his orders for dark-night journeys across those fields were as follows: "Go down the hedge till you reach the ditch, turn right, and go toward the big pile of dead horses until you come to the gap in the next hedge." Those instructions could be easily followed on the blackest night if one's olfactory nerves were in working order.

WOMEN DOCTORS' WONDERFUL WORK AMID WAR'S HORRORS

IN an almost inaccessible mountain region in Macedonia, amid desolation and conditions almost primitive, women of splendid courage have founded a hospital encampment. It is a unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, which have their headquarters in Saloniki, and it is situated in a wild spot on the Cornia River, and is only to be reached by an almost impassable road. All the posts, from the surgeon-in-chief to the ambulance drivers, are filled by women, the only men to be found around the encampment being the wounded French, British, Servians, and Russians, who are treated by the women physicians and their assistants.

A correspondent of *Le Figaro* visited this Macedonian unit, where, he says, he found a well-equipped operating-room, kitchen, and laundry, and tented dormitories. Between this mountain hospital and the first-line trenches an ambulance service is maintained, but for which the wounded must have been carried on mule-back for from twelve to fifteen hours.

Some of the difficulties which these women have overcome in their work for humanity were told in Philadelphia by Miss Kathleen Burke, who speaks from experience. For instance, the tents arrived from England without poles. The women went into the woods, cut down trees, hauled them to the camp, and set up their tents. Stoves without pipes was the next difficulty to be encountered, and the situation seemed hopeless until one of the women conceived the idea of constructing the necessary piping by soldering tomato-cans together. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* says:

These instances were only typical of the endless minor obstacles which these women surgeons and doctors overcame by sheer grit and determination. When forced to evacuate their camps in retreat with armies by the advance of the enemy, as repeatedly has already happened in Servia, Belgium, and other Allied countries, their burdens and responsibilities in caring for their gravely wounded and desperately ill patients *en route* with their hospital equipment piled in ox-carts immeasurably increased.

"Then it was that, pushing along through deep mud, the women often literally put their shoulders to the wheel," said Miss Burke. "One unit in retreating with the Russian Army found its progress blocked by a broken bridge. The soldiers near it stood about, good-naturedly uncertain as to what to do. Undaunted by the fact that the bridge was under direct shell-fire, the women set to work with automobile kits and mended it so that their own patients and 100 ambulances of the Russian Army crossed to safety. For this act of valor the Russian Government awarded the Russian Military Cross to every woman in the unit. One of the women died later from wounds received there."

Yet it isn't alone shell-fire, capture, or personal privations that these heroic women doctors face. Typhus and other contagious diseases that rage in the stricken countries, abetted by privation, have already claimed a heavy toll from them.

"When we lost from typhus seven of our women in a single week in one hospital, contracted during the typhus epidemic that we were then fighting in Servia," said Miss Burke, "five hundred women at home in fifteen days volunteered to take their places."

Such is the spirit of the Scottish and English women doctors, whom our own American young women are already joining.

It was not without difficulty that women physicians overcame the prejudice against them at the beginning of the war, for the attitude of the War Departments of France and England, as well as the sentiment in the United States, was strongly against permitting them to go to the front. But they were not to be discouraged, and *The Public Ledger* tells of the first to get actively into war-service:

She was a Frenchwoman residing in Paris, who, in that fatal August of 1914, received official mobilization orders at midnight to report at once for duty. When she appeared, kit and bag in hand, at headquarters the officials were amazed to find that the Doctor ——— they had called out was a woman.

"You will have to go back home; no woman is allowed in this service," they told her, despite the fact that the wounded were already pouring in, taxing the capacity of the hospital. "But wait—roll up your sleeves and help us out unofficially to-day."

And now, three years later, she is still at work, only officially now, side by side with her men colleagues, having won high honors through expert skill and heavy responsibilities.

Now ten military hospitals on the

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YOU want your vinegar to be of assured purity and to possess appetizing zest and flavor. Heinz could not find vinegars good enough to use in making his pickles, foods and condiments, so he made his own vinegars, choosing better materials than are usually used, aging and mellowing with more care than had ever been used before. Heinz vinegars, delicately flavored, aromatic, rich and mellow, are everything a vinegar ought to be but seldom is.

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Continent alone, ranging in size from one hundred to six hundred beds, are fully staffed by women, the most important locations back from the first-line trenches and gravest cases being given over to them, and highest tribute paid them by the director-generals of the hospitals of the Allied armies as to the high standard of work, low death-rate, and general hospital administration.

The grit and determination of the Scottish and English medical women in serving in foreign countries already invaded by the enemy when balked in home service by the refusal of the British War Office to recognize them by appointment for service are best exemplified by the instance of the now famous Endell Street hospital in London.

Undaunted by this refusal, the Scottish Women's Hospitals organized, establishing such a record for skill and efficiency that early in the spring of 1915 the entire medical and surgical staff of women of the hospital established in the Hotel Claridge, in Paris, was asked by the British Government to return home and take over entire charge of the British Army hospital in Endell Street. This is the highest honor the British Government had to bestow on medical women. A hospital of 520 beds, it is now staffed entirely by women throughout the building, not only head surgeons and physicians, but anesthetists, radiographers, bacteriologists, dentists, pharmacists, sanitary inspectors, nurses, orderlies, and ambulance-drivers.

The Scottish Women's Hospitals was organized in September, 1914, Dr. Elsie Inglis, an Edinburgh graduate, being largely instrumental in promoting it. Units entirely of women at once were sent to Belgium, France, and Servia.

The first complete unit opened on January 13, 1915, in an ancient abbey in Royamont, within sound of the big guns. It was situated near an important evacuation station, from which the wounded were brought by women ambulance-drivers, and its work has been continuous from the start. On July 2, being within a few hours of the battle of the Somme, the unit was flooded with the wounded.

In the first two years 2,527 patients were cared for, and 2,859 operations performed. This was the work of the women of Hôpital Auxiliaire No. 301, but, says the writer in *The Public Ledger:*

> Nowhere is the service of these women more highly colored with peril and hardship than the units that went to fight typhus in Servia, when in January, 1915, the Austrians had been driven back over the frontier, leaving hundreds of thousands of sick and wounded dying by the roadside in shivering, starving, and loathsome condition. At Valjevo alone, where the second Servian unit was established, 70,000 cases of typhus were lying about unattended, which gives some faint idea of the colossal, heartrending magnitude of the task to which these Scottish Women's Hospitals went undaunted as their chosen field.
>
> Further handicaps were the lack of proper accommodations and equipment, the hospital of 400 beds at Lazarovatz being quartered in inns and houses throughout the village, all in a highly deplorable state from the lack of cesspools and sanitation. Later their difficulties were augmented by forced evacuation, due to advance of the enemy, and the fact that their scanty rations were often seized. The Valjevo unit was seized as prisoners of war and sent north February, 1916, under heavy guard. They were later released and sent home. Many of the other Servian units, however, were allowed to remain, the care of large numbers of Servian wounded prisoners being turned over to them.

HE DROVE THE GERMANS OUT OF EAST AFRICA

SMILING at him across the banquet-table Gen. Jan Christiaan Smuts, once the implacable foe of Great Britain, told Lord French how he had escaped from the net drawn around him by the British commander in the mountains of the Transvaal; and incidentally the British commander learned for the first time of his own narrow escape from capture at the hands of the Boer leader two days later. The banquet was given by Parliament last spring in honor of General Smuts, and this is the story of his sensational get-away as related by himself and told in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:*

> "On one occasion, I remember, I was surrounded in a very nasty block of mountains by Lord French. I was face to face virtually with disaster. Nothing was left me but the most diligent scouting to find a way out. I did some of the scouting myself. With a small party I ventured into a place which looked promising, and which bore the appropriate name of 'Murderer's Gap.' I am sorry to say I was the only man who came out alive from the Gap. In an account which I saw subsequently of this incident the remark was made that one Boer escaped—but he probably had so many bullets in him that he would be no further danger.
>
> "Well, Lord French, I have survived to be your guest this evening. I was in a very tight corner there. I did get out, and two days afterward I did break through—blessed word in these times! At night I came out of those mountains to the railway. It was a very dark night, and my small force was just on the point of crossing the railway when we heard that a train was coming. The train passed, and we stood alongside and looked on. You can imagine what my feelings were when I heard some time afterward that the only freight on this train was Lord French, who was moving from one part of his front to the other to find out how I broke through. If I had not missed that chance Lord French would have been on that occasion my guest. No doubt a very welcome tho a somewhat embarrassing guest! Now to-night I am his guest. I hope I am not embarrassing, tho I am very much embarrassed."

Probably the most sensational achievement of this rather remarkable Boer was his campaign against Germany in East Africa in the present war. The situation was critical when, at the earnest solicitation of the Imperial Government, he consented to undertake the task which General Smith-Dorrien had been compelled to reliquish because of illness. General Smuts found that he had to contend against 50,000 thoroughly trained native troops and 3,000 Germans possessing powerful artillery, commanded by General von Lettow-Vorbech, assisted by Captain Müller, of the destroyed cruiser *Königsberg.* General Smuts told the story of the campaign at a great meeting of the people of Cape Town on February 12, on the eve of his departure for England as a member of the British War Council. In his narrative, as printed in the New York *Times,* he said, after relating the details of the German retreat:

> "So it came about in due course, and earlier than we had expected, that the whole northern part of the country, with the Central Railway, fell into our hands. I had foreseen that a completely different campaign would begin after that. Shortly after my arrival in East Africa I warned the British Government that it was not a country for white troops to stay in long. You yourselves in your midst have seen the Loyal North Lancashires, who had been in that country from the beginning, and who were a living testimony to the ravages of fever and disease of that awful country, and I warned the British Government that it would be a dangerous policy and impolitic to leave white troops too long in that country, and, with their sanction, I started immediately on my arrival there to train an African Army. I foresaw that, once we had the Central Railway in our possession, once we were pressing on to the further swamps to the south, it would be necessary to take the white troops from the country, and to carry on the campaign, as the Germans were carrying it on, with native troops.
>
> "That work went on while fighting was taking place in the field, and there to-day we have an army which will be able to take the field of more than 12,000 African trained soldiers. They are taking the place of our white South-Africans, who are now coming back, and in regard to whom the greatest number are already back. When I reached the Central Railway and saw the ravages of fever among our men, I told the British Government that the time had come to put in force this new policy of which they had been warned. They agreed to it, and the result has been that since the middle of October we have sent back to South Africa from 12,000 to 15,000 South-Africans, and evacuated them from that dangerous country. Their places have been taken largely by these new African troops who have been trained.
>
> "It was at this stage, when the work was almost finished, when most of the country had been conquered and occupied—all that was valuable had been occupied—that the call of the British Government came that I should go to London to this War Council. I feel profoundly sorry to-day, I felt very sorry, as I told General Botha at the time, when we were so near the end, that all this should have been snatched from my hands at the very end. And I decided to do one bit of work more before I actually left that country.
>
> "The enemy had a line on the Rufiji River, and its tributaries which, consisting of one vast network of swamps, was a most difficult, fever-stricken, and most dangerous country, and I was afraid, as long as I left the enemy in that country it might be said that I had not completed my work, and the last week of mine in East Africa was occupied in clearing the enemy out of the Rufiji River and the swamps there. I am happy to say that

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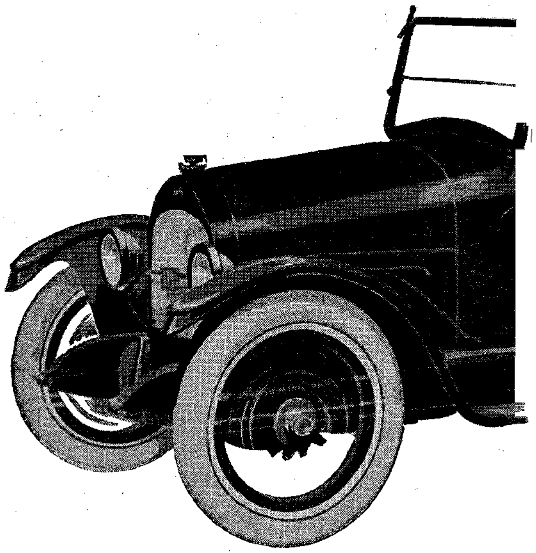

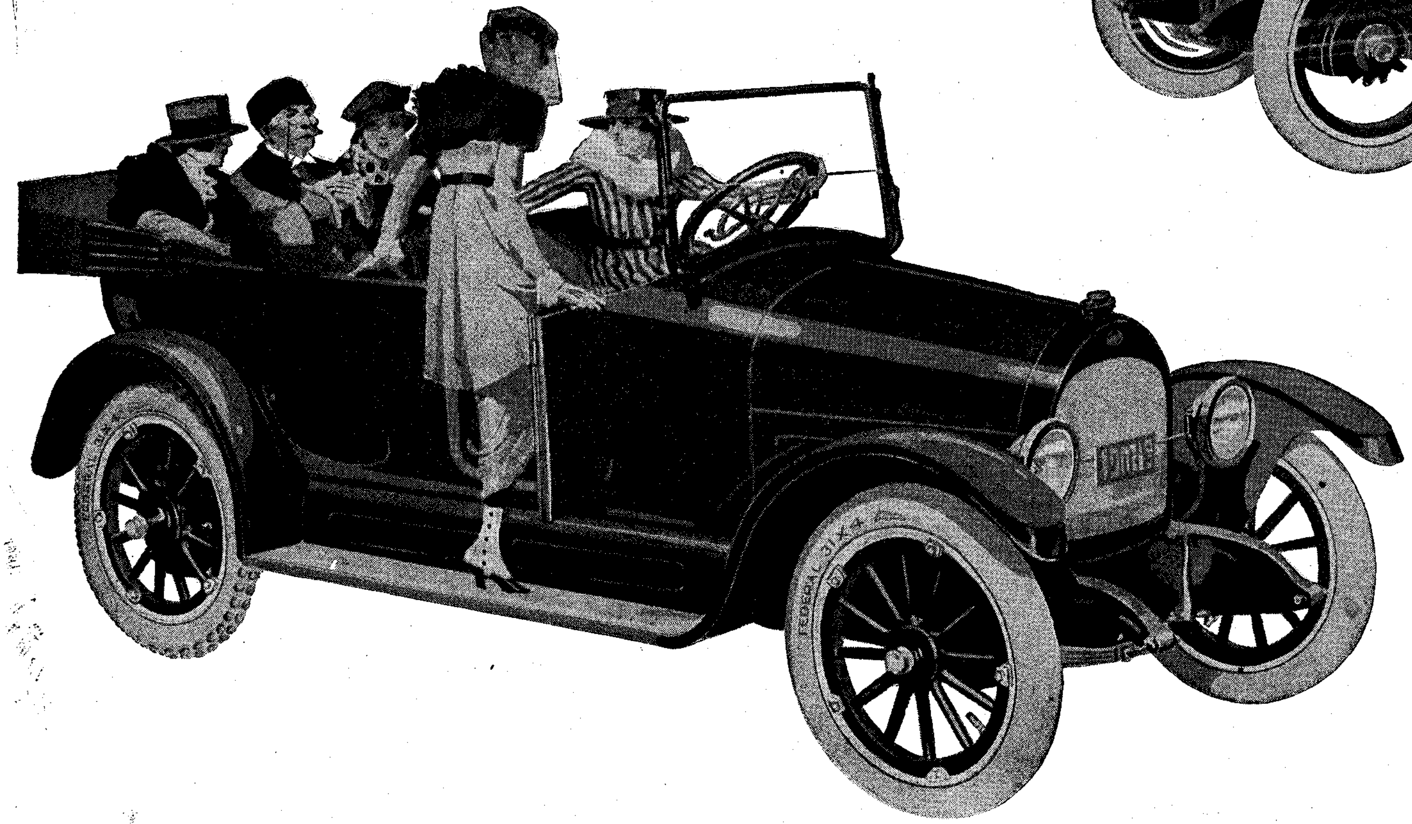

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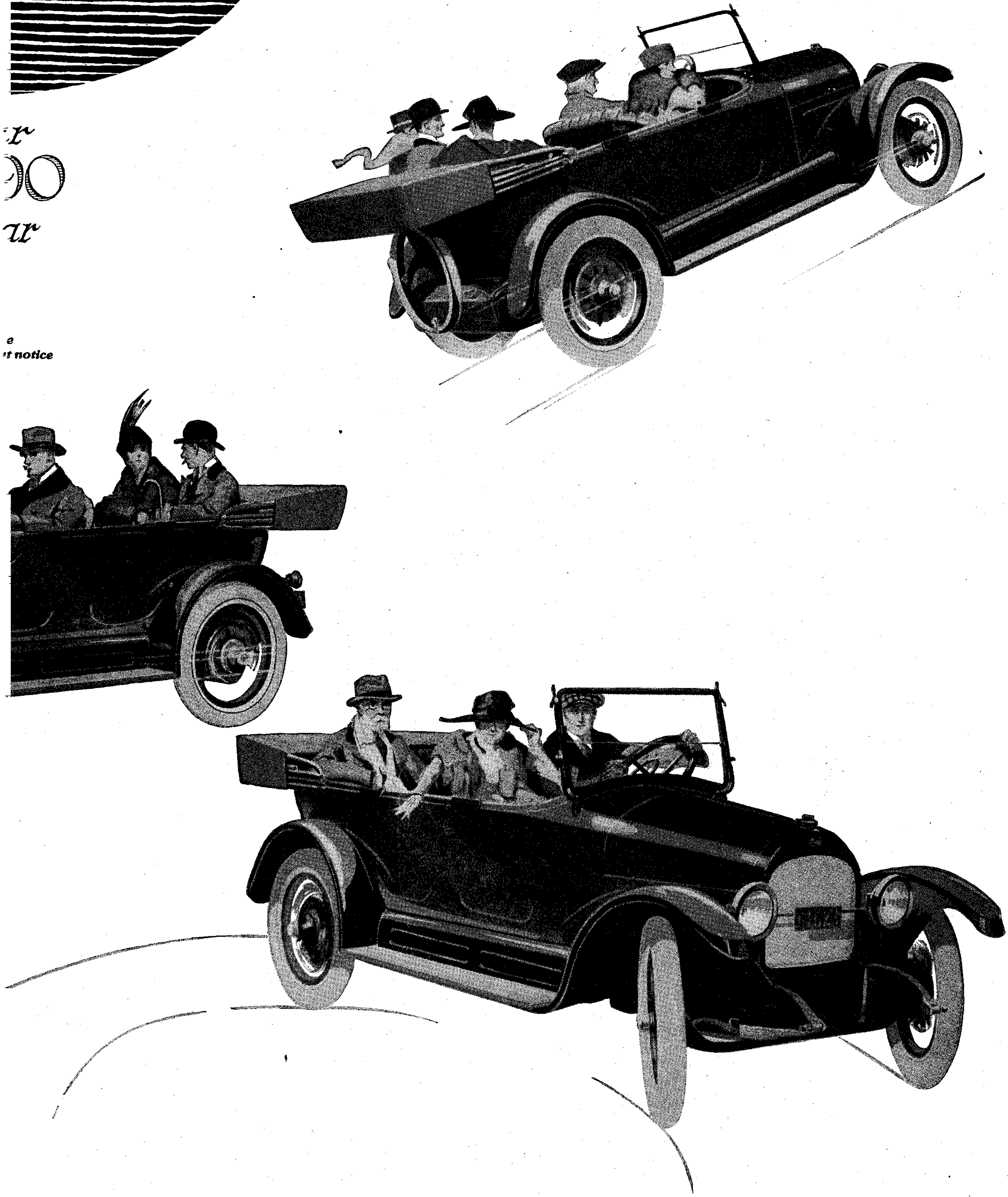

> to-day the whole German force is in retreat from the Rufiji toward the Portuguese border and, unless the rainy season, which is an awful thing in that country, seriously interferes with operations, it will not be long before that army either capitulates on the border or is driven out of German East Africa."

Some have called General Smuts the "Napoleon of the Transvaal," while others have likened him to The Admirable Crichton, but his career has been sufficiently romantic without borrowing anything from either of those historic figures. A native Boer, "Jannie" was born within fifty miles of Cape Town, and in his early youth he lived very close to the soil, tending his father's geese and sheep and driving the oxen. To-day he represents South Africa on the Imperial War Council of the Nation he once fought so vigorously.

Olga Racster, of the editorial staff of *The Cape Times*, of Cape Town, thus describes in the New York *Times Magazine* the personality of the man who has been called "the Empire's greatest asset":

> He is a terrific worker. From morning till night he burrows his way through mountains of official documents. Whenever there is anything to be done, it is always Smuts who has to fetch the oil-can and lubricate the machine. No wonder he is spoken of as "the man who never takes a holiday!" But that is not quite true; Smuts can and does rest. When he has a chance, he goes to the isolated home which he has built on the veld, and there the "best-hated man in South Africa"—as he once called himself during the worries of election—passes his days with his family, away from the haste of civilization.
>
> Neither he nor Mrs. Smuts cares in the least for social life, a fact learned by many wives of high officials through vain attempts to find Mrs. Smuts "at home" in Johannesburg. Those, however, who succeeded met an extremely simple, unaffected Dutch woman, whose great interest in life was her husband and children. In spite of her retiring nature and strong domestic inclinations, Mrs. Smuts is an intellectual woman, and the story of her appearing once with a baby on one arm and a Greek dictionary under the other can easily be believed.
>
> At Doornkloof (Mimosa Gorge) both General and Mrs. Smuts are free from all social obligations, and it is there that one sees another side of Smuts, for he is a complex character.
>
> It may be imagined that the Smuts who walks about his lands in unconventional garb, who takes his heavy stick and yields to his love of climbing mountains, who delights in his children and the simplest home life, is the very man himself. At Doornkloof "*Groot* Jannie" and "*Klein* Jannie" (big Jannie and little Jannie) have time to study each other in the great friendship of father and son. "*Klein* Jannie" is one of six, but among them he stands out as a small edition of his father, both mentally and physically. Wherever "*Groot* Jannie" is, there "*Klein* Jannie" is sure to be found, as earnest as his parent.

"Jannie" began his career as a failure. After a brilliant university course he returned to Cape Town to practise law. A writer in *The Public Ledger* says of this period in his life:

> He was twenty-four years old when he obtained the gold medal in the law tripos, while the end found him senior in part one and two, or, according to Cambridge parlance, a "Double First." The rarely bestowed George Long prize in Roman law and jurisprudence also fell into his lap, making the grand total of results achieved by this ambitious student a record seldom, if indeed ever, approached at the English institution. Small wonder, then, that last May the ancient seat of learning was the more glad to clothe with the hood of a doctor's degree the shoulders of so brilliant a son.
>
> Possest of this monumentally creditable legal equipment, young Smuts returned home, one would have supposed to instantaneous success at the Cape Town bar. Curiously enough, the exact reverse proved the case. He made a wretched failure of it. The man who to-day is a king's counsel and so spontaneously resourceful in speech and deed exhibited then so poor a command of language as to amount to none at all, while his hesitation and nervousness surely did not advance him with those seeking the service of a lawyer.
>
> The barrister took comfort of some sort and sought fresh inspiration in the field of journalism. For a while he reported debates in the Dutch Parliament, but a scribe's duties early palled upon him, and he directed his steps northward to the Transvaal gold country. At this period utterly unknown, one of those opportunities so often determining the epoch of a life came to him in the shape of a meeting with "Oom Paul" Krüger. Three decades in all had not passed over the head of the enterprising junior when it was thus his good fortune to catch the fancy of the rugged old President, and before long the appointment of State's Attorney came to him over many older tho not wiser candidates. Almost immediately the young man justified Krüger's choice. However, the crisis was rapidly developing between the Dutch republic and British Government, and before he saw a reputation in his new post thoroughly established the cultured disciple of Coke found himself an officer in the Boer Army.

When peace came in 1902, General Smuts laid aside his sword as did his distinguished comrade-in-arms, Louis Botha, and both have been loyal to British suzerainty in South Africa ever since. Of General Smuts's later career *The Public Ledger* says:

> When in 1907, the Transvaal received self-government, the premiership fell to Botha, while General Smuts, who already had been elected a member of the Legislative Assembly, entered the Cabinet as Colonial Secretary.
>
> As the national convention of 1910 gathered to devise a constitution for the Union, he again and again solved problems and adjusted difficulties which appeared insuperable.
>
> Krüger's former colleague, entering the Union Cabinet as Minister of Education, subsequently took up, in order, the portfolios of Finance and Defense. He showed himself to be an untiring worker, on more than one occasion of stress bearing the burden of several departments at once.
>
> Ordinarily suave of manner, a more conspicuous case of the "iron hand in velvet glove" has seldom if ever presented itself. This was instanced in the broadcast labor-strikes of 1914 and immediately afterward, at the outbreak of the war, in the all but abortive De Wet uprising in favor of Germany. Sustained by his chief, the one was settled with the decision of a soldier, by proclaiming martial law throughout the length and breadth of the land and deporting the leaders; the other was terminated by such sharply decisive measures that it never was able to take many steps afield.

CAMOUFLAGE FROM GIDEON TO DANIELS

WHILE camouflage is new, as a word applied to the deceptive devices adopted to fool the enemy, it dates back as a practise to Bible days when Gideon, with three hundred men put to flight a force of 135,000 Midianites by providing each of his small force with a pitcher containing a light. According to the prevailing customs of war in those days, only the commander of a corps carried a light, so that when Gideon's men broke their pitchers and displayed their lights it is easy to believe that the effect of the camouflage was quite startling. At all events it worked, for the Midianites, thinking each light represented a company, fled in dismay.

The artificial forest idea as developed in the present war is of ancient origin, for, says the Kansas City *Star:*

> In Shakespeare's "Macbeth" each man in the army of Malcolm carried a branch of a tree from Birnam Wood when he approached *Macbeth's* hosts. It had been predicted that *King Macbeth* would not be in danger until Birnam Wood moved toward his castle. When *Macbeth* saw what he thought was the forest approaching, he became frightened and lost the day.
>
> "Camouflaging trenches and breastworks in the Civil War was done with branches of trees and sod," Capt. E. R. Monfort, Cincinnati, former commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., says.
>
> "The airplane, which has made camouflaging so necessary, wasn't thought of then. It was considered a disgrace for a man to protect himself behind a tree. Capture of Fort Pulaski, tho, resulted from camouflage. Union forces, working nights, built up disguised batteries, carefully making them appear like the growing forest they replaced. The walls of the fort crumpled before the astonished gaze of the Confederate defenders when the 'forest' opened up fire after weeks of preparations."

Altho marine camouflage was resorted to in a small way during the Civil War, when merchant ships were painted black, like war-ships, with representations of port-holes blocked in in white, nothing was ever attempted that approached the elaborate efforts that are now made to disguise vessels at sea. The United States Shipping Board has created a ship protective committee, with Admiral H. H. Rousseau as chairman, and this committee has authorized several systems of marine camouflage,

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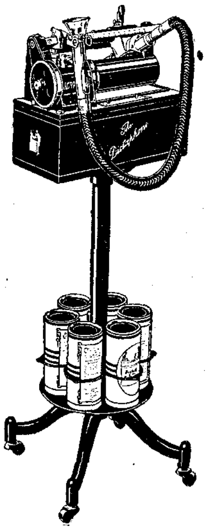

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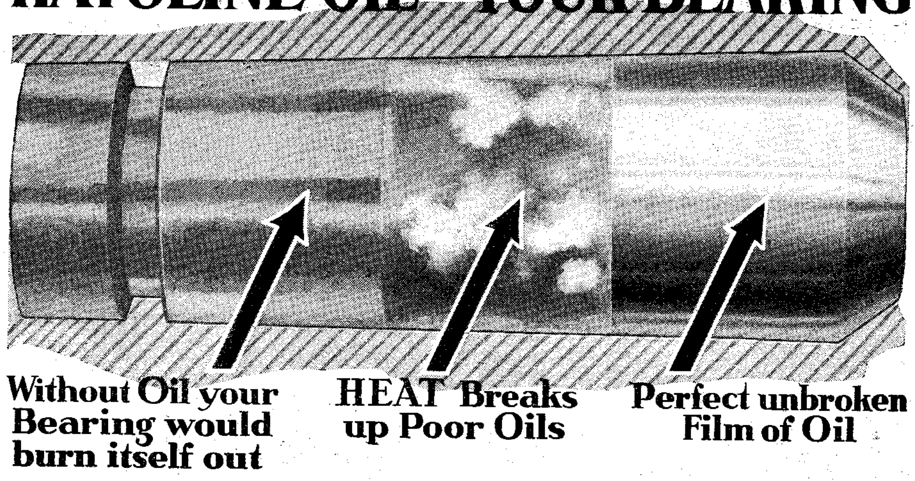
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* * * * *

The centre section of the bearing shows how an inferior oil breaks up under heat. Heat always shows up a poor oil. Heat breaks up its protecting film into splotches and kills its lubricating power. An oil film so broken permits dry metal to rub against dry metal, which gives friction its deadly chance. This illustrates why, although you may be using plenty of oil in your motor, you still hear ominous sounds—"knocks," grindings, or similar indications that something is wrong. Ever consider it might be poor oil? It often is and the car owner never knows what's the trouble. Be safe—use Havoline.

* * * * *

The section of the bearing shown at the left is running without any oil whatever. It is obvious that without any lubrication in any good piece of machinery, dry steel would rub against dry steel. Great friction would result and the resulting heat would burn out the best piece of steel in the world.

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of which the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* says:

> Many ship-owners are slow to grasp the importance of camouflage on their ships leaving Atlantic ports bound for the war-zone. To show that the Government appreciates its value, it has, through the Federal War-Risk Bureau, granted a reduction of one-half of 1 per cent. in the rate on vessels using one of these approved systems, and also provided with smoke-boxes and sufficient anthracite coal for two days' steaming in the zone.
>
> A trip around any one of the several large harbors along the coast will give ample opportunity to see the different types of camouflage. There are two types, two distinctive types—the low visibility and the dazzle system. The low visibility type aims to present the minimum of visibility of a vessel. The dazzle system of painting a ship is designed to make a vessel appear more conspicuous at short ranges in order that a false impression may be given of her true form and her exact dimensions. There is no attempt at the imitation of either the sea or the sky. In a sentence, the dazzle system is aimed to fool the *U*-boat commander on her perspective.
>
> There have been scores of marine camouflage patterns submitted to the Shipping Board for consideration. Some are good and possess considerable merit; others are faulty and utterly impracticable. Three factors enter into a suitable camouflage design for a ship: First, the power of the design to present low visibility or dazzle effects. Secondly, the cost to put the design upon the vessel; paint is costly and $1,000 should not be wasted. Thirdly, the design submitted must, if proved practicable, present the minimum of difficulty in painting on the vessel. In other words, if the design is of the dazzle type it must aim to present the maximum of illusion with the minimum of difficulty in painting. The stern of the average vessel is a hard proposition when it comes to placing a camouflage pattern upon it.
>
> There are, however, four men who have contributed excellent camouflage systems. They are not mere theories. Their patterns can be seen on vessels entering "an Atlantic port." These men are Messrs. Herzog, Mackay, Brush, and Toch.
>
> The first two men aim at reducing low visibility. Messrs. Brush and Toch both say their systems baffle the range-finder while not reducing visibility too much. In brief, the Herzog system is painted on a vessel in diamond designs; the Mackay is composed of oblong dots, the Brush system is in black and white, while the Toch idea is embodied in S-shaped waves of four vibratory colors.

One example of camouflage proved clever enough to fool an expert at the art as well as a naval officer. The former was first to discover the deception. Says *The Commercial Appeal:*

> Recently a United States naval officer and a camoufleur of repute were gazing absently from the top floor of a New York sky-scraper. Suddenly the officer called attention to an object moving slowly down the river. As their eyes became focused they decided it was a United States destroyer convoying a submarine. Then the camoufleur changed his opinion, but the naval officer remained obdurate. The background of the destroyer was the usual battle-ship gray; the camouflage

was painted in jet black and consisted of the design of a full-sized submarine outlined in bold relief. The periscope was painted on the middle stack of the destroyer.

A certain Allied cruiser in the Atlantic had adopted a disguise by painting the sides and funnels so as to make it appear as an entirely different craft. The effect aimed at is low visibility. From the bow a curve of gray is painted to a distance of about 25 feet; then the sides of the hull are painted black within 25 feet of the stern, when gray is again used. The turrets have the gray badly broken by black vertical bands and the funnels are swept by waves of black bands upon the gray surface. The stern presentation is the same as that of the bow—all gray. Running away from another ship the cruiser would appear all gray, but when passing or being passed broadside all the color scheme vanishes, fades away, as it were, so that at night the vision is unable to discern the outlines of the cruiser.

Another method adopted by one of the Allied Governments for its battle-ships is to paint a heavy line on the bows to present the illusion that the vessel is traveling faster than she really is. This, simple tho it appears, is held very highly by camoufleurs, because to register a perfect hit with a torpedo, it is first necessary to estimate exactly the distance, the speed of the vessel to be torpedoed, and the exact direction in which she is traveling.

BIG GUNS DISPOSSESS THE GIPSIES OF THE "FREE FOREST" OF BELGIUM

IT is not the city residents alone who have been driven from their homes in Belgium by the big guns of the combatants. The Buschkanters have had to flee from their ancient stronghold, for the fierce bombardment of the Germans has destroyed the Forest of Houthulst in one of the strangest corners of old Belgium, where, for centuries, have dwelt a people as free as the gipsies from all the laws and customs of the civilized world around them.

Houthulst Woods has figured conspicuously in the news dispatches from the Belgian battle-front, but they have told nothing of the people of the Free Forest, who for hundreds of years had inhabited them. In the *Mercure de France* William M. Bocquet and E. Hosten, the historians of the regions of Dixmude and Ypres, have gathered the threads of the story of the dwellers in this forest of legends, and Paul Ayres Rockwell tells the tale in the New York *Globe:*

> The forest of Houthulst, which is called in Flanders the "*Vrybusch*" (the "Free Wood"), formerly extended from Ypres to Wynendaele and from Roulers to Dixmude. The earliest known mention of it is upon a map by Abbé Nicolas de Corbie, which dates from 1096. Reduced in extent, from century to century, this forest in 1829 entered into the hands of two private owners, who when they wished to enforce their rights, met with desperate resistance from the Buschkanters. Regular battles were fought in the forest between the public forces and the owners, the victory falling to the former. And so it was necessary to take into consideration the demands of the Buschkanters, to grant them privileges, and to admit their right

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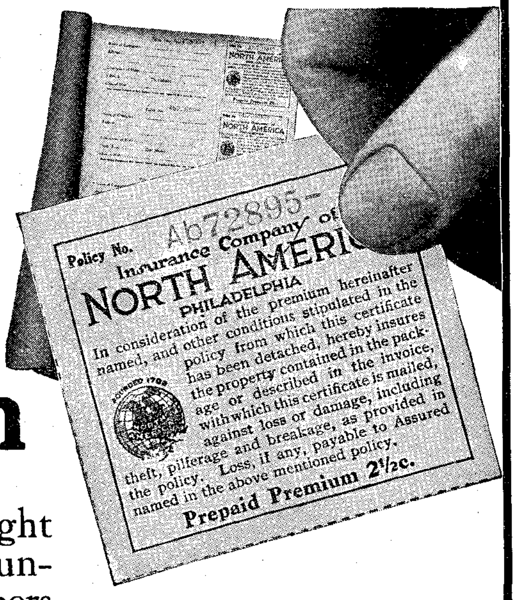

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to remain in the forest, which, according to their beliefs, was the rightful property of the poor.

The Buschkanters are broom- and brush-manufacturers, wooden shoemakers, and also poachers. The forest of Houthulst is their domain. They reign therein as absolute masters. They are a thick-set race, with dark, curly hair and beards, somber eyes under heavy brows, round heads, and olive complexions. Thus they have nothing in common with the French type, but appear to be the direct descendants of the Mongolians, the most ancient of the races known to have inhabited Belgium. They were there first, and so completely are they still the men of the Stone Age that they continue to use instruments of polished stone dating from past centuries—at least they did before the war.

In appearance the Buschkanter is like a tramp, altho his expression is frank and honest. As a rule he wears green or garnet-colored embroidered slippers, dark velvet trousers, braided along the seams, a short, vest trimmed with two rows of pearl buttons, a colored neckerchief, and a cap worn well down on the back of his head, leaving uncovered his long, dark curls that glisten with oil.

His wife wears a bright-colored skirt and bodice. Neither hat nor bonnet covers her carefully oiled hair. To indicate her love of luxury, gold pendants adorn her ears and breast. On *kermis* days the Buschkanters come down to the villages, where there is much feasting, which ends generally in sanguinary disputes.

In the Houthulst Forest they live according to their own established laws, regardless of other social rules. The ground on which they erect their huts is theirs by right of conquest. According to tradition, when a clansman wishes to build his home he seeks a favorable spot in the forest, to which he secretly conveys the tools he requires for its construction, and then he calls together the other members of his clan and informs them of his intentions. If it is found that in a single night the building is far enough advanced for a bundle of brushwood to be burned in the chimney the hut and the ground immediately become his property.

But this was not a very difficult task, for the home of the Buschkanter is little better than a hovel, the frame standing on four wooden piles driven into the ground, while the walls are constructed from the branches of trees, the interstices being filled with straw and dried ferns. Over all is spread a coating of clay which is finally whitewashed. Of the interior of the hut the writer says:

> The cabin consists of one room, containing a fireplace, composed of three stones, which form a triangle around a hole in the earth. The floor is of beaten earth, like that of a barn. In the center of the room is the trunk of a tree, on which at meal-time a plank of wood is placed to serve as a table. Chairs are lacking, but there is a meal-tub, and on the wall a poacher's gun.
>
> The Buschkanters live on the products of the forest. It furnishes them with an abundance of game and the material they require to carry on their industries. Free of any tax, they cut down the trees, and, with the brooms, brushes, and wooden shoes which they manufacture, they go from village to village, from door to door, in quest of purchasers. Thus they travel through Flanders, Wallonia, and northern France; some even continue into Germany and Russia.
>
> With their load of brooms on their backs, their brushes dangling from their necks and belts, the eternal accordion, which never leaves them and which they play in their hours of ease, they wander far and wide, returning always to their wives and parents in the forest at Christmas and Easter. From the cities through which they pass they borrow words which their tribesmen finally adopt. Thus their dialect is a mixture of Flemish, Walloon, French, German, and Spanish.
>
> In the year that immediately preceded the war the Buschkanters had begun to adopt more civilized methods. A brush-factory, fitted up with modern machinery, was installed in Houthulst, and a large industry was carried on by the men of the forest. But the war came and drove them from their haunts, scattering them in various directions. The forest itself, the ancient forest of these free men, has been destroyed by cannon. The end of the Buschkanters is in a way the end of ancient Flanders.

ENGLAND'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL IN THE HANDS OF HIS FOE

"ALTHO he loves law, he loves politics more—and he loves fighting best."

It is thus that T. P. O'Connor describes a life-long political opponent—Sir Frederick E. Smith, Attorney-General of Great Britain, who, O'Connor generously says, is so good-natured that he is as much at home with a political foe as with a political friend. Sir Frederick recently addrest a meeting held in Chicago under the auspices of the State Council of Defense. "Tay Pay" was also in Chicago, and he wrote for the Chicago *Tribune* an appreciation of the man with whom he declares he has been in a fierce clash during all of the former's political career. Here is "Tay Pay's" picture of the Attorney-General when he made his maiden speech in Parliament:

> Just below me, separated only by a few inches of space but by an impassable gulf of political difference in the early days of the great Liberal Parliament of 1906, I saw a young man whose face enormously interested and at the same time puzzled me. It seemed familiar and yet I could not place it.
>
> There was nothing apparently to justify the way in which it stood out in my imagination; the expression was impassive; the body perfectly still; the large dark eyes seemed to survey the moving scene of the new Parliament with only an occasional and languid glance, and these things, coupled with the black shiny hair combed to the smoothness of a mirror, and the extremely well-cut clothes, the look of defiant youthfulness and fearless contempt, suggested to me that I was gazing at one of those young sprigs of nobility, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, who is able to begin life quite early by election to a family constituency.
>
> For many days this figure still fascinated and puzzled me, and it was not till he got up to make his maiden speech that I realized who it was, and that not only I, but everybody in the House of Commons, realized also that one of its great figures had jumped to its stage and forever after was to be one of its dominating, puzzling, momentous *dramatis personæ*.
>
> In nearly fifty years' experience of the House of Commons, both from the press-gallery as a journalist and from the floor as a member, I have heard thousands of maiden speeches, but never one like this. For more than an hour this tall, slim, pale-faced young man with the deep dark eyes, the impassive look, the scornful short upper lip, poured forth a lava tide of denunciation, insult, and scorn on the gigantic majority of triumphant Liberals that up to then had refused even to listen to any representative of the beaten and crusht Tory minority.
>
> Fierce as the invective was, it was so eloquent, so witty, that even its victims had to listen; they had to smile, they even had to join in the sometimes uproarious laughter with which a particularly brilliant sally at their expense was greeted.
>
> Considering that this terrific indictment was delivered to a House where the majority were so cock-sure, so bitter in its long pent-up anger under the domination of nearly twenty years by the now beaten party, its defiance and its domination by a young member of the hopeless minority must be recorded as one of the greatest triumphs of oratory and of personality in the annals of the House of Commons.

Sir Frederick—or "F. E.," as every one calls him—comes from the "middle classes" and is glad of it. He has no reverence for rank or title, says O'Connor, and thoroughly enjoys the heartiness and freedom of intercourse with men of all classes which he is experiencing here. But, writes "Tay Pay":

> Altho he comes from the middle class, he got a splendid education, for his father sent him to Oxford, where he could equip himself for the coming struggles of life. There he at once asserted his intellectual and oratorical supremacy. He was president of the Oxford Union, the great debating society where future statesmen of England, from Gladstone to Asquith, won their first oratorical laurels; he was a hard worker, as well as a vehement talker; he had such great mastery of books that he was a professor almost while he was a boy.
>
> Then he showed that daring of temperament which is as much a part of his strong personality as his fine intellect, in marrying a young woman as poor as himself, and just for the very simple and elemental reason that he was in love. And thus, while still a youngster, he had to start his professional career with a wife and without money and without any special social influence.
>
> But "F. E." had one advantage: he came from Lancashire; and Lancashire—especially Tory Lancashire—soon recognizes its champions, and gives to them special local enthusiasm. Thus, some years before he entered the House of Commons, he aroused Tory gatherings to bursts of enthusiasm. Indeed, one of the many legends about "F. E." is that once, when he had made a speech, his delighted audience insisted on giving him what perhaps never was given before to a speaker—namely: a demand for an encore; and he had to repeat the speech all over again.
>
> In the law courts he rushed at once into a tremendous practise and soon was earning in a month the income of most barristers of his standing in a year. But his political fortunes had to be slow, for from 1906 until 1914 the strong Liberal tide was still running fast; there was no office for a Tory politician. However, "F. E." steadily increased his fame outside the House. Slashing, picturesque, with a command of biting phrases, he was the man of men

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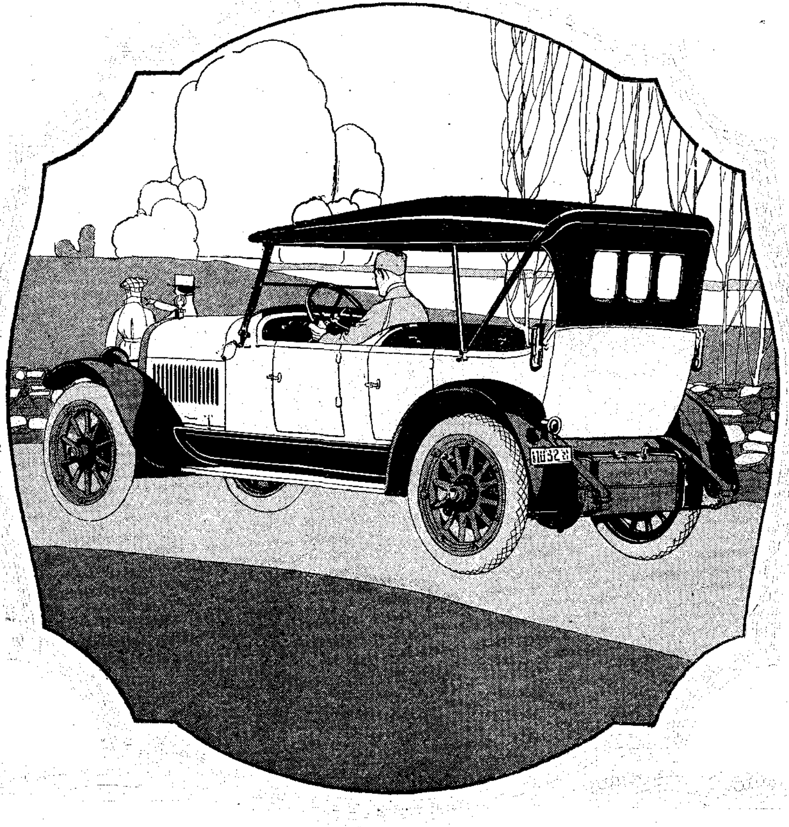
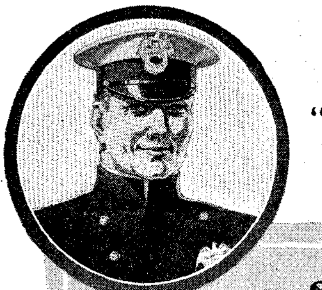


The Four-Passenger Phaeton is finished in a double deep blue-green for body, hood, radiator and wheels. Fenders and splash guards are in black enamel. Tire sizes 32 x 4½ inches.

Ten different models make up the Hudson line for 1918. Its reliability is established. This year the Hudson Super-Six, more than ever, will be the choice car.



"JEM COE" the Cop

Says the Traffic Cop:

"ANYBODY can drive a car forward safely, but even an expert will back into things occasionally. A good set of Bumpers—front and rear—wouldn't cost half as much as the repairs from one hard jolt on the rear of your car."

When you buy bumpers, don't get just any kind—buy standard protection—

Gemco MILWAUKEE TRADE MARK End-Thrust Bumpers

This distinctive End-Thrust construction takes the shock on the strongest part of your car—the end of the frame. The strain is equally distributed and entirely absorbed—perfect bump protection.

GEMCO Bumpers are made to fit all cars. Diamond or Channel bars; black or rust-proof nickel finish.

Your dealer can probably supply you. If not, write us direct for our catalog and send your dealer's name.

Gemco Mfg. Co., 785 S. Pierce St.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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MILWAUKEE

This FREE Shoe Book is crowded with photographs and descriptions of Ez Wear Shoes for Men, Women and Children. Ez Wear Shoes are sent postpaid, guaranteed to combine comfort, style and quality, to fit perfectly or money back. Amazingly low prices. Send for your copy today.

The E.S. Simon Shoe 1589 BROADWAY BROOKLYN N.Y.

for the eager appetite of big Lancashire audiences, which always love the stirring attack on their political opponents.

His greatest intimate is Winston Churchill—the audacious daring of the two men is probably the bond between them.

REAL PHILADELPHIA AMERICAN SERVES UNCLE SAM IN JAPAN

In the far-off East Uncle Sam's interests are watched over by a dyed-in-the-wool American—Roland Sleter Morris, of good old Philadelphia Quaker stock, sometimes referred to as a literary politician. He can qualify in either class as well as that of typical American gentleman.

That Mr. Morris has a clear understanding of the vital war-issues and the meaning of the democracy for which the United States is fighting is illustrated by the careful distinction of what are and what are not the war-aims of America, which he thus exprest at a meeting of the America-Japan Society:

> "International democracy does not mean the imposition of democratic institutions on other nations. For America to endeavor to impose her institutions, which are the expression of her own national spirit, on other nations would be as culpable as for the Central Powers to endeavor to Germanize the world. We are not fighting for democracy in nations, but for democracy among nations. We are demanding for every nation, great and small, the right of national self-development."

Shortly after his appointment a writer in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* said of the United States Ambassador to Japan:

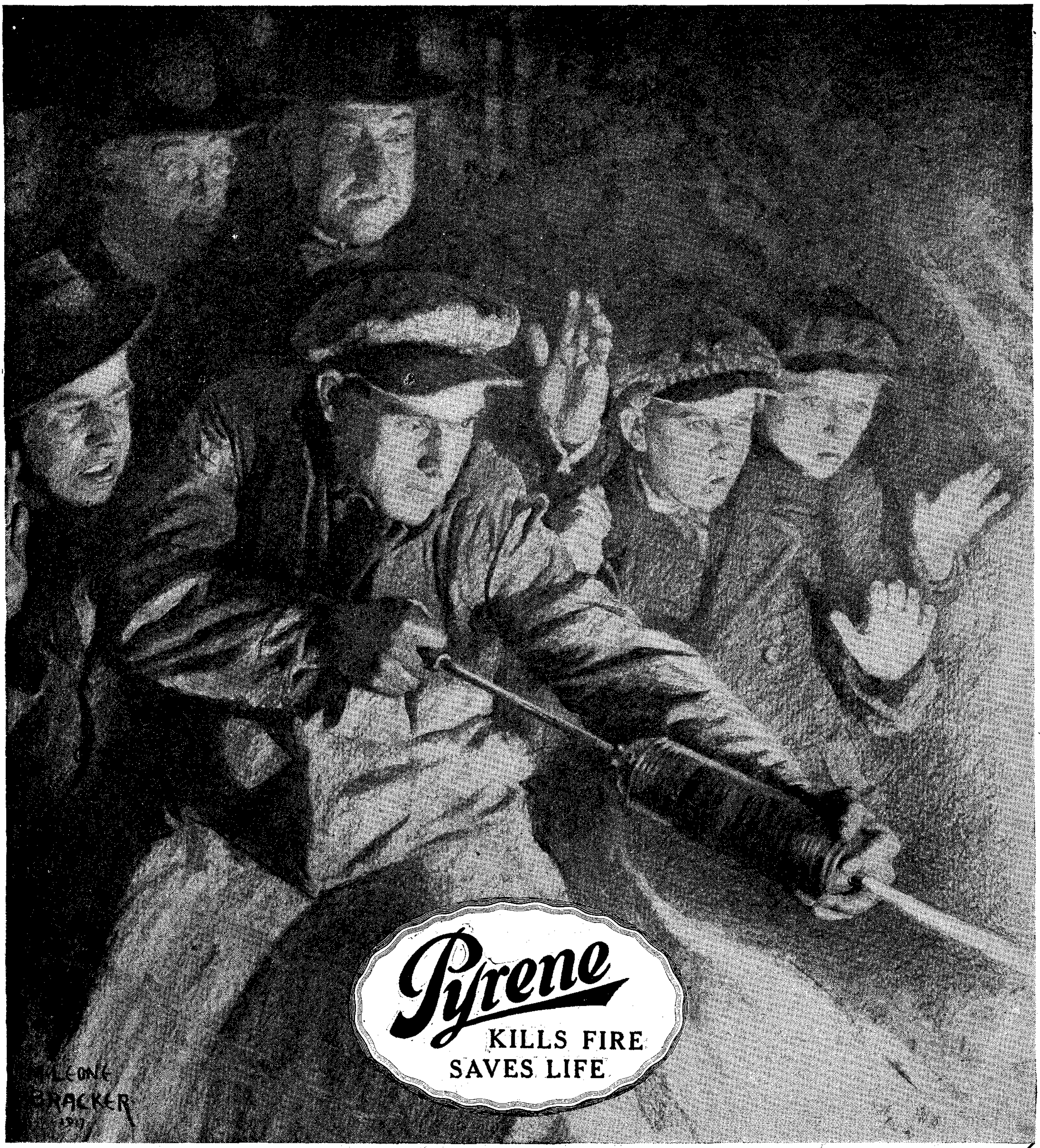
> He is not of the type of politician which figures in popular novels, but has led many a successful fight against just such disreputable characters. He has been a strong factor in purifying the vote in Philadelphia.
>
> And yet this same man has for years been one of the leaders of the Contemporary Club, which is a purely literary organization, and has served as its president and its secretary.

The family of the first Anthony Morris were cave-dwellers for a time in the early days of Philadelphia. This interesting period and an incident that served to prolong the family history at the time are commemorated by the Morris seal, on which a cat and a rabbit figure conspicuously. The writer in *The Public Ledger* says of the curious emblem:

> When the first Anthony Morris settled in Philadelphia there were few houses, and even he had to rough it a bit. He and his wife took up lodgings in a cave on the banks of the Delaware just below Chestnut Street while their mansion house was in course of erection on Front Street. From their lodgings westward there was nothing but trees and wild country. The first winter spent in Philadelphia even provisions were scarce, and one day, when the Morris larder was exhausted, the head of the house went forth with his gun to shoot something for supper.
>
> While he walked forth over the new fallen snow, hoping to come up with a rabbit, at least, his good wife fell to her knees and prayed that something might be brought for supper. While she was thus engaged the cat came in bearing in its mouth a rabbit. Pussy was relieved of her burden, and by the time the master of the household returned, which he did empty-handed, the rabbit was stewing. In order to commemorate this miraculous answer of Providence, the family always has used a cat and rabbit with a cross expressive of hope as their seal. The seal was first engraved and used by the second Anthony Morris when he was called to the Supreme Bench, all the members of which were expected to have their individual seal, which they affixt to certain legal documents along with their signatures.
>
> On the little finger of his left hand Mr. Morris wears a plan gold ring engraved with this family seal.
>
> The first Anthony Morris established the first brewery in Philadelphia, and altho this business was started more than two and a quarter centuries ago, it is still in existence and held in the same family, that branch of it which married into the Perots.
>
> The first three generations of Morrises were engaged in the brewing business, and were also closely connected with the provincial and city governments. The first Anthony Morris was one of the Aldermen of the city mentioned by Penn in his first charter to the city of Philadelphia in 1691. Others had seats in the Assembly and in the Supreme Court. He built his mansion house in Front Street in 1686. With some alterations this building still stands at 118 South Front Street.

Mr. Morris's political career was started right where the first cogs of the machine begin to work—in the ward—and one of the incidents that marked his introduction to the methods of the local "boss" is thus related:

> Altho the division he lived in, the fourteenth, was in the midst of the fashionable section, the ward statesmen had a large bunch of repeaters taken around to cast their votes.
>
> On election day, while Mr. Morris was acting as minority inspector, in which position he had charge of the blank ballots, about fifteen hard-looking professional repeaters darkened the doorway. They almost rushed the polls. They were accompanied by a ward boss, who demanded ballots for all of them immediately, under the plea that they were working men and wanted to get away.
>
> "None of them can have a ballot until I know who he is," insisted Mr. Morris.
>
> With this pronouncement an attempt was made to rush in and overwhelm the election officers, but Mr. Morris held on tight to the ballots and refused to allow any one to have one until he had satisfied him that he had a right to vote there.
>
> The situation was becoming exciting. There were loud words, but Mr. Morris, as usual, retained his calm. He announced his willingness to do his duty if the alleged voters would come forward one at a time and answer the usual questions.
>
> But the ward boss sent for the police, in an effort to arrest Mr. Morris to get him out of the polling place. He was actually placed in custody, but immediately released, and the downcast repeaters retreated because the air was not propitious for their scheme.



A LOADED MOTOR TRUCK SAVED FROM FIRE BY A $10 BILL

(IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY)

He was hurrying a heavy load to the freight yard when the truck caught fire.

Pyrene stopped the blaze, rescued the truck, saved $6000 in merchandise and enabled the manufacturer to make delivery on time. $10 invested in Pyrene buys protection for a motor truck. Put up one ten-dollar bill today for each truck you own. These are no times to take chances with fire. Pyrene on your truck gets you a 15 per cent reduction on auto fire insurance. Saves its cost. Sold by hardware and auto supply dealers.

Pyrene Manufacturing Company, New York City

Chemical Engines, Fire Hose, Waste and Safety Cans, All Fire Appliances.

Every Fire Helps Germany

PYRENE MFG. CO., 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York

Please tell me how much I can save annually by putting a Pyrene on my Automobile / Motor Truck

Name...............................

Street...............................

City............... State.................

Make of Car............Model........Year........

Traffic Problems Solved by Standardized Warehouses

FREIGHT congestion hinders production, because it keeps you waiting for materials. Also, it hampers shipping of completed products, because it holds back the cars you need.

Truscon Steel Warehouses quickly relieve both these difficulties. You order materials well in advance and store them until they are needed. Likewise, you store completed products until cars are available. In both cases, goods are safe and well protected.

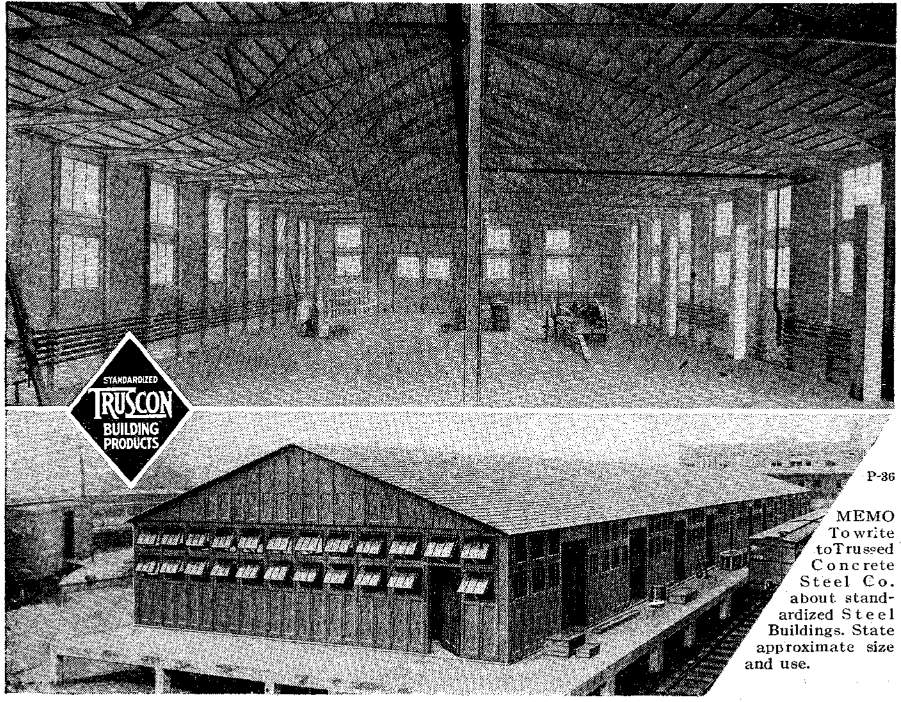
Truscon Steel Buildings cost the least and are the most rapidly erected of any type of fireproof permanent construction. They come to you all ready to erect, in the form of interchangeable steel panels. Every part is steel—walls, window-sash, doors and roof. They are easily erected, quickly enlarged, readily taken down and re-erected in a new location. Widely used not only for warehouses, but for machine shops, factories, hospitals, schools, etc.

Supplied in all sizes; any length; widths to 60 feet; various heights; any desired arrangement of doors and windows.

For catalog and estimates address Steel Building Dept.

Truscon Steel Buildings — Portable Permanent

Trussed Concrete Steel Co.
Youngstown, Ohio
Representatives in Principal Cities



Standardized Truscon Building Products

P-36

MEMO
To write to Trussed Concrete Steel Co. about standardized Steel Buildings. State approximate size and use.

THE TRAINING-CAMP BECOMING A NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

UNCLE SAM is getting to be a college president, along with his other war-activities, for, under the direction of the Commissions on Training-Camp Activities, the camps and naval stations from coast to coast are offering such a curriculum of study and recreation, in addition to the military routine, that the educational features of the modern training-centers are becoming enormous, not to say multifarious.

"Uncle Sam seems to be making a National University as well as a National Army," says Brigadier-General Stilwell.

Writing in *The Minnesota Farmer*, Ruth E. Morrison hails the "Larger University," which she terms it, as "the most comprehensive campaign ever initiated to make an army of men contented." She says, in describing the work:

> There are so many opportunities for education through books and the studying of courses, through the witnessing of excellent dramatics, through drill in singing and outdoor sports, that it is indeed true that the boy in our training-camps of to-day is actually in attendance at what has been termed "the Larger University." Classes have been organized in such widely varying subjects as European geography, French and English grammar, American history, literature, mathematics, and even manual classes along trade lines have been well attended. Our Army needs competent machinists, electricians, engineers, surgeons, and accountants, for instance. If the men within the camps want the training along any of these lines which will fit them for advancement, it is theirs for the asking. So uniformly has this educational plan been greeted with enthusiasm by the soldiers, that we actually find privates, skilled along special lines, conducting classes that include officers as students.
>
> The list of sports enjoyed by the soldiers is larger than the average college man has ever had opportunity to indulge in. Football, cross-country running, boxing, basketball, baseball, volley-ball, hand-ball, and a dozen sports like trench-rushing and wall-scaling (semimilitary sports), are actually being taught to the men in the cantonments by recognized champions and coaches in their lines.
>
> These broad fields for self-improvement, which are thus being opened up for the boys in camp by Uncle Sam, indicate that, while the soldier is in camp primarily for training to the end of serving his country, the Government is now recognizing what has never been recognized before by a Government, namely, the necessity for making the soldier a bigger man mentally, morally, and physically, not only for the sake of his country now in war-time, but for "after the war." What kind of man are we going to bring back from Europe? That is the question which the Government, through the Commissions on Training-Camp Activities, is striving to have answered in a satisfactory way. Depend upon it, not for fighting alone are these million and a half young men being trained.

"I would rather intrust the moral character of my boy to Camp Hancock than to any college or university I know," declares Dr. Joseph H. Odell, as a result of a detailed study of conditions at that camp. In a series of articles in *The Outlook*, Dr. Odell says:

"There are academic subjects taught in the class-rooms of our universities which will not be provided for the soldiers, but if education means 'to educe'—to draw out qualities of the mind, heart, and body by legitimate exercise—then the hundreds of thousands of men in our National Armies will receive an education such as not one in a hundred would have obtained in civil life.

"There are lectures, plays, movies, and entertainments every night in Camp Hancock. Over a thousand men are studying French under teachers who are instructed by a professor of modern languages from the Pennsylvania State University. Classes in higher mathematics are being held for the engineers. Four thousand books per week are being circulated from the five Y. M. C. A. centers. Gilbert and Sullivan's opera 'The Mikado,' given by a full professional cast, made a week's stand in the camp. Singing by companies is being taught by Professor Tebbs, the leader of music in the public schools of Dayton, Ohio. *Trench and Camp* is the name of an eight-page weekly magazine published by the Y. M. C. A. and distributed gratis.

"Play is organized in all the military establishments. More than thirty games have been invented, suitable for company, platoon, or squad participation. Great stress is also being laid upon competitive athletics—baseball, football, basketball, and boxing, by companies, regiments, and battalions. The air is full of laughter, the soldiers are romping children, the drill monotony is forgotten, and when it is over the men rush to their shower-baths, and then sit down to mess with the appetites of tigers. It is all so American, so human, so utterly different from the horrible Frankenstein monster which the pacifists describe as 'the devilish, dehumanizing military machine which crushes individuality and kills all natural instinct.'

"If a man goes to the dogs intellectually or to the devil morally in Camp Hancock he will have to do so deliberately by breaking violently out of the environment which has been planned and developed for his well-being.

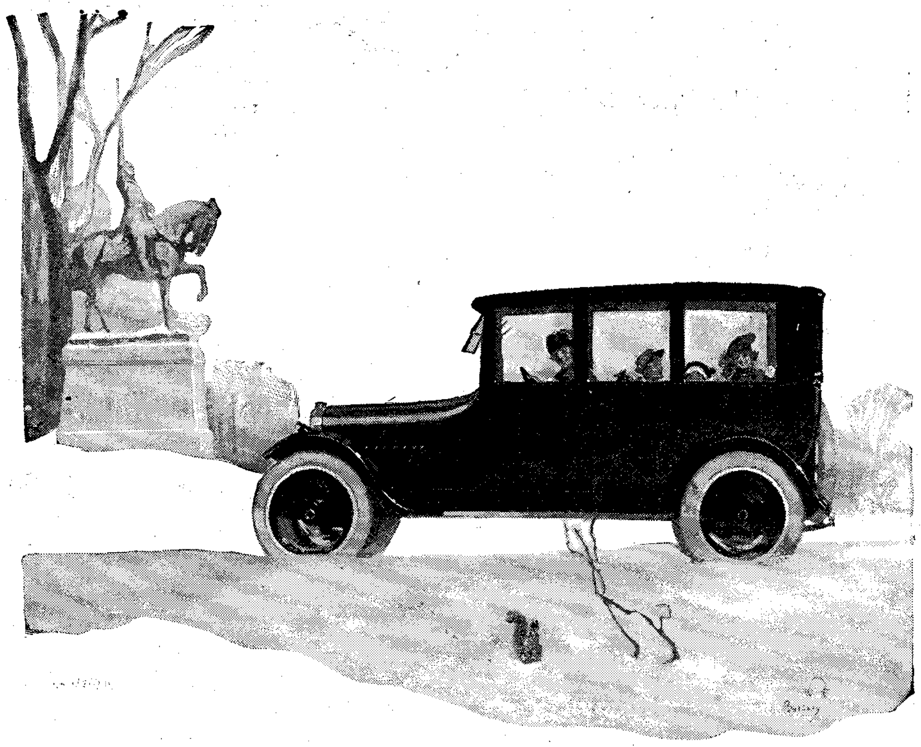
"A Princeton graduate of 1916, now a Reserve officer, said that his company in six weeks had gathered more spirit for teamwork than his college class had generated up to the middle of the junior year.

"How did they do it?" I asked.

"They all started on the same level and aimed for the same end. There has been nothing to pull them apart in cliques; rather, everything binds them together. They have picked up speed and snap; nothing can stop them now. And I haven't seen any of the little meannesses so common in a college.

"Some will go back to civil life unimproved, but they are the ones who would go to the devil on a desert island. In making efficient soldiers we are producing a higher type of men—healthier physically, broader mentally, and nobler spiritually. If Germany should crumble before these men can get into action, if we have lavished billions of dollars to train men for battles they will never fight, yet the money has been well spent, and I consider it the best investment in citizenship the country could have made."

Describing life in Camp Sherman in *The*



A Car of the Utmost Usefulness

IT is no more the part of economy to operate a motor car only a few months in the year, than it is to operate a business that way.

The motor car is essentially an article built to be used, and its full benefit is not experienced unless it is kept in service the whole year through.

There is no car more closely designed to this idea of an automobile's function or more able successfully to carry it out, than the Oakland Sensible Six unit-body Sedan.

It is quickly alterable from a closed winter car to an open summer model; it has ample power for town or country usage in any season; it affords the owner the utmost usefulness at extremely reasonable cost.

The carefully made body on this Oakland Sensible Six Sedan is unusually roomy and comfortable; it is very easy to enter and leave.

It has staggered doors, the forward one opening to the left at the driver's seat, the rear one opening to the right at the curb, and throughout it is finely equipped.

The individual front seats and the wide tonneau seat are upholstered in fine quality gray automobile cloth, in keeping with the car's interior.

For summer driving the windows may be lowered into the bodywall of the car, or they may be entirely taken out if desired.

The high-speed overhead-valve Oakland Sensible Six engine delivers 44 horsepower at 2600 r.p.m., or one full horsepower to every 55 pounds of car weight in this Sedan.

Its high carburetion efficiency, and its unusual ratio of power to weight, make it exceedingly capable and economical under all conditions.

UNIQUE construction has eliminated all useless weight from the roof of this Oakland Sensible Six Sedan, protecting the chassis from overloading and the body and roof supports from all undue strain.

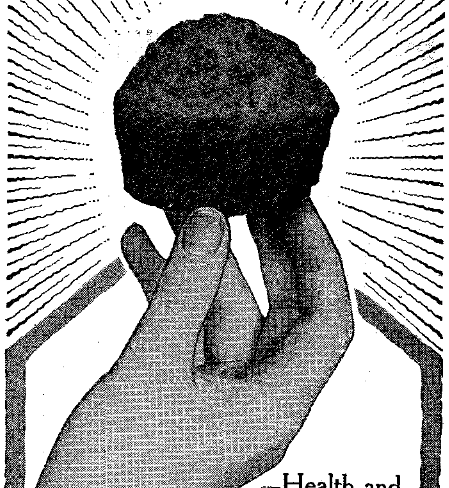
Touring Car	*$ 990*
Roadster	*990*
Roadster Coupe	*1150*
Sedan	*1190*
Sedan (Unit Body)	*1490*
Coupe (Unit Body)	*1490*

F. O. B. Pontiac, Mich.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

OAKLAND SENSIBLE SIX

Here's Health!



—Health and relief from constipation. Medicine? No. Just eat, each day, a delicious bran muffin made from

Pillsbury's Health Bran

The large, clean, coarse flakes supply the right amount of roughage to exercise the intestines and promote normal bowel activity. Then too—the Pillsbury recipe, printed on the Pillsbury package, produces a breakfast muffin that is really delicious! Don't doubt it—try it—forget medicine—use PILLSBURY'S HEALTH BRAN and bid good-bye to constipation.

Insist Upon Pillsbury's

Large Package

15c

(Except in far West)

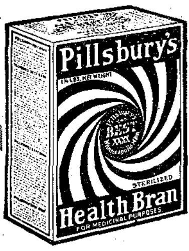
If your grocer cannot supply you, send 25c for a full-sized package (the 10c additional is for wrapping and postage).

Department "L"

Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.

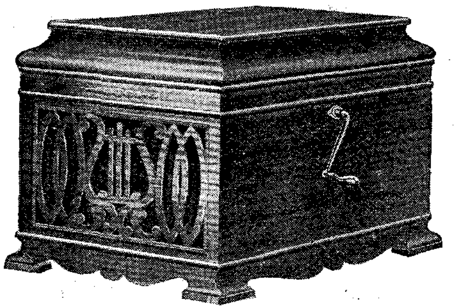
Minneapolis, Minn.

Ask for



This Package!

THE STANDARD DICTIONARY *is needed in every* American home where education and culture are truly esteemed.



10 Cents a Day Pays for This Symphonola

Plays all records, Victor, Columbia, Edison, Pathe, Little Wonder. Emerson. Take a year to pay, after 30 days' trial. Compare its tone for clearness, volume, with more costly instruments. Return at our expense if it fails to make good. Ask today for the

Beautifully Illustrated Symphonola Book FREE

Shows this and other Symphonola styles, sold on easy payments.

Larkin Co. Desk SLD-218, Buffalo, N.Y.

Ohio Farmer, J. F. Cunningham says a wonderful system of recreation, education, and inspiration has been developed, the results of which will be in evidence for generations to come. He writes:

> Every man in camp is encouraged, yes required, to play for two hours each day, an hour in the morning and an hour in the afternoon. Baseball, football, basket-ball, volley-ball, medicine-ball—all have their devotees. There are nearly 500 football teams in camp. The companies play for regimental championships and the regiments play for the championships of the entire camp.
>
> The educational work is real. At the time of my visit there were eighty-six classes of men who could neither speak nor write the English language. Each class was in charge of a different teacher. At the same time over 2,000 men were enrolled in French classes. Many of the greatest American platform orators come to the camp and deliver courses of lectures which are highly educational and inspirational. Musical instructors are developing and coordinating the talent of the soldiers, and there are some very fine bands and orchestras, glee-clubs and quartets.
>
> You will not find anywhere a finer lot of clear-eyed, ruddy-cheeked, cheerful, and manly fellows than in one of these American cantonments.

TEN EYCK, ROWING COACH, A PHYSICAL MARVEL AT SEVENTY

JUST as a sort of birthday celebration few men would care to row from New York to Albany—a distance of 150 miles—and fewer could if they would. Ten Eyck did it, but "Jim" has been rowing all his life, and is as fit physically as most men half his age. The veteran coach just wanted to show "his boys" up in Syracuse University that he was not "going back" with the passing years. Strong, wiry, and clear-eyed, he lives a simple life and spends as much of his time as possible exercising out of doors. Says a writer in the New York *Sun:*

> If the Syracuse crew candidates had an idea their coach was slipping back, his rowing performance will quickly change their minds. It will also mean more work for these youngsters. Every year the "old man" begins to assemble his rowing squads he is the most active worker in the several hundred who answer the practise call.
>
> Syracuse University is perched in a beautiful valley and extends east and west to a series of hills. The rowing coach gathers his squad on one of these hills and promptly wins the admiration of the newcomers by setting out a pace that kills. The veteran, in sweaters and heavy walking-shoes, starts out on an easy, deceptive Indian lope over smooth going.
>
> The crew candidates, many of them soft from an easy vacation, smile tolerantly and adapt their pace to his, just to jolly the "old man" along. It's a merry little family party on a roaming holiday. The jaunt so far has been over smooth roads. Ten Eyck, at the head of the string, suddenly swerves into a new direction. As likely as not he will jump a fence into a plowed field. And he continues to keep going without slackening the pace.
>
> The boys follow. Many are not smiling by this time. Those in the rear are gradually falling behind. The coach finally comes to a steep hill, and up he goes on a walk that would be a run for most people. The youths trail up as best they can. Some are breathing like a stalled machine. It is a serious business now for them. The coach is just beginning to catch his stride.
>
> For the next hour he sets a hot pace and does everything but climb trees. By the time the veteran returns to the university with his charges they are about "all in." The coach turns around and examines them with a piercing look. He carefully notes those who come straggling in. Also the unhappy youngsters who walk the last quarter. These stragglers generally walk the plank.
>
> In the initial hike Ten Eyck has been watching three things needed in rowing candidates—legs, wind, and grit.

Ten Eyck's training and coaching methods are entirely different from those of his rival, Courtney. He possesses much personal magnetism, and he believes in encouraging a boy who may have made a mistake, and as a result the youngsters are willing to "go the limit for Jim." He works on the manhood of his crews, as he did with his own two boys, both of whom became champion oarsmen and popular coaches. Much has been written about the Ten Eyck stroke, but "Jim" declares it is the man that wins and not the stroke, for he says:

> "There's no secret to it or any mystery. It isn't the stroke, it's the man. I try to understand men. I have had fair success. I want more. When considering a man I consider his sand first, his physique second. There are too many shadows walking around without hearts. At Syracuse we strive first to pick the fighters. That is why our crews win when they are sometimes believed defeated."
>
> James A. Ten Eyck comes from an illustrious family of rowers, a family as famous as the Wards. Jim's father, Commodore Ten Eyck, was a champion sculler. It is said the Commodore put an oar in the hand of his son James when he was only six years old, and the youngster gave early promise of his future skill by beating all the boys along the Hudson.
>
> And his string of victories grew as he grew older, triumphs in this country and England. After winning many remarkable races Ten Eyck took up coaching. In 1902 he finished a term of coaching at the Naval Academy at Annapolis and went to the Arundel Boat Club, in Baltimore. He remained in Baltimore but a short while, for Syracuse was anxious to secure his services.
>
> His first crews on the Hudson didn't do very well, but the following year Syracuse won the varsity eight and the freshmen eight. "We'd have won the varsity four, too," said the happy coach after the regatta, "if we only had one in the race." Ever since that time the Orange crew under Ten Eyck has always been a close contender in the historic Hudson race.
>
> In 1913 Yale negotiated to land the famous coach, but Syracuse would not even consider the proposition. In the end Ten Eyck signed a new five-year contract, and it is a certainty he'll stay with the up-State university just as long as he cares to coach.

Coal—

Facts from the Fuel Administration

Production

In 1916 approximately six-hundred-million tons of coal were mined in this country. By working under great pressure during 1917, and in spite of shortage in labor, the mines increased this record output of 1916 by fifty-million tons. The nation, however, is still short of the amount required for the conduct of the war by fifty-million tons. This coal cannot be mined. *It must be saved.*

Increased Consumption

The great increase in consumption is caused by the necessity of—

Transporting our troops to France and keeping them warm when they get there.

Heating properly the Army Cantonments in this country.

Coaling our Navy under war conditions.

Producing large quantities of guns, small arms, ammunition, explosives, aeroplanes and other army and navy supplies.

Building ships to replace those sunk by German Submarines.

Conservation Imperative

To help supply the fifty-million tons we are short is the patriotic duty of every American.

This can only be done by the saving of coal at every possible point.

Travel no more than is absolutely necessary.

The less passenger traffic there is the less coal the railroads will burn.

Use gas whenever possible for cooking and heating.

A ton of coal manufactured into coal gas gives as much heat as four tons burned in your stove or furnace.

Do not heat unoccupied rooms or have the temperature in other rooms higher than necessary. A mean temperature of 68 degrees is recommended.

A shovelful of coal saved daily in each of 15,000,000 homes means a saving of fifteen-million tons a year.

Reduce the use of gas and electric light.

SAVE *that extra shovelful!*

★ ★ ★

The Government wishes the country to be thoroughly informed regarding the facts set forth above.

The Hercules Powder Company is glad to give them wide publicity both as a patriotic duty and because of the intimate relations which exist between it and the country's coal supply. A large part of the explosives employed in mining the coal used to warm our homes, turn the wheels of our industry and commerce, and forge the weapons of our armies is manufactured by the Hercules Powder Company. And without the use of explosives only a small part of the six-hundred-million tons referred to above could have been produced.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Chicago
Denver
Hazleton, Pa.
Joplin
Memphis
New York
Pittsburg, Kan.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Salt Lake City
San Francisco
St. Louis
Wilmington, Del.

MOSLER VESUVIUS PLUG

Quality makes it *"The Indestructible Plug"*

Guaranteed to outlast the Motor.

MOSLER VESUVIUS GENUINE VITITE INSULATION

"The Vesuvius is my answer to the exactions of the modern high-power motor for a superior type of spark plug." —A. R. MOSLER.

In the cross-section view at the left note the *double steps* of the stone (Vitite) insulator. Note how the insulator double-seats in the gaskets—top and bottom—distributing the pressure over its whole body, instead of a mere ¼ inch of shoulder.

The simplicity and strength of Vesuvius construction insures against leaky compression, insures absolute centering of electrode, and makes a plug that is gas tight and carbon proof.

The shell of highest quality steel—the electrode of nickel manganese wire, that will not pit or corrode—the hand assembling and adjustment of all the parts—the careful testing at every step of manufacture, all insure a Plug that gives perfect service under any and all conditions.

Buy them anywhere at the standard price—$1.00. (Vesuvius Mica Tractor Plugs $2.00.)

"Mosler on Spark Plugs" written by A. R. Mosler—authority on ignition problems—sent free. Tells the right plug for all motors. Address

A. R. MOSLER & CO., New York, N. Y.

Also Manufacturers of Spit Fire (platinum point) Plugs $1.25. Superior (Ford) Plugs 75c.

New Automatic Adder $2.50
Makes adding easy for anyone. It's accurate, quick, durable and easily operated. Capacity 999,999.99. Saves time, brain work, and eliminates errors. Thousands of pleased owners. Guaranteed one year. Delivered, complete, $2.50. Order yours today. Agents wanted.
J. H. BASSETT & CO., Dept. 66, 5921 INDIANA AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

Print Your Own Cards, circulars, label, book, paper, $6. PRESS. Larger $20. Rotary $70. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for catalog presses, TYPE, paper, cards.
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THE PRESS CO., D-23 Meriden, Conn.

Six Ways You Can Use Me

—in the attic to find things in an old trunk
—in the cellar to avoid a fall on the stairs
in the bed room to look into dark closets and bureau drawers
—in the kitchen to see into the pantry or refrigerator
—in the bath room to locate the right medicine bottle quickly
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PATROL MAKES A RECORD BAG OF GERMAN SUBMARINES

PLAYING tag with six perfectly good bombs that had broken loose and were cavorting about the deck in a storm might be described as a somewhat trying experience, particularly when they were of the variety that explode when a given number of feet of the wire to which they are attached is uncoiled. In a letter to the home folks printed in the New York *Sun* William Duke, Jr., one of the crew of a patrol-boat that had the distinction of sinking two submarines in a day, tells how the derelicts were captured and thrown overboard just in the nick of time:

> With the U. S. Patrol Fleet, December 21, 1917.—I have just been closer to the Great Adventure than I ever care to come again without seeing dear old New York once more.
>
> We got caught in a gale that prevented our return to port, and had to fly before it for three days, finally reaching Vigo, Spain, at a time when the engineer said we could only remain afloat three hours longer. We remained there but eight hours—long enough to make temporary repairs, and then had to fly again to prevent our being interned till *après la guerre*.
>
> For three days and nights I neither slept nor ate. All of us were in the same fix, lashing and securing, working the pumps and praying that we would come through it all safely.
>
> I lived ten hours at a pace that counted for ten years, the most tense moment of my life being when, while the seas were breaking over us and we were crawling about the deck holding fast to everything that seemed fixt, looking for a hatch cover that had become unfastened, we suddenly discovered that six mines had become unloosed and were lurching about, butting the bulwarks with every roll of the ship. These mines are controlled by the paying out of wire, and when a certain amount becomes uncoiled they automatically explode. As no man knew just how much wire had become unmeshed we all had to work fast heaving them overboard, and they went "pop, pop, pop," as quickly as champagne corks at the French Ball, and how we ever escaped blowing off our own stern is still regarded as a marvel by us all.

The writer tells the story of "bagging" the two submarines. The first one was discovered attacking a sailing-vessel and the patrol hurried to the scene of action about ten miles distant. When they were within 500 yards of the ship the submarine had submerged, and:

> We were soon amid the rushing of the turbulent water that is caused by a huge "sub" directly after submerging. We let go one of our mines from the stern quarter, set to explode at eighty feet.
>
> As these mines are quite powerful, containing a large charge of TNT, we were soon rewarded by seeing the color of the water change in the immediate vicinity of the explosion, and while attending to the picking up of the fishermen it was noted that among the bubbles then appearing on the surface a brownish shine predominated.
>
> Only delaying long enough to make sure that we had finished for *"la Boche,"* we picked up the crew without further

mishap, the entire incident occupying but forty minutes from the time of hearing the first report until the consummation of the rescue.

The fates were exceedingly kind to us on this day, for at eleven o'clock that night, while the subject of the recent attack was still under discussion, the lookout on the bridge discovered another monster lying on the surface, for all the world like some huge whale taking the air. This submarine was about 500 yards dead ahead, and while quickly jamming the helm over, the officer of the deck ordered the starboard battery to take a shot. The shot may not have taken effect, as the "sub" was then in the act of submerging, but as we steamed directly over her wake and let go four mines of different sizes in as many seconds we were soon assured that we had done for another.

NO EATLESS OR HEATLESS DAYS FOR PERSHING'S BOYS

BACON, potatoes, coffee, and "all the bread you can go."

This menu doesn't sound as tho a man with a healthy appetite need go hungry at the front. And this is what H. W. Ross, a Californian with the American Force in France, writes is the customary army breakfast. His letter, which is printed in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, should relieve the anxiety of those at home who are worrying about the way Uncle Sam's boys are clothed and fed on the other side. He had not then reached the trenches, but it appears that in one of the sectors that has been described as "quiet" there was at one time a reluctance on both sides to "start anything" until the Americans arrived. He says:

> I was talking to one of the fellows who was in the trenches this morning. They don't go into details, but say that it isn't so uncomfortable. They are firm in the belief that when the Americans start they will keep going. In the quiet sector they were in, they say, the principal aim of both sides seemed to be to keep the peace. A French sentry told one of them: "If you see a German, don't shoot; you'll only start trouble." "H—," said the American, "that's what we're here for."
>
> The men live fairly comfortably in the dugouts, he said. In one that he was in there were three or four rooms, an electric-light plant, and even a piano.
>
> This camp is located at what I think was an old French armory. We are quartered in a sturdy stone building three stories high. No electric lights; burn ventilation. It is very cold. Snow on the ground and in the morning ice, which doesn't always melt during the day. But it is invigorating. Which causes me to remark that the American Army must be the best clothed in the field. This was impress upon me particularly when I packed up. In the line of clothes here are what I was supposed to put into a ditty-bag, a suitcase, and on my back: Two suits of olive drab, one overall suit, including denim hat; two campaign hats, three pairs of leggings, overcoat, eight suits of underwear, ten pairs of socks, three blankets, half shelter and poncho, three pairs shoes, four woolen shirts, one pair knit gloves, one pair leather gloves, five towels, one sweater. This doesn't include ordnance incidentals and toilet articles. I

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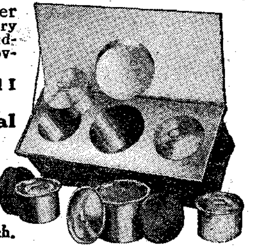

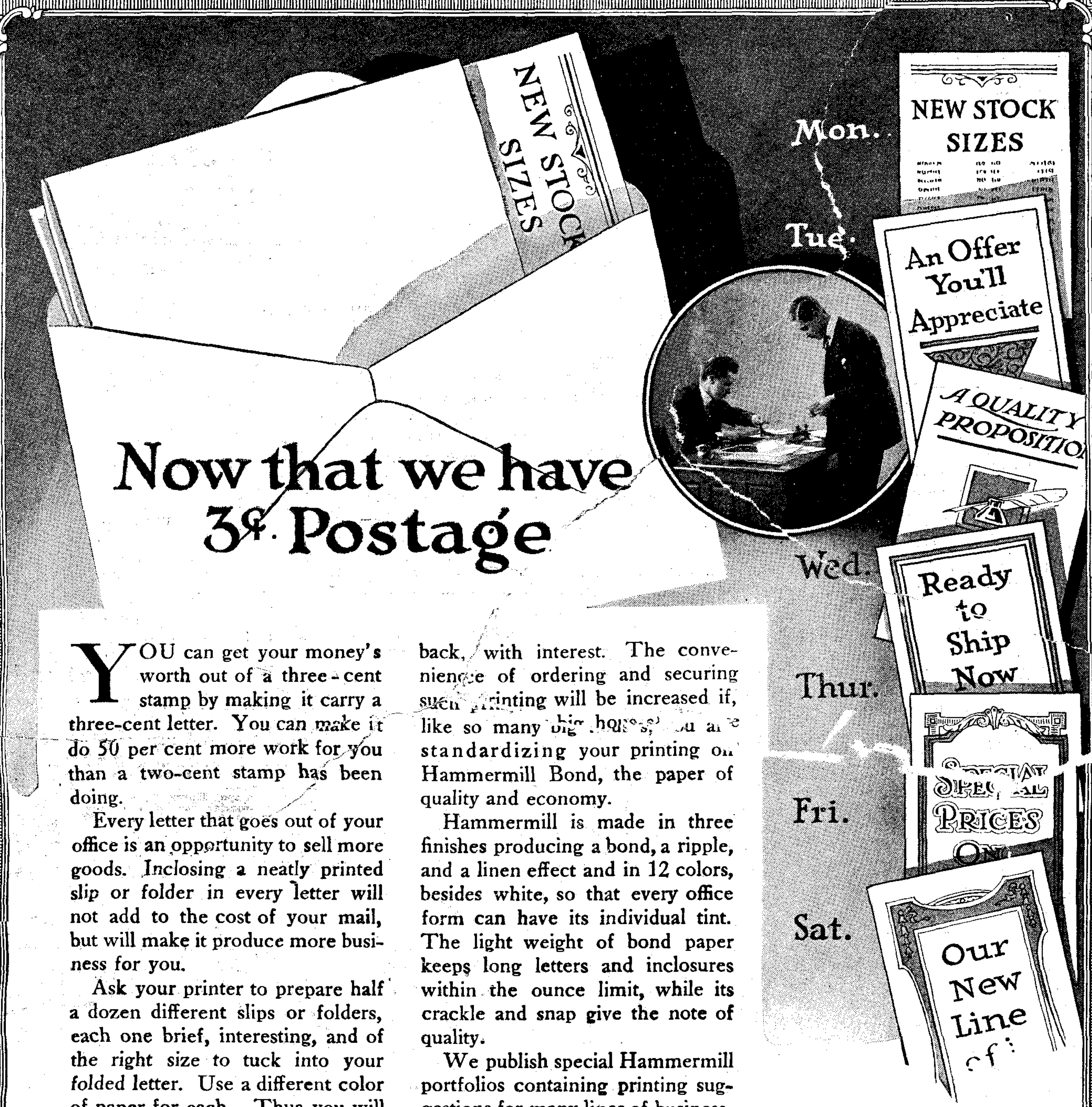

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turned in, before I left my company, a pair of hip rubber boots and a suit of fisherman's oilskins for rain and mud. Some of the fellows holler about the issue of clothes, but I never had as many in civil life.

The same applies to the eats. Altho army fare lacks the delicacy and choice of a civilian feed, it is plenteous and substantial. The American soldier will fare better this winter than the average French person, military or otherwise. There are no "less" days in the American Army. We actually eat meat on Mondays and Tuesdays and have all the bread we can go all the time, while the French are always confronted with meatless, potatoless, chocolateless, candyless days. The usual army breakfast consists of bacon, potatoes, gravy, bread, and coffee. The feature of the other meals frequently is stew—which is good when you're hungry—beans, etc., and there is usually a dessert. And take coal and wood, for instance. There always is a fire in American barracks and huts. At my last station they were laying in the winter supply for a base hospital. There was a pile as big as a European mountain, and the peasants used to come from neighboring villages just to look at it. To the French coal is issued like bread, by card, and they tell me it takes trouble, time, and pull to get a ton a month for a family. But the Frenchman is the true philosopher. He never worries. He blows on his hands, swings his arms, remarks, "We shall be cold this winter," and dismisses the subject as an inevitable proposition, and therefore no fit subject for thought or commiseration.

My present station and its environs seem to be the center of a district devoted entirely to the dissemination of knowledge to Americans. In the near-by town there are more captains, majors, lieutenant-colonels, and colonels than I have ever seen before. They, too, are going to school—learning war as it is now fought. Every officer, apparently, no matter what his rank, has got a lot to learn before he starts here and has got to go to school. They have French instructors, as does this school—men fresh from the trenches, with all the latest wrinkles.

There seems to be no complaint from the American boys about the "eats." At least Corporal J. B. Kurantavicz, of Grand Rapids, finds them "fine," as he tells his mother in a letter from France, in which he expresses the belief that it is "a great thing" for him to be "over there." Here is his letter as printed in the Grand Rapids *Herald:*

My Dearest Mother: We are settled down in our new camp and are finding it a fine spot. The eats we're getting are fine, too. We heard mass this morning, went to a quaint old church in a quaint old town; one of those towns you read about, you know—narrow streets and cobblestones. The church must have been built a long time ago, for on the outside it looked like it was about ready to fall to pieces, but in the inside, say, ma, I wish you were here to see it. I never saw anything so pretty. I wish I could give you an idea of what it looked like, but I will not try, as I know I can't do it justice. What struck me as funny, tho, as you enter the church you take a chair out of a pile of them in the rear of the church and you place it where you like.

It is one fine day, the sun is shining and it is almost warm. It is the kind of a day which makes you glad that you're alive. Practically the entire staff is going on liberty to-day, and I am left by myself. Young and I are going some time this week.

I am looking out the window watching the ducks play about in the artificial waterways in front of the château. These ducks are real wild, but as no one troubles them they have made their home here and come back every year. This sure is a beautiful place, and it sure gives me pleasure to walk around the grounds on a nice day like this.

We are kept fairly busy at the office. We have plenty of time tho to go around and take in the sights.

We are going to have a big athletic carnival soon, but I do not think I will be here that day, as I am hoping to get extended liberty about that time to visit a certain big city.

Say, ma, sometimes it is hard for me to believe that I am such a long way from home. You know that song, "When You're a Long, Long Way from Home"? It certainly applies to my case, doesn't it? But I don't feel the way the writer did when he wrote it. I am having the time of my life, and I don't want to go home until it is all over over here.

Say, ma, I really think it is a great thing for me to be over here. I am getting an idea of the mode of living of the French people and their customs, etc. I am gradually picking up the language, and hope to know it pretty well before I get back. The hardest part of it is to understand the talk. I can read it fairly well, but when it comes to talking with any one I am at sea. The French people talk very rapidly, you know, and it is awfully hard for a beginner to follow them.

Well, I suppose I will have supper and go over to the Y. M. C. A., my regular hang-out. There is where I usually spend my evenings.

I have not as yet received that candy and the newspapers which Anne sent. I suppose, tho, I will get them very shortly. No doubt they were sent to our last camp after we left it. I will get the packages, tho, no doubt about that. I got a letter from a boy I knew in Detroit, dated September 20, the other day. He failed to show the regiment I am in in addressing it, which caused the delay in it reaching me. When you send me anything you may be sure it will get to me. If you want to make me happy, send me candy. You can buy it here, it's true, but it don't taste as good as the candy from the States. The best candy you can send is the home-made kind. Fudge would be great.

FROM A SOLDIER FATHER TO HIS LITTLE BOY

HERE is a letter from Frank W. Cavanaugh, the old Dartmouth football coach, who is now a lieutenant in the American artillery in France. It is written to his six-year-old son. It tells nothing of the horrors of war, but it breathes the spirit of the man who left wife and little ones to fight the Hun that their home might be safe for them even if he never came back to it. Tho written in rare simplicity to the little son, the heart in it speaks to the mother, too. This is the letter, which was first printed in the Worcester (Mass.) *Post:*

Dear Davie Boy—Your good mother writes me that you have a chum, and

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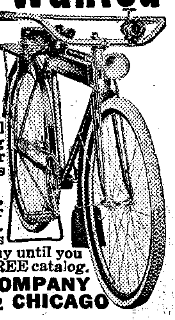

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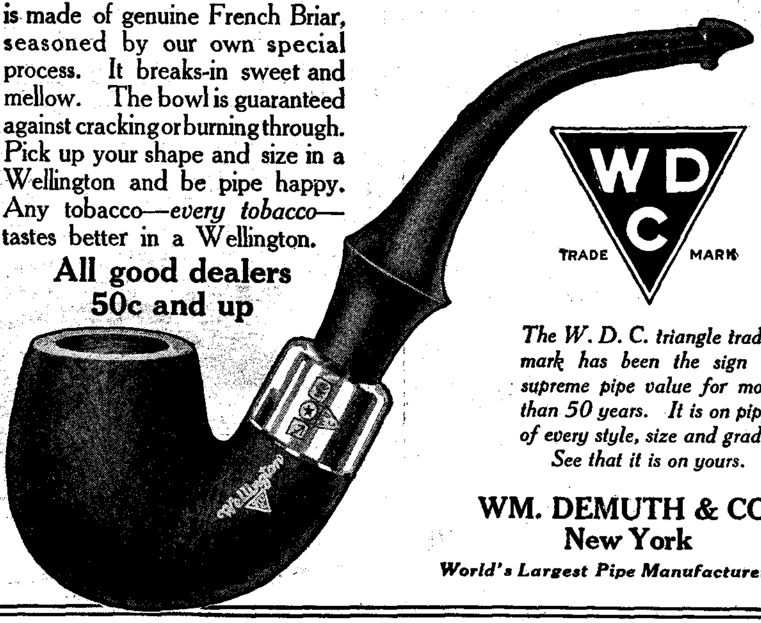

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she says he is a fine boy who lives next door.

Isn't that fine? I wish I had a chum.

You and your mother used to be my chums, and sometimes Joe and Billy and even dear little Rose Marie and Phil, too, when he was home, but now that is all changed and I have no chum in all the world.

I think it's rather sad sometimes, don't you, but I have your picture, which I take down and talk to when I am lonesome.

I am happy to know you like your new school and home, and I'm sure you'll only play with clean boys, who don't do anything very bad and who also like to go to school. Didn't we used to have great times together, and wasn't it fun when you'd come up to the car to meet me? Then when you saw me getting off do you remember how you'd hide behind a tree and run up behind me and scare me after I had passed? And do you remember how sometimes you and I would race and you were getting so you could run pretty fast for you were getting to be a big boy?

And then we'd all go down to see the circus and the parade and hold hands so we wouldn't get separated or lost. And then Christmas? Oh, wasn't that a wonderful day! Early in the morning how we would all rush down-stairs to see your presents. And then poor, tired mother would work and work to give all you boys and girls a Christmas dinner—turkey, cranberry sauce and dressing, and plum pudding, and candy and nuts, and everything. Oh, Dave, did any little boy ever have such a good mother as you, I wonder! And now you are soon to have another Christmas, and old Cav won't be home. But I want you to have the best time you ever had on that day, so that I may be happy over here thinking of you all. I wish I knew some little boys and girls over here so that I might talk to them and hold their hands, and I would call them my boys' and girls' names and pretend that I was home.

The other night I had a lovely dream, and I was so disappointed when I awoke. I dreamt I was sitting in our kitchen with mother and David and all the children, and a chair which was tilted back against the wall slipt and I fell gently and without hurting me to the floor. And then mother and you and all the children laughed and laughed, just like good naughty folks. And you came over and took my hand in yours and lifted me up easily. Isn't that funny? Dave? Think of any boy lifting a big, fat father like me from the floor with one hand! Then we laughed some more, and suddenly I remembered it was after nine o'clock. I said: "Why, children, what are you doing out of bed at this hour of the night?" And you said: "Why, it isn't very often our father goes away to war, so we thought we ought to stay up to say good-by." And then I was so surprized to learn that I hadn't gone away to war yet, that I suddenly awoke, only to find myself in my little lonely barracks, and the rain was coming down hard outside, and I was lonesome for my dear family.

And now, David, old boy, every one is in bed but me, trying to get lots of strength and health for the big fights we will soon be in, so I must do likewise and end this letter to you. You must always remember that your father came into this great war for the sake of all little children, and I know that you will, while I am gone, take good care of mother and all the children. I can see you growing up tall and straight, with shoulders back and head up, because that's what old "Cav" wants, and you love "Cav," don't you, Davie boy? Dave, will you do something real nice for me? I knew you would. Then kiss mother and Annie and Billy, Rose Marie, and John for "Cav," and send one to Philip in Maine.

Excuse me, David for writing in pencil instead of ink, but ink is hard to get.

The lights are going out in a few minutes, so good-night, good-by, Dave, and God bless you.

From your old man. CAV.

ESCAPED PRISONER TELLS OF CRUELTIES OF GERMAN CAPTORS

PATRICK HOBIN doesn't know much about modern warfare in field or trench altho he has been "in it" for two and a half years. You see Patrick unfortunately was captured before he had been a week in France. But what he knows about the Huns and their treatment of prisoners would fill a large volume. His experience is not limited to any one camp, either, for he was sent from one to another, and with true Irish spirit he kept his captors busy while they had him in custody or were rounding him up after one of his escapes, for Patrick made three ineffectual get-aways before he met with any lasting success. On his first dash he was a free man for six days. But let him tell of his experiences with German cruelty as he relates them in the Philadelphia *Press*, and incidentally some interesting facts about the overwhelming odds against which the Allies were pitted at the first Ypres battle, as well as adding an encomium to the many that the Canadian forces have won during the war:

> My battalion of the Durhams was billeted at a small village in northern France in April, 1915, when we received orders at midday that the Algerians had been pushed back and that we had to immediately go forward and try to stem the overwhelming tide of Germans.
>
> At six o'clock on Saturday night we marched through Ypres under heavy shell-fire, and I may tell you we saw some ghastly sights on the roadside. On the way we met the Algerians who had been forced to retire owing to the gas which the Huns had sent over. Poor fellows! They were in an awful state.
>
> When we arrived on the scene we found that the gallant Canadians were left uncovered on their left. Our station, therefore, was to fill up the gap. There were no communication-trenches, and we had to take up the position vacated by the Algerians by going over the open ground. We were told that the Canadians had had no relief for five days, during which time the Germans had hurled every kind of shell over that Krupps could put out.
>
> In the early months of the war, of course, Germany had the preponderance of artillery and men, and it was under these conditions that we were called upon to face the enemy.
>
> I was a machine-gunner, but there were only two machine guns to a battalion in those days. They were of the old type and were of very little use. For instance, before the Germans came at us, my gun

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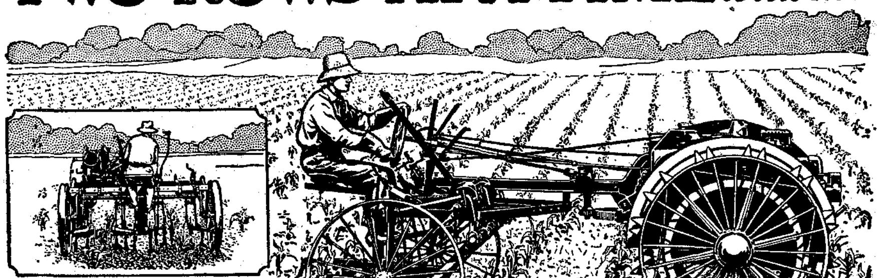
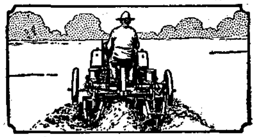
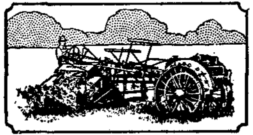
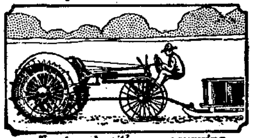

One man cultivates 12 to 20 acres in 10 hours

One man plows 5 to 8 acres in 10 hours


One man lists 12 to 20 acres in 10 hours


One man harvests 15 to 25 acres of grain in 10 hours

One man harvests 8 to 10 acres of corn in 10 hours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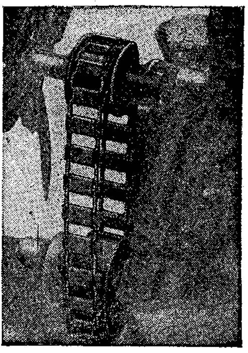

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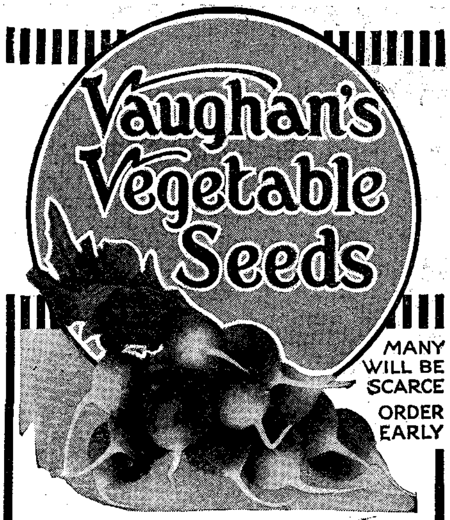

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was red-hot with firing, and it was impossible to use it. All we had to do was to sit tight and trust to luck.

The Canadians fought that day like tigers. Braver men I have never seen. Time and again the Germans tried to break through, but the faithful Durhams and their colonial comrades threw them back.

Our men were being killed right and left. The trenches were battered to smithereens, and in some cases the dead bodies of German and British soldiers were piled up in front of us, and we fired from behind them.

When our officers saw that we were lost, I was instructed to take a message to a Canadian officer on our right appealing for reenforcements. On arriving there, however, I found that he had lost every man but ten out of his two companies.

The Germans were now almost on top of us, but we still fought on. Then they got through and we were lost.

When the Germans entered our trenches they behaved like fiends. They used the bayonet on helpless injured men, and I fear we would have met with a like fate but for the arrival on the scene of one of their officers who possest the heart of a gentleman.

When the Canadian officer approached him the German officer came forward with outstretched hand, and gripping the hand of the Canadian, said:

"I am proud to meet such a brave man as you."

His men, however, were as wild as savages, and could hardly be restrained.

The German officer was certainly not mistaken when he called the captured Canadian a brave man, for he well deserved the honor, if to be congratulated by a German is an honor.

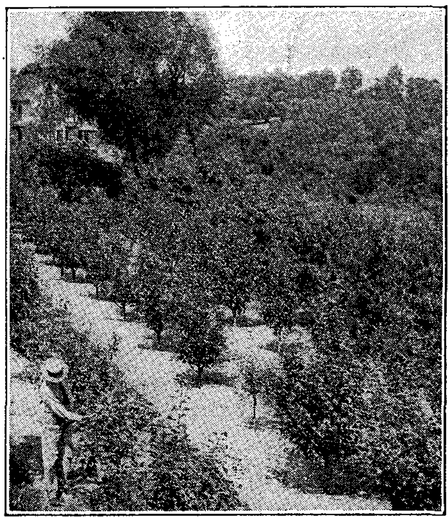
This colonial officer had time and again exposed himself, and his tunic was cut to ribbons. Strange to say, however, he had escaped serious wounds tho it could be plainly seen that he had sustained numerous flesh wounds. This ended my career on the battle-field. I had been in action about fifteen hours, and here I was—a prisoner of war.

Finally the prisoners were marched to Roulers, and as they passed through the village the Belgian women wept in sympathy, but winced and shuddered every time they were approached by a pompous, fat German officer. The German's special hatred of the Canadians was again exemplified, for, says Hobin:

They showed little mercy to the Canadians, the majority of whom I rejoined at Roulers. One hefty colonial had been marched from the firing line right up to Roulers over débris and rough ground in his bare feet. They were badly lacerated, but the big fellow did not complain.

We were housed on the top floor of the factory, from which we could overlook some streets. One day I was standing at the window when an old Belgian woman, who had several women billeted upon her, came to the door and made motions which signified that she was going to throw me some food. I told my companion to go down-stairs, which he did. Then the old woman flung a bag over the wall and my pal picked it up.

Just at that moment a sentry made a dash at him, but the youth was too quick for him, and, grabbing the contents of the bag, which happened to be sweets, he quickly made his way to our room and divided out the spoils.



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In the meantime the sentry stood on the wall shaking his fist at the old woman, threatening her with the most dreadful punishment.

We were never allowed out of our gloomy prison until we had been there three days. We were then marched through the town to the railway station, and the whole population came out to see us. They, however, dared not come near us. A number of Belgian women who were carried away by their feelings attempted to shake hands with us, but whenever they tried to do so they were ruthlessly thrust to one side.

On arriving at the railway station we spotted a Red Cross train just ready for departure. Needless to say the occupants gave us a typical German welcome—curses, threats, and jeers. Those who did not yell at us spat upon us, even the nurses shook their fists in our faces.

There was no sympathy for any of us. Even the Canadian with his bare, bleeding feet, was scoffed at.

Naturally, the well-equipped Red Cross train was not for Britishers. Our train, composed of filthy cattle-trucks, was awaiting us at another siding. Forty men were crowded into the truck I was in, and there was in consequence no room in which to move, let alone sit down.

Every man was just about done up for the want of food. At one stopping place, however, we had a little bit of luck, inasmuch as a Belgian woman managed to pitch three or four slices of bread through the small opening above the door, and this almost ended in a good-natured riot.

After traveling for two and a half days they reached Münster, where, when they left the train, they were surrounded by a crowd of threatening people who struck at and spat upon them. The latter appeared to be a favorite method of showing their hatred adopted by the women, altho they did not always confine themselves to so harmless a practise, for, says Hobin:

A wounded Canadian, who was lying helpless on a stretcher, was attacked by one of these women, who struck him on the head with a bottle. Others crossed their throats with their hands, intimating that if they could have got hold of us they would have cut our throats.

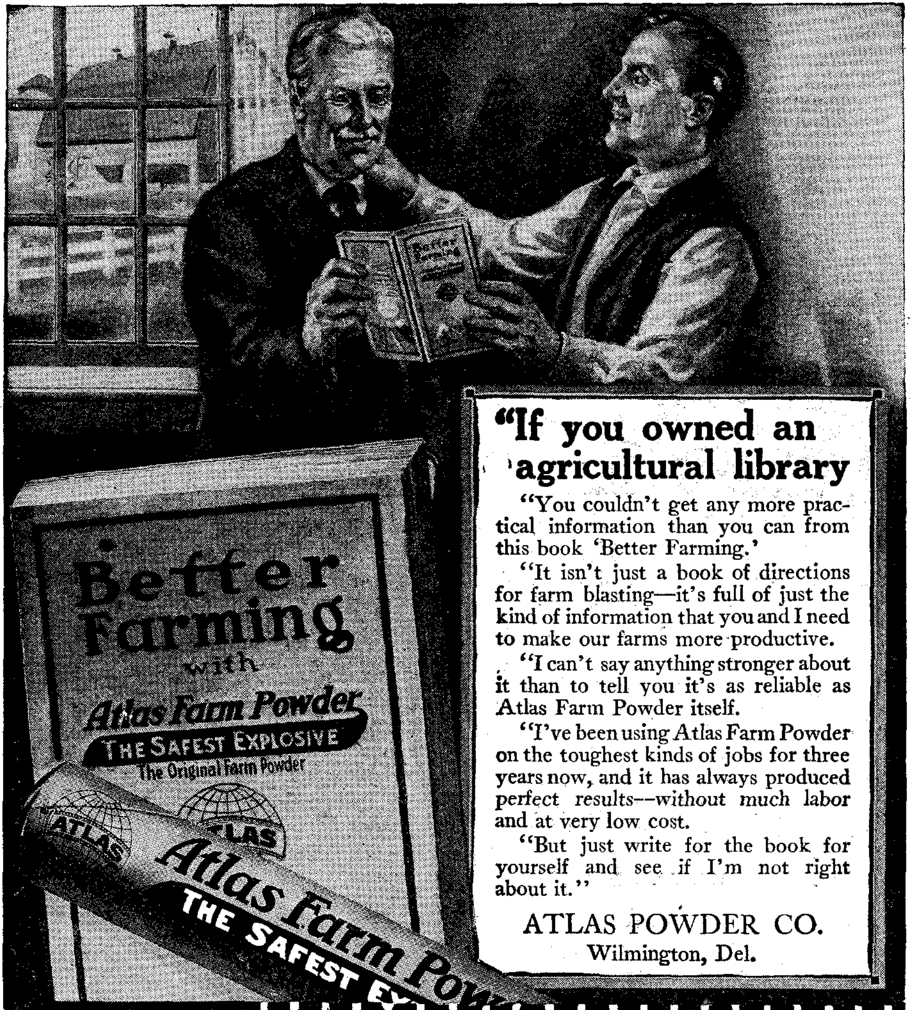
All the way to No. 2 prison-camp at Rennbahn, Münster (*Rennbahn* is German for race-course), the people clamored for our blood. Even the pretty-looking damsels were out to spit at us, and we were all mighty pleased when we reached our destination.

We arrived at the Münster prison-camp on a Friday morning about six o'clock. The camp was built of wood and was divided into four blocks. As far as I could make out there would be about 600 British prisoners here, nearly 2,000 Russians, and probably 1,500 French.

The new prisoners, including myself, were called upon to form up at No. 4 block, where, in the presence of a host of guards, we were closely examined by an official whose duty it was to get to know from us the secrets of our fighting forces.

Needless to say, they got no satisfaction out of me. In fact, all the boys told the officials the biggest fairy-tales imaginable. The more closely we were questioned the more did we draw on our imagination.

I had not seen much of the camp before I was obliged to return to our rooms, where our names and addresses were taken. This seemed to me a funny procedure,



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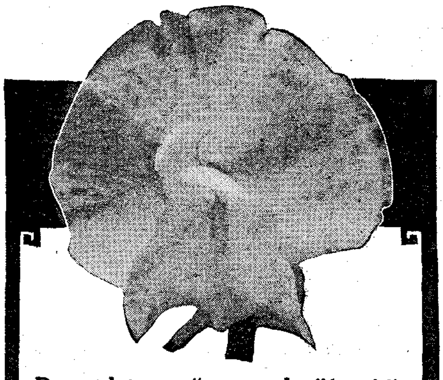

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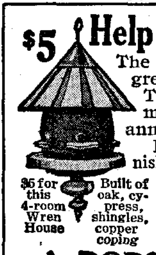
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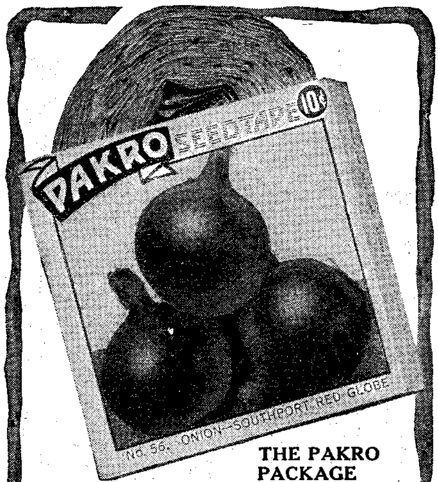

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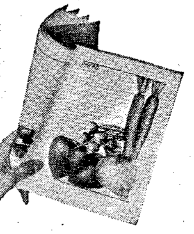

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but something more peculiar happened soon afterward. The officials ordered us to tell them what we had worked at before the war.

At this time we were not aware of the interior conditions of Germany, but when the officials commenced to ask us questions as to what we did for a living it suddenly dawned upon us that they were going to make us take the places in the mines and workshops which had been vacated by the Germans who had to join up.

Most of us were not fit to turn out and work, and, what is more, we were not going to help our enemies to kill our own lads by working for them. So when it came to taking down our professions, etc., we told them the most ridiculous stories we could think of.

When the sentry had finished his list he found that the new captures were made up of actors, jockeys, writers, solicitors, poets, commercial travelers, and crossing-sweepers.

I passed for an actor, but the most amusing incident of the interview was when our crossing-sweeper told the tale. The German could not understand him, and so the alleged sweeper tried to make him understand by gestures.

As the crossing-sweeper was working his arms back and forward as a crossing-sweeper would do the German excitedly told him to stop, and then explained to the interpreter that he understood what the man was. He instructed him to put him down as a baker! He had taken my comrade's motions with his arms to represent the kneading of bread.

Hobin spent nine days at Münster when he and forty-nine other prisoners were removed to Oberhausen, in Westphalia. There they were closely questioned as to whether there were any Roman Catholics among them. Hobin says:

We all kept silent and it was a good piece of business that we did keep our tongues still.

It appears that the Germans, at the instance of Sir Roger Casement, had come round the camps in search of Irishmen who were being got together to fight against England. I heard afterward that those men who admitted that they were of Irish descent and refused to turn traitor were ill-treated in a vile and inhuman manner by their captors.

Three Canadians were preparing to make an attempt to escape. By some means or another they had smuggled a large coil of rope into their room. Our quarters were at the top of a four-story building, and in the dark hours of Saturday midnight the rope was lowered through the window to the ground below. Then the Canadians got through the window and went down the rope like monkeys. They eluded capture for three days, and then were caught when within a short distance of the Dutch frontier.

Their return journey to the camp was a very mournful one. Their captors, not content with spitting and jeering at them, also beat and kicked them, and when they arrived at Oberhausen they were thrown into a cell.

What punishment they had already received was more than they deserved, but the German officer was by no means done with the Canadians yet. In the dead of night this officer, along with two guards and another two men who were in charge of the cells, silently opened the first cell door, and while three of the men held the Canadian down the other man without mercy kicked him all over the head and body.

Then the Canadian was attacked with a thick piece of wire hose, and beaten until he became insensible. This punishment was meted out to the other two Canadians, who, like their first comrade, were left lying unconscious on the floor.

Bruised and cut, and some of them marked for life by this cowardly attack, the men were sent back to Münster where the officer in charge seems to have at least had some idea of justice, even if tinged with the usual German brutality, for:

The pitiable condition of the Canadians angered the commander so much that he forthwith hurried down to Oberhausen, accompanied by the three Canadians and some members of his staff. He then made inquiries into the case, but at first, owing to the lying statements of the guards, he was unable to get any satisfaction.

He then hit upon the ruse of calling all the guards together, and also the officers, after which the Canadians were asked to identify their assailants. This they did without hesitation.

The first guard picked out was to the amazement of all at once set upon by the commandant, who dealt out one savage lunge with his foot and sent the man flying through a low window. Following this the guilty men and the officer were taken to Münster with the three Canadians. The Germans were placed under arrest, and shortly afterward they stood their trial.

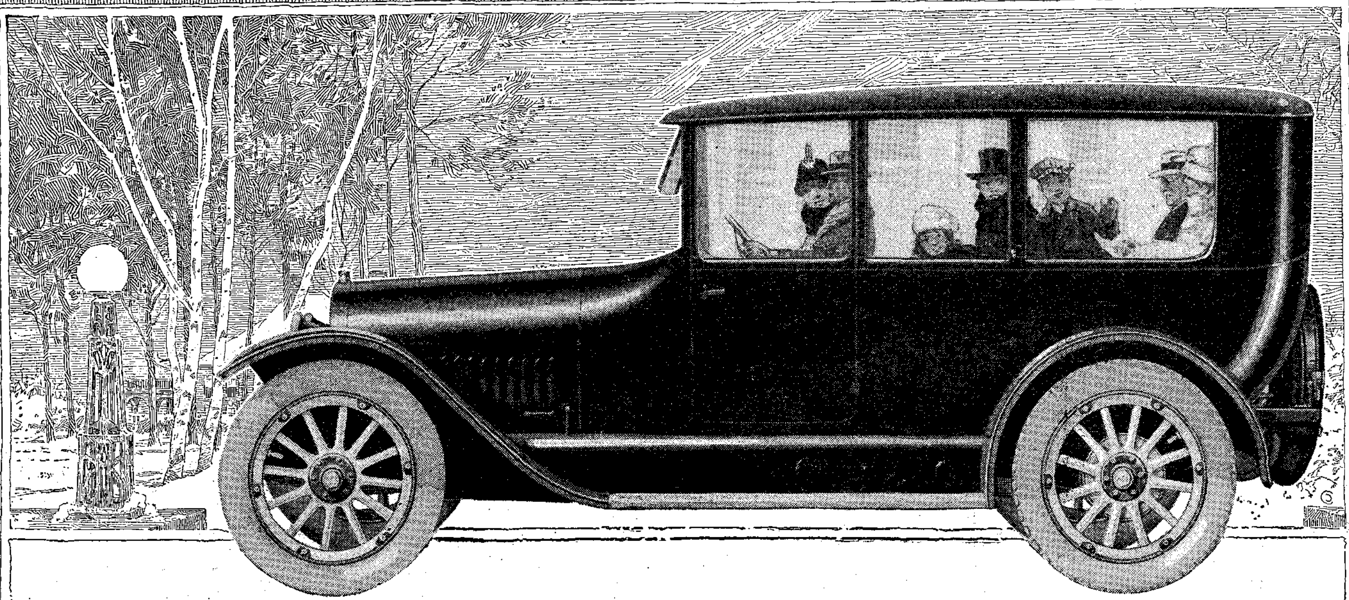
Coming to his preparations for escape, Hobin says that he and a companion, having worked their way into the confidence of a German workman, decided to make the plunge.

Our first request for him to get us four old suits and boots, together with a map and compass, was a failure. We, however, prest him to get us a map, and, offering him a bribe, he fell into our trap. Having once received this useful map we had the man cornered. Then we told him that we needed clothes, and when we offered him thirty-five marks as security he was only too glad to take it. He easily smuggled the clothes into the colliery yard, and we immediately took them to a hiding-place in an old shaft. Just about this time the guards and officers began to show signs of increasing vigilance, and, therefore, we were obliged to postpone any attempt to escape.

The Russians were the most to suffer when anything went wrong. One well-educated Russian, who was apparently a professional man, having not the least idea how to do manual work, was one day ordered down the mine. He protested, saying he knew nothing whatever of mine work, and tho prest to descend he firmly refused to do so.

Without hesitation the guards set upon him, and he was kicked and beaten as he was being conveyed to the headquarters. What transpired there I can not say, but at any rate the man was forced to stand at attention for several days. No matter what the weather was like, whether it was rain, hail, or snow, this man day after day had to stand as rigid as a rock.

Whenever he moved or tried to find ease, he was attacked by the guards, whose mode of punishment was kicking



Mitchell Cars Are Studies

You Will Find Here a Hundred Surprises to Increase Your Respect for the Builders

DO YOU think that cars in a certain price class are very much alike? That standards are rather similar? That values do not differ greatly?

If so, the latest Mitchell models mean an awakening to you.

Instead of one size there are two sizes, almost identical in type. And the prices differ greatly.

Instead of three or four body styles there are 19 new creations, each a pattern type.

Instead of ordinary equipment there are many extra features—wanted features which most other cars omit.

Instead of usual standards there is unique over-strength in a hundred vital parts. And there are beauty and luxury beyond anything you'll expect.

The Secret Is This:

Note that Mitchell prices are below other cars of like size, class and power. That despite all the added attractions.

The reason for those extra values lies in factory efficiency. For many years able experts have worked here to minimize factory cost.

We build the complete car—chassis and body—in a mammoth model plant. We produce them at a factory cost which amazes all who know it—simply by eliminating waste.

Where We Don't Save

What we save is that enormous loss due to inefficiency. And the profits often paid on parts which we produce ourselves. Then we spend that saving on a hundred extra values.

But we do not save on men. We have for years been gathering here some of the ablest men the motor line develops. And this new Mitchell line embodies all of their accomplishments.

Some Things to See

See the up-to-date bodies, in 19 styles, which famous designers have produced for Mitchells.

See our new types of year-'round cars. See our several styles of club cars. See our new coupes.

See our shock-absorbing springs—the most comfortable type in existence. They have never yet been broken.

See our oversize parts—our wealth of steel alloy parts—which have doubled Mitchell endurance.

See the reversible headlights, the ball-bearing steering gear, the power tire pump, the dashboard engine primer, the light in the tonneau, the locked compartment, etc.

See how much we have added to luxury and beauty out of savings made in our new body plant.

We are building cars which are vastly superior to ordinary quality cars. You can see the supremacy, and in countless ways. Prove that for your own sake before you decide on a car.

Send for latest catalog to Mitchell Motors Co., Inc., Racine, Wisconsin.

Special Features

Two Sizes of Sixes
Two Basic Prices
19 New-style Bodies
Oversize Parts
Big Margins of Safety
Shock-absorbing Springs
Superlative Finish
Extra-complete Equipment
Under Prices

$1525 Mitchell C-42

—a roomy 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase and a highly developed 48-horsepower motor.

Three-Passenger Roadster, $1490
Club Roadster, $1560
Sedan, $2275 Cabriolet, $1960
Coupe, $2135 Club Sedan, $2185
Four-Passenger Surrey, $1625
Also Town Car and Limousine

Mitchell
Sixes
In Two Sizes

$1250 Mitchell D-40

—a 2 or 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40-horsepower motor.

Club Roadster, $1280
Sedan, $1950 Coupe, $1850

All prices f. o. b. Racine, and subject to change without notice.

Better than a mustard plaster

Once when grandma's joints commenced to pringle and twinge, she used to go to the mustard pot and make a mustard plaster. Now she goes to Musterole and gets relief, but does without the blister and the plaster, too!

My, how good that Musterole feels when you rub it in gently over that lame back and those sore muscles. First you feel the gentle tingle, then the delightful, soothing coolness that reaches in the twinging joints or stiff, sore muscles.

It penetrates to the heart of the congestion. This is because it is made of oil of Mustard and other home simples. And the heat generated by Musterole will not blister.

On the contrary the peculiarity of Musterole lies in the fact that shortly it gives you such a cool, relieved feeling all about the twingey part.

And Musterole usually brings the relief while you are rubbing it on. Always keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars—$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

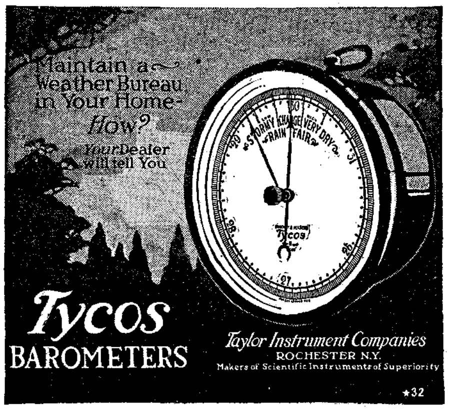
OLD
Green River
Smoking

Real Old Time

It's the rich, ripe, fine **Old Green River** **Nature Flavored Smoking Tobacco** **By Mail**

without dope or sweetening, just nature-flavored and mellowed by age, just ready for the pipe. 10 big 2-oz. bags or 1¼-lb. drum for $1.00 sent postpaid. Guaranteed to please or your money back. State choice of heavy, medium or mild.

GREEN RIVER TOBACCO CO., Box 623, Owensboro, Ky.


Maintain a Weather Bureau in Your Home—
How?
Your Dealer will tell You
STORMY
RAIN
CHANGE
FAIR
VERY DRY
Tycos
BAROMETERS
Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER N.Y.
Makers of Scientific Instruments of Superiority
★32

at the poor fellow's shins until he stood upright.

On the fourteenth day he utterly collapsed, and he was conveyed away in a terrible state. His feet, hands, and legs were horribly swollen, and he looked a pitiful picture.

His tormentors, however, were not yet done with him. After two or three days' close attention he was brought round, but he had no sooner regained his senses than he was again ordered to go down the mine.

The Russian refused to obey the order for the second time, and was forthwith forced to resume his punishment by standing at attention. No mercy whatever was shown to this unfortunate victim. When he showed signs of moving he was either butted with a rifle or kicked about the shins. When the sun came out his cap was taken from his head, so that the heat would beat upon his bared head.

Altogether this poor fellow stood on his legs for 42 days. As time went on we could see that he was practically being killed by slow degrees, and the end came when he fell to the ground a total wreck. He was then transferred to a hospital, and what came of him after that I have not any idea.

The sentries again began to relax their vigilance and one night, eluding the guard, they donned their civilian clothes in the old shaft and calmly walked out of the yard.

HOW PETER HOPLEY MADE A MILLION FROM THE SOIL

WHEN the fighters return from the battle-fields of Europe to face the period of reconstruction that must follow in the wake of the war many of them will have been inoculated with the germ of "the open." Even those who are not drawn to far places by the spirit of adventure or the call of the wild will feel the lure of out-of-doors stirring in their blood, and the bookkeepers and clerks of the old days "before the war" will look askance at books and desks, stuffy offices, and—should such things also return at the end of the war—steam-heated flats. It is suggested that, for future reference, they paste in their service hats this story of Peter Hopley, who made a million dollars by farming. For war-ravaged Europe's call upon America for products of the soil will not end with the coming of peace, and a correspondent of the New York *Times* writes:

"The present agitation on the high cost of living and the scarcity of provisions in all lines bring us face to face with the question: Why is there not more produced on the farm; also why are there so many abandoned farms throughout the country—land that is pronounced useless, but which could be cultivated to be of great value to the country in the present food-crisis?"

And so it becomes worth while to consider Mr. Hopley's experience, for altho he is seventy now he says that if he were twenty-five he could start right in and duplicate that million in the same way. He declares that the opportunities for the farmer are greater to-day than ever before. He was only nineteen when he left his father's farm in Iowa to push farther West, and of this period of his life he writes in *The Farm and Fireside:*

> For fear any one may think that I started out in life with an inheritance or did not make every cent I possess by my own unaided efforts, I will say that the first winter I was in the West I worked for my board. I worked out West for five years. They were five years of the very formative period of my life. The gold excitement was at its height. Men were driving daily over the richest soil the sun ever shone on, to seek a rocky soil where they hoped, often against hope, to strike it rich in gold.
>
> They passed up gold-mines in the fertile fields of Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, to starve and die in the rocky fastnesses of Colorado and Nevada. But the rush was on and I joined in with the rest. I became a freighter. There is nothing that I haven't driven, from a Concord coach to a pack-mule.
>
> After that first winter at working for my board I earned $35 a month, at the hardest kind of hard work. I freighted from the western end of the Union Pacific, as it was being extended then, on to Denver, then to Kit Carson, and through all of southeastern Colorado and down into New Mexico. I hauled railroad-ties for the Union Pacific extension from Denver to Kit Carson, 150 miles, and fights with the Indians were a matter of almost daily occurrence.
>
> We lost many a man in those brushes with the reds, for we took desperate chances—chances I would not think of taking to-day, but we thought little of it then.
>
> The wages were small, but I saved all I earned. That has been my practise all my life. We paid twice as much for things in those days as we do nowadays, but I needed and bought little. The result was that when I quit the freighting business after five years I owned eighteen yoke of oxen, six wagons, and a saddle-horse. That was my first property. I was not yet twenty-five, but I had learned the worth of money through having to work hard for what I got. Hard work, coupled with energy, will bring success. Nothing else will.
>
> I came back to Iowa after that Western experience stouter of body and of heart than ever. I had not struck any gold, but I had learned to strike out for myself. And let me say right now, in passing, I would not work for another man a minute more than I actually had to were I to live my life over again. I would strike out for myself the very first opportunity.
>
> The man who works for another, if he is to succeed in giving his employer value received, never has the time to study the things he wants and needs to know for himself. He must study the things his employer wants him to know. Far better, I say, to work for yourself and then have the time to study the things you need to know for yourself. No man has any business working for another if he can make a day's wages for himself. There have been times when I might easily have envied a mechanic or a man with a trade who was apparently earning more than I was. But I could see farther ahead than they.
>
> When I came back from the West I had a little money, every cent earned by myself. What I have to-day is the increase of that money. Men will tell you that the first thousand dollars is the hardest to earn. I can't say so: they were

ESTABLISHED 1876 THE BANK
Mr CANADIAN
$125.00

The World's Richest Man

He is the average Canadian—
Here is his Bank Book

CANADA to-day is exceedingly and uniformly prosperous. The average Canadian has to his credit in the Bank, the sum of $125.00. This makes him by far the World's wealthiest man. Before the war he had only $55.00. So, in money, he is better off now than before the war.

Cultivate Brazil or Chili if you want to. Hire a representative. Teach him Spanish. Worry over credits and packing and exchange. But in the meantime cultivate Canada. The currency in Canada is practically the same as in the United States. So is the language. The methods of doing business are much alike. Bradstreet and Dun issue Canadian Credit References. United States Railroads issue through bills to any Canadian point.

Right at your side door, separated from you only by a friendly and imaginary line, is a young and growing nation of virile people, who have more money to their credit per capita than any other race of people.

How can you get a share of the money that Canadians spend?

By advertising in Canada.

The one pre-eminent medium of advertising in Canada, for prestige and sales, is the Metropolitan Newspapers. Every morning and evening these newspapers spread from the cities into mining and lumber camps; across the prairie to scattered homesteads; into fishing villages. Laborers, housewives, brokers, bankers—everybody in Canada reads one or perhaps two newspapers a day.

The United States manufacturer, who does not cultivate the Canadian market by advertising, is neglecting an opportunity to secure NOW the trade which may be a valuable STABILIZER for his firm when the war is over and conditions at home change.

Any newspaper (or all of them) in the list below will be pleased to receive and answer fully your enquiries regarding the actual and potential market for your goods among their readers.

NOTE—This advertisement is one of a series of twelve, all of which contain valuable information and data on Canada under war conditions. They have been prepared in portfolio form. Any of the Newspapers will be pleased to send you a portfolio free upon application. Write for it.

City of Publication	Name of Paper
Halifax	**Herald and Mail**
St. John	**Standard** **Telegraph and Times**
Quebec	**Telegraph**
Montreal	**Gazette** **Star**
Ottawa	**Citizen** **Journal-Press**

City of Publication	Name of Paper
Toronto	**Globe** **Mail and Empire** **News** **Star**
London	**Advertiser** **Free Press**
Winnipeg	**Free Press** **Telegram** **Tribune**

City of Publication	Name of Paper
Regina	**Leader**
Saskatoon	**Phoenix** **Star**
Calgary	**Albertan** **Herald**
Edmonton	**Bulletin** **Journal**
Vancouver	**World**
Victoria	**Colonist**

The above publications have advertising representatives in New York and Chicago

Prepared by SMITH, DENNE & MOORE, Limited, Advertising Agents, Toronto and Montreal.

Conversational War-French In a Pocket Manual

Here is the quick, easy short cut to a speaking knowledge of War-time French, that every American soldier or sailor needs urgently. By studying this little book in odd moments he can gain a mastery of conversational French sufficient for everyday needs. Or, by referring to this book, he can *instantly* find out how to express in French anything he needs to say. A thumb-notch index makes everything immediately accessible.

Ten thousand military and conversational words and phrases are contained in one alphabetical order, and under each word are given the correct forms in many different phrases. The exact pronunciation of each word is given by a simple and accurate system. No previous knowledge of French is needed to make use of this manual—for it is designed for men who have no knowledge of French, and need to get it in a hurry. It is bound in durable, weather-proof khaki.

Commanding Officers Endorse It

Major-General J. T. Dickman, N. A., Commanding, Camp Custer, Mich.:—"I have examined the book and find it to be convenient in form and the contents entirely satisfactory. I am sure that the pronunciation added to the list of words will prove highly valuable to the officers and soldiers of the expeditionary force. I take pleasure in recommending this book for official use with the troops."

Colonel J. A. Ryan, Commanding, Fort Sheridan Training Camp:—"I have examined it (The Soldier's Service Dictionary) carefully and believe you have compiled a most excellent work and placed it in a form that will be most convenient for our men in France. The pronunciation is most helpful. I congratulate you on such an excellent production."

Lieut.-Col. A. C. Read, Commanding, Fort Benjamin Harrison Training Camp, Ind.:—"I have carefully examined 'The Soldier's Service Dictionary of English and French Military and Conversational Words and Phrases' and find it the most complete and convenient book of its kind that I have ever seen. With this book as his constant companion, there is no reason why any American Soldier who can read English should not be able to make himself understood among our French Allies. I shall carry my copy in my pocket or field-kit when I go to France as a valued supplement to my very incomplete knowledge of the French language."

Special Features

1—The Only Dictionary, *arranged in ONE ALPHABETICAL ORDER*, of Words used by the Belgian, British, and French Armies, and among the French people.

2—Contains the Most Comprehensive Pronouncing Vocabulary of Technical Terms used in the Military, Naval, Aeronautical, and Aviation Services.

3—A Short Cut to such French Speech and Grammar as is Needed to make oneself Easily Understood within and without the War Zone.

4—A Concise Pronouncing Guide to the meanings of terms used in Camp, on the Field, or in the Trenches.

5—It includes the chief Words of Command.

6—It contains the Terms used by the Infantry, the Artillery, and the Cavalry; the Engineers; the Signal Corps—Telegraph, Telephone, and Wireless—the Army Transport and Ammunition Services.

7—It embraces the Terminology peculiar to the Army Medical Service, Ambulance Corps, and the Nursing Staff.

8—It covers all New Engines and Methods of Warfare from "Barrage" and "Camouflage" to "Suffocating Gas" and "Smoke Helmet."

9—It tells what are "barndook," "blimp," "camion," "camouflet," "cootie," "curtain of fire," "cushy," "dekko," "fag," "fantassin," "frigot," "gippo," "hosteau," "tank," and a thousand and one other terms peculiar to the soldier's vernacular.

10—It is designed for instant use and prompt service by all who know in English what they want to say clearly in French.

To Relatives and Friends of Men in Uniform

Save your boy or your friend the embarrassment, inconvenience, and discomfort sure to result from a lack of knowledge of French. Give or send him one of these books to express your thoughtfulness and regard. We will mail it to any enlisted man, anywhere.

Sent Postpaid for $1.29

Sign and send us the coupon with **$1.29** and we will send you the book, equipped with a patent thumb-notch quick reference index. If you wish us to send it to the address of an enlisted man, send full instructions with your order. We will send it direct from here to him, and you may write saying that it is going forward.

SIGN AND SEND THIS COUPON
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

I enclose $1.29 for which send me, postpaid, your new book, **"The Soldier's Service Dictionary,"** khaki bound—with thumb-notch index. If I am not satisfied with it, I may return it within ten days and you will refund what I have paid. D-2-16-18.

Name ....

Address ....

City ....

all hard to earn. I never worked as hard in my life as I worked after I had my first $50,000.

Young Hopley invested his Colorado savings in a piece of land in Cass County—eighty acres—for which he paid $25 an acre. He still owns the land and says he would not sell it for $250 an acre. But he contends that the price of land does not determine its productiveness. If it can not be made to pay the price is immaterial. His father bought his first land—a quarter section—from the Government for $1.25 an acre, but, writes Mr. Hopley:

> He could not make the payments, even at that price, so the land reverted to the United States. They might as well have asked $100 or $200; if you can not pay it or earn it the price is immaterial. Four years ago I bought land without even a fence around it for $150 an acre that I had seen the owner buy for $10 an acre. Of course that had been forty years before. But I am earning more off that land at $150 an acre than he did when it was $10.
>
> I contend that the man who pays $200 an acre is getting it cheaper than my father did at $1.25 and I at $25. Not only are crops greater and worth more, but money is plentiful nowadays. Back in the old days we saw but little of it. My father had farmed in order that his family might eat. He knew nothing about markets or grain prices, and worried less about farm values. What he did know was that wheat or corn could be ground at the mill to make bread for the family.
>
> Occasionally a traveler passed through our part of the country and bought some corn. But such occasions were rare. When we put in a crop in those early days we had no idea what it would bring—in fact, raising to sell was scarcely thought of, and we never had an established market for corn or live stock until the railroad whistle disturbed the quietness of the prairie and the word was passed around that there was a man at the station building an elevator. We soon learned that an elevator was a place where grain was bought, that the elevator man paid actual money for the grain we raised. This was indeed a bonanza for the farmer who had been hauling corn or wheat fifty miles to Council Bluffs, who had not the slightest idea what it was worth, and who, furthermore, was usually paid in provisions rather than cash.

When Hopley had accumulated $3,000 he branched out into the cattle business with his brother, but after three years he "pulled out," as he expresses it. He has conducted his business alone ever since, except for his first venture in horse-importing, in which line he was one of the pioneers. His first big overseas venture was made in 1884, when he returned from Europe with twenty-five head of Clydesdales, in which he had invested every cent of his ready money. Eventually he became one of the big horse importers of the country. Since 1884 he has crossed the ocean every year, and sometimes twice a year. He was in Europe when the war broke out.

But he would not take up this line if he were to start over again, he declares, for he believes the opportunities for the man who feeds cattle and sheep and hogs for the market are almost limitless. And here are a few words for the young man who comes back from the war with "back to the soil" ringing in his ears and singing in his heart:

Men say that Peter Hopley is successful, yet I have not done anything more than any other man could have done, nor more than I could do over again were I young.

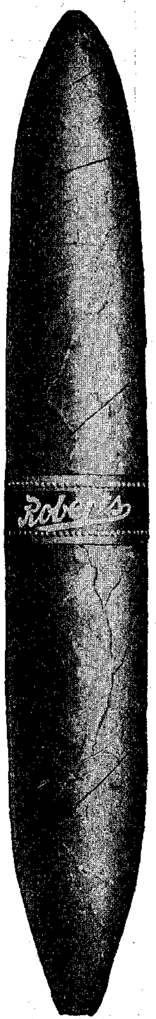
Folks often say to me: "Hopley, you had exceptional opportunities. You came here when the country was young and land cheap. You got in on the ground floor. Of course you worked hard, but you were lucky. What could you do nowadays? What would you do if you were a young man, poor and without your present experience? You couldn't make it."

They make me tired. If I were a young man again—twenty-five or thirty—and had my wife here with me, I'd make good again; and here is how I would do it: I would hire out to a farmer as a farm-hand. I would get $50 a month, for that is the wages of our hands, and they are not as good men as I was. But that is not all. I would get a house to live in, and fuel. I would get a garden, chickens, and a cow. At the end of a year I would have earned $600, and I would have every cent of that $600. I would have fed the family and kept ourselves on the products of the garden, the chickens, and the cow. I would work another year. By that time I would have earned $1,200. I will allow $200 for unforeseen and unavoidable expenses. I would have $1,000 left. But that is only half of the story. By that time I would have a credit of $1,000 to $1,500, because the banker would know me, would know I was a hard worker and a good saver. He would see me coming in every month with my pay check. He would look at my account and see that I was not drawing out any of my money. Believe me, the banker soon gets to know the man who deserves to get ahead, who is worthy of credit.

Well, at the end of two years I would have $1,000 in cash, and credit, we'll say, of $1,500 more. I would buy two good cows and about three teams of horses—good horses, but cheap, and out of which I could get hard work. I would go around to some sales and buy good second-hand machinery, for you can pick up bargains that way, just as good as new and for half the price. I would buy a flock of sheep and a few sows. Then I would rent a farm, and my wife and I would start in for ourselves. We'd raise all our own food; we'd be up with the sun, and we'd work all day.

After a while I'd go to the banker again and say: "Mr. Banker, I've got so much ready money; I have so much stock; I owe so much. I want to go over to Omaha and buy some feeders; there's good money in it." And Mr. Banker would be glad to lend me the money to buy those cattle, too. He'd know I was paying my store bills, that my wife wasn't wasting money, that we were working and saving, and deserved to succeed. In ten years I'd have a good stake. That's how I'd start again.

Let me tell you one thing: the first ten years of our married life my wife and I worked hard, as hard as human beings ever worked. Corn was worth practically nothing. I have sold for two cents a pound as good hogs as ever went to market. We raised a large family. In ten years, with the low prevailing prices, we accumulated $30,000 over and above all our expenses. I could do it again too, and do it better still.



New Kind of Havana

H. B. Roberts of Tampa

IF you ever visit the city of Tampa, it will no doubt surprise you to see the kind of a Havana the Cuban cigar maker himself smokes. None of your dry cigar-counter "veterans" for this connoisseur of connoisseurs! He wants his cigars *fresh!* The fresher the better! When he "feels like a smoke" he takes a handful of the moist Havana leaf and rolls himself a *fresh* one. And why? Because he wants the full, fine flavor and aroma that you can find only in a *freshly-made* Havana that is still moist with the natural oil of the Havana leaf.

The Flavor is in the Leaf-Oil

The delicious, full, rich taste and aroma that has made Havana cigars famous is due to the natural oil in the Havana leaf. When that's dried out the flavor is gone. High grade Cuban tobacco improves in the bale up to a certain age, but after it's *made into cigars it deteriorates quickly and soon* becomes almost tasteless, due to the rapid evaporation of the leaf-oil. The Cuban *Cigarrero* knows that the bouquet of the Havana is in the leaf-oil, so he rolls *his* cigars of the moist leaves, still rich and sweet with the natural oil flavor.

"Now I Know What a Havana Smoke Really Is!"

That is what you will exclaim on lighting up a *fresh* Havana. That is what Mr. Roberts of Tampa used to hear from the smokers who visited his city. He heard it so often, in fact, that it finally occurred to him that it would be a good idea to devise some plan whereby he could furnish *fresh* Havanas direct to smokers throughout the country. It was not long before he had a splendid cigar factory going, making fresh Havanas and shipping them hourly in their original freshness to private smokers in every part of the country.

It was fourteen years ago that Roberts started. Today he has a factory that covers an entire block in Tampa and has 25,000 square feet of floor space, with light and air coming in through 150 large windows. He has built up the largest business of its kind in the world, supplying over 30,000 smokers throughout the United States with Roberts' freshly-made, freshly-shipped Havanas.

Has Risked $6,000,000 on His Offer—"Try Before You Buy"

From the very beginning Roberts has done business on "smoke-before-you-pay" plan. His policy is to ship you his cigars without asking a cent in advance from you. He invites you to try a number of his fresh Havanas at his risk and if you are not more than delighted you do not have to buy. Roberts has shipped over $6,000,000 worth of his cigars on this "Try-before-you-buy" offer, and the fact that he has built such a big business on this basis, shows that there *must* be a big difference between his fresh Havanas and the kind the retailer sells.

Roberts is safe in backing his cigars with a free trial offer, for it is plain that no retailer can give you cigars like Roberts. The retailer's cigars have been made long before he puts them on his shelves to dry some more. Much of the fine, natural-flavor oil has escaped from the cigar. Humidors may moisten the dealer's cigars—*but only with water*. There is no way of restoring the exquisite Havana bouquet that has escaped with the evaporated oil. "Store cigars taste stale and *flat* compared with my cigars" says Roberts. But he does not ask you to accept his word for it—he always says "Try before you buy." He asks you to test his fresh cigars by *ear* as well as as by taste:

"Hold one of my cigars to your ear and press it. There's no crackle as there is in the cigars you're now smoking. You can bend one of my cigars almost double without its crackling or breaking. That's because my cigars are *fresh*—shipped to you the day they are rolled. The leaf is still rich with the natural Havana leaf-oil—the oil that gives the fine, full Havana flavor in all its mellow richness."

Actual Size
Roberts' fresh Havana Perfectos, Clear Havana, hand-made, 5 in. long. Smoke 5 on free trial.

Roberts' New Offer

Just now Mr. Roberts is making a special offer which should appeal to every discriminating smoker. He does not ask you to send a penny. Simply send Roberts your name and address and he will ship you (prepaid) a box of fifty of his fresh Roberts Havana Perfectos. This is a clear Havana, hand-made, and of good size, 5 inches long. Smoke five of these fresh Havanas without obligating yourself to spend a cent. If you are not delighted with the five you smoke, if they do not give you an altogether new appreciation of Havana taste and aroma, just send the balance back to Roberts and you won't owe him a penny. If you find that you like his fresh Havanas after smoking five and want to keep the cigars, mail Roberts your check or money order for $5.50. Mr. Roberts makes this liberal offer entirely at his risk in order to let you prove to yourself that you get not only fresh and finer cigars direct from Roberts' factory, but you get them for *less money* than you pay for the dealer's dried-out cigar of unknown origin.

NOTE.—In writing to Roberts it is requested that you kindly use your business letterhead or give some reference. Address

J. W. ROBERTS & SON
222 Roberts Street Tampa, Florida

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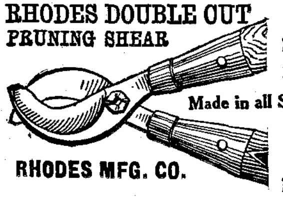

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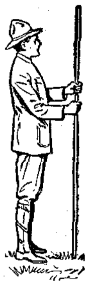

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Show *your* boy how to develop his body—how to make it lithe, strong, symmetrical; how to fit himself better for his sports, his chores, his work later on; how to profit by his exercise physically, mentally, morally. Give him this little book to guide him.

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We manufacture over 200 different styles and sizes, and we please the most exacting purchaser. We own and operate the largest refrigerator factory in the world and our product is known "In Over a Million Homes." The "WHITE MOUNTAIN" Refrigerator in itself is an exposition of progress. *Beautiful catalogues and booklets on request.*

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BIRDS SING AS GUNS BOOM IN "NO MAN'S LAND"

"NO MAN'S LAND" holds no terrors for the feathered tribe. Birds build their nests in the corners of the wire entanglements, and sing merrily in the midst of the deafening cannonades. In fact, neither the strafing of the Hun nor the replies of the Allies' guns seem to have any effect on the wild life of the war-stricken country. A writer in the London *Spectator* tells of a bright moonlight night, with both the British and German guns booming, when:

A crested lark sang sweetly as if anticipating the dawn, while a blackcap in the withered saplings that screened our gun-pit trilled forth his lay, punctuated by the boom of the guns beneath him. The effect was very quaint, as during each pause in the gun-fire the blackcap's song echoed sweetly over the shell-riven earth. A German shell, better aimed than usual, scored a direct hit upon our gun, but the din of the explosion apparently did not trouble the bird, for he only fluttered away to the next sapling and continued his song.

At another time, when billeted in a château surrounded by extensive grounds and an extremely green and smelly moat, I listened to a nightingale, thrush, and blackbird piping for all they were worth, while not a hundred yards away the German shells were pounding to atoms some sheds and a barn.

Even in the trenches the birds do not appear to trouble about the sounds of war, and the wire entanglements of No Man's Land are a happy hunting-ground, and from a bird's point of view an ideal place for nest-building. Last year I found a blackbird's nest in a tangled corner, while at another corner a kestrel would perch and preen her feathers, utterly regardless of the flying bullets and shells.

One bird maneuver is rather surprizing. A company of small birds—sparrows, chaffinches, and other members of the same family—may be feeding quietly in the road or around a barn, when suddenly they will fly up and scatter at right angles. For a second or two there is nothing to be heard, then the sound of a shell comes faintly. Now, what instinct has taught the birds to disperse and fly in this way from the direct path of a shell? In the early days of the war they were not so wily, or perhaps their hearing was not so acute, for sparrows would remain in the ivy covering a house until the shell actually exploded, then they would whirl out and upward like so many pieces of shrapnel. Other birds do not appear to have learned to do this, for in an orchard that the Germans were shelling the young swallows remained perched on the branches until the trees fell. Then they flew up and whirled about, actually hawking for insects over the ruins of their former roosting place. Yet the parent swallows were most anxious over the welfare of their young brood, and kept them together for a long time after they had left the nest. It is a wonder that they have not learned the danger that lies in the whine of an oncoming shell.

No Chance for Her.—HE—"Here's a woman suing for divorce on the ground that she was in a trance when she got married."

HIS BETTER HALF—"Well, if marriage won't bring her out of it, divorce won't!" —*Judge.*

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Guessed Right.—TEACHER—"Henry, if you had three apples and some one gave you five more, what would you have?"

HENRY—"I guess I'd have a pain in my stomach."—*Chicago News.*

Financing the Road.—ROAD COMMISSIONER—"But who is to pay for such a fine road as you propose?"

CITIZEN — "The motorists. It will tempt them to break the speed laws and their fines will pay for the road."—*Boston Transcript.*

Pulpit Camouflage.—"Mabel," queried the caller of the minister's little daughter, "does your father ever preach the same sermon twice?"

"Yes, I think he does," replied Mabel, "but he talks loud and soft in different places each time, so it doesn't sound the same to outsiders."—*Indianapolis Star.*

Strict Censorship.—"So you were in the battle of the Marne?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the tramp.

"What can you tell me about that great fight?"

"Not a word ma'am. I'm on my honor not to reveal a thing I saw or did. That's a very strict military rule."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Breaking It to the Heir.—The expectant heir to his uncle's millions anxiously asked the doctor, when his uncle was taken ill, if there was no hope."

"What did the doctor say?"

"He told him there was no hope whatever. The chances were his uncle would get well enough to marry his housekeeper." —*Baltimore American.*

Maids Are So Dishonest.—"You simply can not trust anybody. Every one seems so dishonest nowadays," declared the woman. "My maid, in whom I had the utmost confidence, left me suddenly yesterday and took with her my beautiful pearl brooch."

"That is too bad," sympathized the friend. "Which one was it?"

"That very pretty one I smuggled through last spring."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

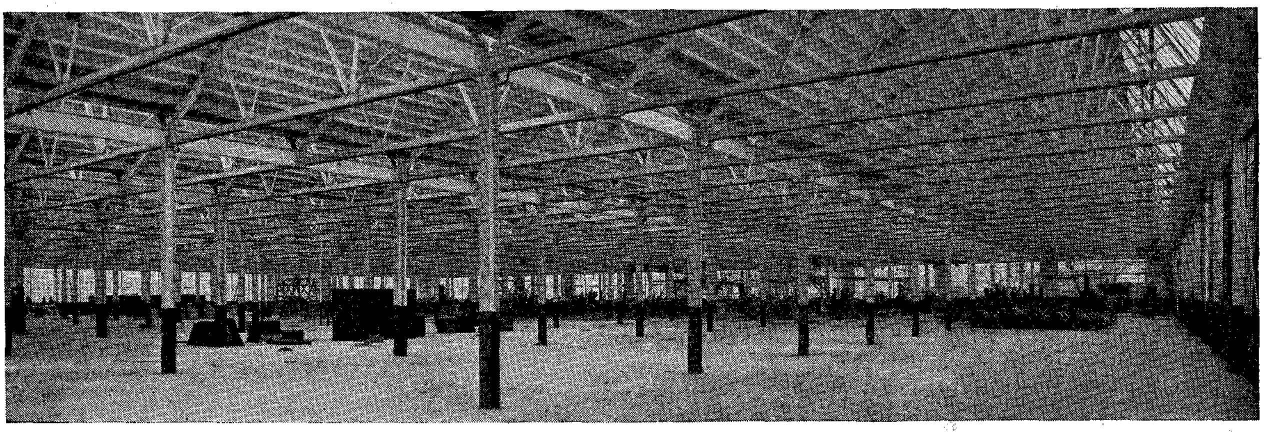
Pre-Hoover Days in England

Please don't buy sugar! Leave it to the poor,
It only tends to make things sweet and messy;
There was none in the days of Agincourt
And Crécy!

Potatoes, too! Why do you fondly yearn
For things which come to table hard or sodden?
They didn't have them at the time of Bannockburn
Or Flodden!

Look to your dust-bins! and avoid the trick
Of senseless prodigalities and wastings,
Think how they lived in One, O, double six
At Hastings!

Surely the Ancients had not the monopoly
Of self-restraint? You, too, can play the man, eh?
They simply did without things at Thermopylæ
And Canne.
—*The Passing Show.*



Interior of an Austin Standard No. 4 Factory-Building—"somewhere in the United States"

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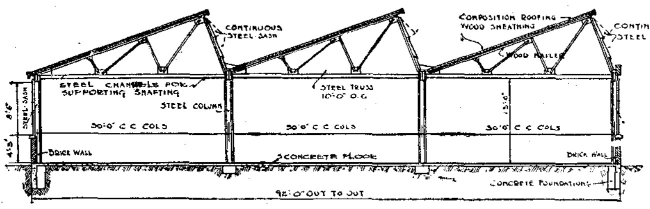
Continuous steel sash
Composition roofing
Wood sheathing
Continuous steel sash
Wood nailer
Steel channels for supporting shafting
Steel truss 10'-0" O.C.
Steel column
Steel sash
8'6"
15'6"
30'0" C C cols
30'0" C C cols
30'0" C C cols
4'3"
Brick wall
Concrete floor
Brick wall
Concrete foundations
92'-0" out to out

Cross-section of an Austin Standard No. 4

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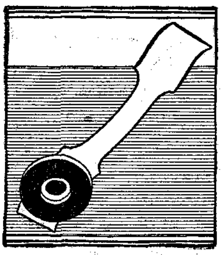
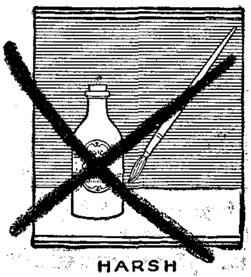
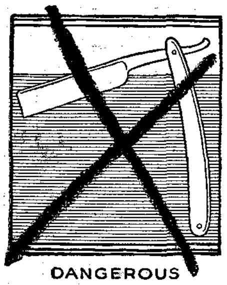
Washington	901 Fifteenth St.	Franklin 3779

HOW TO END CORNS







Which Way for You?

Above are pictured three ways to treat corns.

Blue-jay is the most certain. It is safe and gentle.

Yet the unknowing ones experiment with harsh, mussy liquids or the dangerous razor.

These two ways are temporary.

But Blue-jay is scientific. The spot of medicated wax, discovered by a great chemist, soothes while it works.

Place a Blue-jay Plaster on your throbbing corn tonight.

Relief is instant. The soft felt pad stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

In 48 hours the medicated wax has saturated the corn—undermined it to its roots—and it comes off painlessly, completely. Nature responds quickly to such a gentle, corrective treatment.

Hardly a corn can resist. Of course once in a while there is an old, stubborn corn which requires a second or third application. But such are rare.

Blue-jay Plasters are made by Bauer & Black, the great surgical dressing house.

Try a Blue-jay Plaster now. Join the pain-free thousands who rely on Blue-jay.

Once you know Blue-jay, you'll never consent to have a corn again, nor to coddle it with temporary ways.

The cost is slight, the application simple.

Remember, we promise immediate relief and a defenseless corn.

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Winthrop Ames says:—"I have read 'Sixty Years of the Theater' with much pleasure. Mr. Towse has written a book of double value. It will recall delightful memories to a whole generation of theater-goers, and it records in a style of clarity and distinction, the history of an interesting period in theatrical transition."

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Experienced Jeweler.—CUSTOMER—"I—ah—er—um—"

JEWELER (to assistant)—"Bring that tray of engagement-rings here, Harry."—*Puck.*

A Joyful Sound

There's beauty in the thunder's roll
  And in the ocean's roar.
I'd rather hear a ton of coal
  That hits the basement floor.
—*Washington Star.*

His Place in the Sun.—If the Kaiser is still looking for a place in the sun, we know where he can get an all-summer job on an American farm, with board and lodging and as much as $30 a month. in cash.—*Springfield Union.*

A Business Proposition.—JUDGE—"I'm going to fine you five dollars for the chickens you stole the last two weeks."

RASTUS—"How'll it be if Ah pays sebenfifty, Jedge? Dat'll pay foh up to an' includin' next Saturday night."—*Life.*

Saving it for a Grand Finale.—Senator Johnson says all that is asked on behalf of the Colonel is that in the twilight of his life he may lay down that life for his country. That sounds a little sobby, Hi. The Colonel ain't figuring on staging any sunset pictures just yet.—*Columbia (S.C.) Record.*

Bright Boston Pupil.—"What is the meaning of 'alter ego'?" asked the teacher of the beginners' class in Latin. "It means the 'other I,'" responded a pupil.

"Give me a sentence containing the phrase."

"He winked his alter ego."—*Boston Transcript.*

Otherwise Occupied.—AIMEE—"When Harold proposed to you did he get down on his knees?"

HAZEL—"I should say not."

AIMEE—"Why didn't he?"

HAZEL—"Well — er — probably because they were occupied at the time."—*Indianapolis Star.*

Medical Wisdom.—OLD DOCTOR—"Now, when your patient asks you for a tonic, what are you going to do about it?"

YOUNG DOCTOR—"Find what she really needs and prescribe it."

OLD DOCTOR—"Wrong! No success in that method. Whenever your patient has diagnosed her own case and tells you she needs a tonic, you prescribe a tonic every time."

YOUNG DOCTOR—"Why?"

OLD DOCTOR—"Don't you guess why? Because she will then have to see that you know almost, if not quite, as much about medicine as she does!"—*Judge.*

Conserving the Ague.—To a native of a certain section of the Southwest that is well known for its malarial tendencies a St. Louis traveling man said:

"I notice that there is a great deal of ague hereabout."

"Yes," was the laconic response.

"That's a great drawback. It unfits a man entirely for work, doesn't it?"

"Generally it does," said the other. "Still, here on my farm, when my man John has a right hard fit of the shakes we fastens the churn-dasher to him and, stranger, he brings the butter inside of fifteen minutes."—*New York Times.*

CURRENT EVENTS

THE WAR

OPERATIONS IN AMERICA

January 30.—A Washington dispatch announces that, as a preventive of strikes, a special committee, to be named by the National Industrial Conference Board, will meet in Washington within a few weeks and draw up a plan for regulating wages during the war. One member of the committee will represent the public and six will be named by the American Federation of Labor.

Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board announces a committee to be headed by P. A. S. Franklin to allocate all of the available tonnage of the United States and the Allies on this side of the ocean. The committee will have absolute control of all shipping at every Atlantic port.

January 31.—New regulations for the selective draft are issued by Provost-Marshal-General Crowder, which will bring many men into service under the next draft who would previously have been exempted.

President Wilson, stating that 1918 will be a decisive year, issues an appeal to the farmers of America to "continue and renew and increase" their efforts in food-production.

February 2.—Maj.-Gen. Peyton C. March is appointed acting Chief of Staff of the Army, dependent upon advices from General Pershing that he can be spared from duty as Chief of Artillery of the Expeditionary forces.

Fuel Administrator Garfield notifies all State Administrators to cease exceeding their authority in the issuance of orders restricting the use of coal without orders from Washington.

February 4.—In a bitter speech Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, attacks the red tape with which he declared the War Department to be bound, and criticizes the lack of coordination.

AMERICANS IN ACTION

January 30.—Secretary Baker announces officially that the American troops are in action in France, General Pershing having taken over a small sector of the front. Two men are reported killed and four wounded in the latest clash.

A dispatch from Washington states that General Pershing reports Private Raymond, of Syracuse, N. Y., slightly wounded in action on January 20, and Private Carl Johnson, of San Francisco, severely wounded on January 27. Twelve deaths, eight caused by pneumonia, are reported.

January 31.—Washington announces that General Pershing reports eleven deaths, all from natural causes, six having been from pneumonia.

February 1.—A dispatch from the American Army headquarters in France announces the American riflemen in active operation and the artillery shelling the enemy first lines. General Pershing reports ten deaths from natural causes.

February 2.—Washington announces that Corporal Erwin Marsh, of Slayton, Minn., and Private George A. Rauh, of New York City, were killed in action on January 30, according to a dispatch from General Pershing. Four others were slightly wounded.

February 3.—A dispatch from the American Army in France states that two Americans were killed and nine wounded during a heavy German barrage-fire. The enemy is now said to be concentrating its fire on the trenches occupied by Pershing's men.

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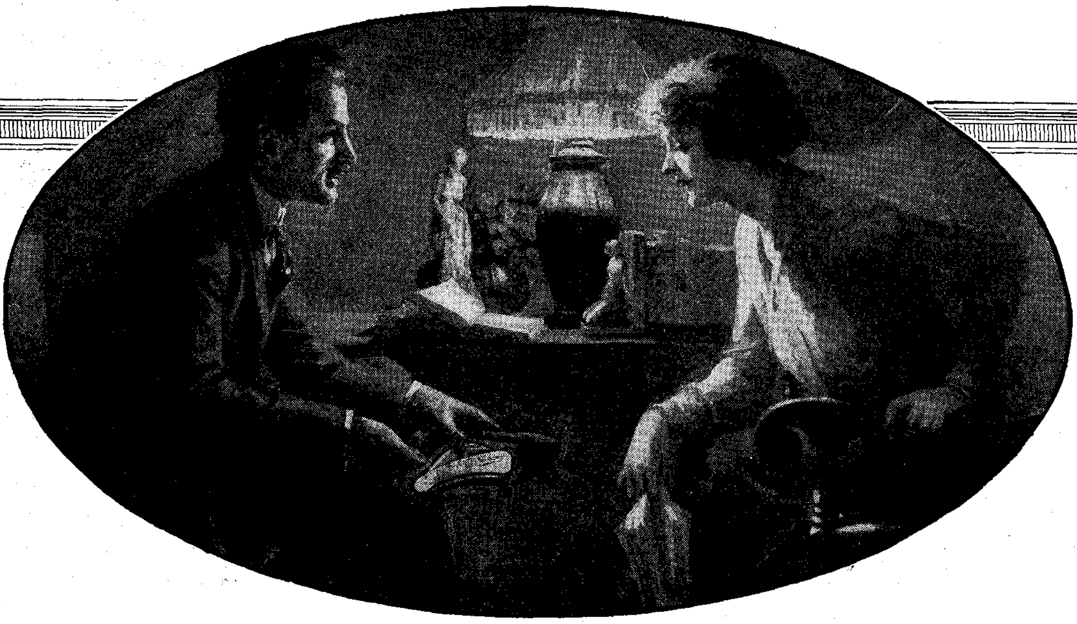

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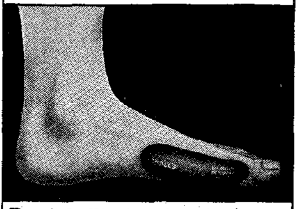
They are scientifically constructed to quickly relieve abnormal conditions of the feet by permanently correcting the cause of the trouble. There is a Dr. Scholl Appliance or remedy for every foot trouble. You can wear stylish shoes comfortably when the Dr. Scholl Method is used.

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer relieves tired, aching feet, cramped toes, weak arche.etc. Worn in any shoes. $2.50 pr.



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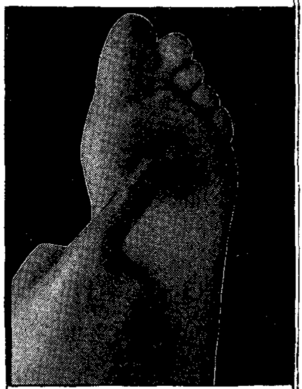

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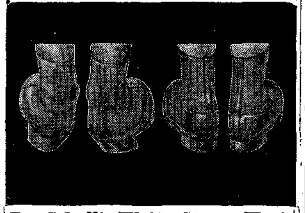

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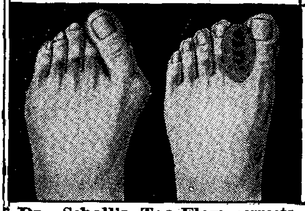

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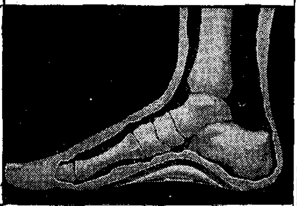

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Watch Your Feet

February 4.—As the enemy has discovered the position of the American troops the location is now announced as northwest of Toul. However, it is not deemed wise yet to announce the number of men in the line nor the length of the sector.

February 5.—Dispatches from the American Army in France announce that there has been a general increase in artillery activity. Unable to occupy the first-line trenches which were caved in by the fire of the Americans the Germans are constructing another line and are using gas-shells freely.

THE FRENCH FRONT

January 30.—London reports increasing activity in France and Flanders. The French destroy two German airplanes and send down three others inside the enemy lines. The British shoot down two hostile planes and force down four others. Three British machines are reported missing. The official German report states that eight Entente airplanes and two captive balloons were brought down.

January 31.—London reports all quiet on the Western front with the exception of violent artillery action in the region of Flirey.

February 1.—London announces that French airplanes attack the German airdromes from which the raiders that attacked Paris started on Wednesday. "Good results" are reported. The German lines near Nieuport, Belgium, are attacked by the French forces and some prisoners are taken. The British repulse a raid west of Arieux-en-Gohelle.

February 2.—London dispatches state that a German raid in front of Caurieres Wood was repulsed. British raids result in the capture of a few prisoners southeast of Monchy-le-Preux and Armentières.

February 3.—An official report of Saturday's activity of the British states that five hostile airplanes were brought down and five others disabled. Naval aircraft bombed the Varssenaere airdrome (Belgium) and an enemy plane that was photographing was attacked and destroyed.

February 5.—London reports activity increasing on the Western front. The French repulse a German raid near Corbery. The Germans yesterday attacked on the Chemin des Dames in the Aisne sector, but were repulsed.

THE ITALIAN FRONT

January 30.—London reports that the initial success of the Italian drive is followed by further gains, Monte di Val Bella and Col del Rosso having fallen to them. The operations on the Asiago resulted in the capture of 2,600 prisoners, six guns, and one hundred machine guns. Italian Army Headquarters reports that the battle in the mountains west of the Brenta River has been of a most decisive character. Berlin admits the Italian success, but at the expense of heavy losses.

January 31.—Paris dispatches state that the Italians are not only holding their newly won line against the Austrians but have improved their position by advancing their line slightly northeast of Col del Rosso. An official statement from Rome announces that Italian aviators have brought down seven enemy planes.

February 1.—By a sudden attack at daybreak the Italians advance their lines to the head of the Telago Valley, Paris dispatches state.

February 2.—Italian Army Headquarters reports enemy losses reaching as high as fifty per cent. of the men engaged during the week of fighting west of the Brenta River, where the Allies have won notable successes. The result is said to be due to the unity of action of the Italian, French, and British batteries, which at one time maintained triple artillery cross-fire for forty consecutive hours.

February 3.—Fourteen enemy airplanes and a captive balloon were brought down yesterday on the Italian front, according to dispatches from Rome. Heavy artillery fighting is in progress on the lower Piave.

UNREST IN GERMANY

January 30.—A London dispatch states that the German censor has ordered the suspension of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the Berlin *Post*, and *Vorwärts*, owing to their attitude toward the strikers. Clashes between the troops and the strikers in the suburbs of Berlin are reported, in which lives are said to have been lost. In some instances it is stated that the troops refused to fire on the strikers. A Dutch correspondent states that strikes have occurred at the Krupp works at Essen and Westphalia. The Berlin strikers are demanding, "Peace, Liberty, and Bread."

January 31.—London dispatches state that advices from Germany agree that the strike situation is more serious and the disturbance extending. Hindenburg's name is now hooted and jeered. One million workers are estimated to be out and munition-plants are closed. Immediate peace without annexations is the demand of the strikers. A state of siege has been declared at Hamburg, Altona, and Wandsbeck.

February 1.—London dispatches announce that a state of siege has been proclaimed in Berlin and all meetings are forbidden. While stern measures are adopted to prevent disturbances official reports state that the strike movement has subsided. Amsterdam and Copenhagen advices, however, state that the situation is unchanged.

February 2.—Dispatches from Amsterdam state that, notwithstanding the statement from Berlin that the labor trouble has passed its zenith, strikes are extending and industry is paralyzed. Cologne newspapers attribute the strike to an Anglo-American plot, stating that on New Year's day in Washington $60,000,000 were subscribed for the purpose of fomenting trouble in Germany. London dispatches state that the Government is unable to negotiate directly with the strikers, fearing to arouse the violent opposition of the military command.

February 3.—General von Kessel, commandant of the Military District of Berlin, issues an order to the strikers in which he states that employees failing to return to their work will be tried by court martial authorized to impose the death sentence. Berlin, however, announces that the strike is on the wane.

February 5.—A dispatch from Bern states that a bomb was thrown into the Imperial Palace in Berlin by strikers on Saturday. Twenty-five arrests have been made.

SITUATION IN RUSSIA

January 30.—Washington dispatches state that Secretary Lansing announces that the Government has received official warning of a threat against the life of the American Ambassador to Russia, David R. Francis, by one of the anarchist groups, which states that they will hold him personally responsible for the life and liberty of Emma Goldman

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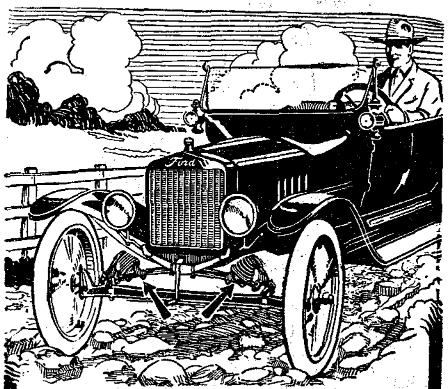

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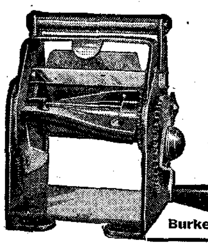

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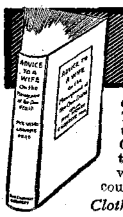

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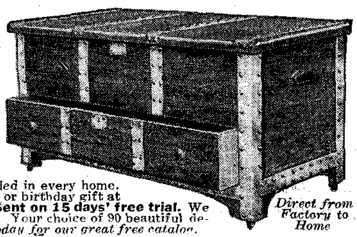

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and Alexander Berkman, the convicted American anarchists.

January 31.—A Petrograd dispatch states that the Moscow Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates has declared the German peace proposals to be unacceptable and suggests the organization of a Socialist Army to fight against German Imperialism. A threat against Minister Francis, which was contained in a letter to Leon Trotzky, the Bolshevik Foreign Minister, is transmitted to Mr. Francis. This is the third threat that he has received within a month.

An Exchange Telegraph dispatch from Petrograd to London states that Kief, which has been invested by the Bolshevik troops who are engaged against the Ukrainians, has surrendered.

February 1.—A London dispatch announces the capture by the Bolshevik forces of Odessa, the most important city in southern Russia, with a population of 450,000, and Orenburg, the headquarters of General Dutoff, commander of the Orenburg Cossacks. Roumanian forces occupy Kishinef, the capital of Bessarabia, on appeal from the Government for aid.

THE FINLAND UPRISING

January 30.—A dispatch from Copenhagen states that a Provisional Social-Democratic Government has been formed in Finland, headed by Senator Manner with Mr. Sirola as Minister of Foreign Affairs and O. Tokoi, the former Premier, as Minister of Food-Supplies. All of southern Finland is reported to be in the hands of the Red Guard. The Government troops are now reported marching to the south.

January 31.—The latest reports from Finland indicate that the Government troops are in control of the northern section. General Mannerheim's forces are said to have been increased to 50,000 by accessions from the peasantry armed with rifles taken from the Russians.

February 1.—A Stockholm dispatch states that Russian soldiers and Red Guard in Helsingfors arrested a number of members of the Diet and several bank-directors.

February 2.—Stockholm reports that according to advices from Finland the White Guard are masters in the country north of a line running through Hystadt on the west coast, Tammerfors and Viborg. The Red Guard holds out in the south.

February 3.—Troops of the Finnish Government are reported to be closing in on the Red Guard at Uleaborg, according to news reaching Stockholm. The Reds are entirely in control at Helsingfors and with their Russian helpers are said to be plundering and murdering.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

January 31.—Paris reports the first systematic German air-raid on the city last night during which twenty were killed and fifty injured. Four squadrons of Germans dropt 28,000 pounds of bombs. Thirty French planes rose to meet them and for two hours a spectacular battle raged in the air. One German machine was downed and one French plane was forced to descend. Two hospitals were struck and several buildings burned.

NAVAL OPERATIONS

January 30.—Rome reports that the shipping losses during the past week by mine or submarine were two steamships of more than 1,600 tons and two small sailing-vessels. Three French ships of more than 1,600 tons were sunk and three unsuccessfully attacked.

January 31.—An increase in British shipping losses is shown in the official statement of the Admiralty for the past week, which is as follows: Arrivals, 2,352; sailings, 2,309. Merchantmen of more than 1,600 tons sunk by mine or submarine, 9; under 1,600, 6; fishing-vessels, 1; merchantmen unsuccessfully attacked, 8.

PEACE MOVEMENTS

January 30.—The London *Daily Telegraph* prints a dispatch from its Milan correspondent, which is regarded as semi-official, to the effect that the British and Austrian governments have been negotiating informally. Count Czernin, as mediator, is said to be acting for Germany.

Amsterdam reports that a dispatch dated January 29 states that the delegates to the peace conference at Brest-Litovsk are reassembling, and that Count Czernin, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister; Dr. von Kühlmann, the German Foreign Secretary; Dr. Count von Podewils-Burnitz, former Bavarian Premier, and Talaat Pasha, the Turkish Grand Vizier, accompanied by their respective peace delegations, and several members of the Bulgarian delegation, and Leon Trotzky, the Bolshevik Foreign Minister, have arrived in Brest-Litovsk.

February 1.—A dispatch from Amsterdam says that the Hungarian Premier, Dr. Alexander Wekerle, in addressing the Diet, states that Hungary is sincere in her desire for peace and that "we do not strive for conquests." The alliance with Germany is described as one of the most effective safeguards of peace.

DOMESTIC

February 1.—Under the terms of a compromise agreement adopted by the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, Government control of the railroads will be limited to a period of eighteen months from the end of the war, and the rate-fixing power will be reposed in the President subject to review and adjudication by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The vote was 11 to 4.

February 2.—It is announced that the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, which will be twenty-five years old next month, has passed into the hands of a company of which General T. Coleman Du Pont, former president of the Du Pont Powder Company, is said to hold the controlling interest. The estate of George C. Boldt, who started the hotel, will retain a "substantial interest."

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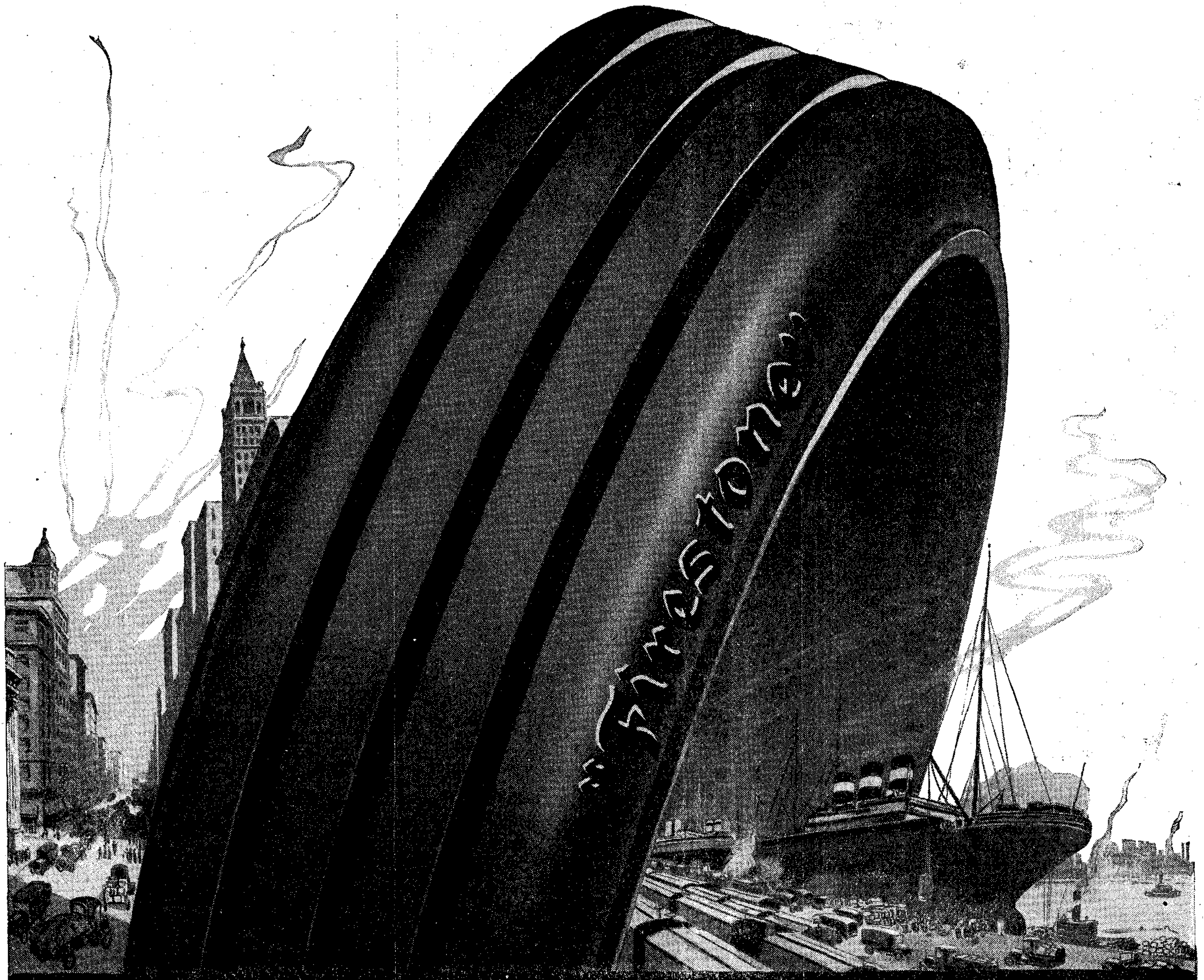

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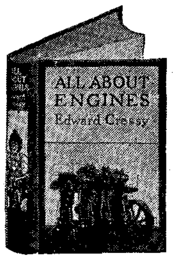

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"P. J. D.," Glen, Cal.—The correct spelling of the name you cite is Char-gog″ga-gog-man′chog-a-gog. A variant form is Chau-bun″a-gun′ga-maug. The first is defined by Douglas Lithgow in his "Dictionary of American-Indian Names" as "Fishing-place at the boundary near Webster, Mass.," the second, "Boundary fishing-place. Name of land about Webster." Pronounce first *a* as in "arm," second as in "sofa," third as in "man," *ch* as in "church," *au* as in "fraud," *u* as in "but," and *g* as in "go."

"A. S. B.," Corregidor Island, P. I.—"The last sentence on page 158 of the Field Service Regulations of the United States Army, 1914, is as follows: 'Alternate animals should face in opposite directions.' This sentence refers to the loading of horses or mules in a car. Is more than one arrangement of the animals possible under the above rule?"

Yes, some might be alined alternately north and south, and others east and west, depending on how space could be utilized most advantageously.

"A. R. G.," Pittsburg, Pa.—"While in conversation a short while ago, I was speaking of a lady and referred to her as 'a *handsome* woman,' whereupon I was criticized for using the word *handsome* when speaking of a female, my friend insisting that it is used only in reference to a male. If you could set me just right, I would be greatly indebted to you. Can a woman under any circumstance be called *handsome?*"

Your friend was in error. The NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY defines the word "agreeable to the eye or to good taste in form or appearance; having symmetry and grace; well formed; well attired; of pleasing aspect; as a *handsome* woman." The use here indicated is more than three hundred years old. Two hundred years ago last March Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in a letter to the Countess of Mar, wrote of a friend: "She appeared to me *handsomer* than before." George Wither, accounted by Sir John Denham, who saved him from death when taken prisoner by the Royalists in 1642, "the worst poet in England," and nicknamed by his contemporary John Taylor (the Water Poet) "the juggling rebel," who, according to Dryden,

"Fagotted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhym'd and rattled all was well,"

found so many handsome women in his day (1588–1667) as to ask

"Who could dote on thing so common
As mere outward *handsome woman*."

Faire-Virtue, the Mistresse of Philarete, l. 710 (1672). Small wonder that some of his books were burned by the public hangman. Unquestionably so long as there are women that have fine forms or figures in conjunction with full size and stateliness, there will be handsome women.

"E. W. B.," Toledo, Ohio.—"(1) Is 'resident districts' or 'residence districts' proper? (2) 'Baseball grounds' or 'baseball ground'? (3) I recently read the phrase 'standpoint of view.' It strikes me that this is redundant. Would not either of the words 'viewpoint' or 'standpoint' alone be better?"

(1) "Residential districts" is the correct form. (2) Say, "Baseball-ground." (3) The phrase, "standpoint of view" is inadmissible. Say, rather "point of view," "standpoint," or "view-point." But "there is in *standpoint*, as commonly employed, an implication of some permanence of position as regards the view taken or the opinion held; it is especially applicable to principle, convictions, etc., as determining views. No such implication of permanence attaches to *point of view*. Lincoln and Douglas argued, in their celebrated debate, from different *standpoints;* at times each, for the purposes of argument, took the other's *point of view*. *Standpoint*, therefore, besides being convenient as a single word, conveys a suggestion not carried by *point of view*, and, tho it is less regular in formation than *standing-point*, its irregularity is not wholly anomalous."—*Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary.*

"E. S.," Endeavor, Pa.—"Kindly explain the meaning of the term 'Mosaic ministry' as used of Pitt and Grafton's ministry."

The Pitt-Grafton ministry was called "the mosaic ministry," on account of the diversity of its composition. Burke called it a "checkered and speckled" administration.

"C. R. M.," Detroit, Mich.—Both the forms *million* and *millions* are in correct use, the first as a collective plural since 1530, and the second as a plural, formed according to rule, since 1350. As a noun qualified by a numeral adjective it may be found used in "The Court of Love," line 589 (1530): "Yet eft again, *a thousand million*, Rejoysing, love, leding their life in blis." This use is considered rare in England, but FUNK & WAGNALLS NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY under *million*, adjective, says: "A cardinal numeral, originally a noun, and hence preceded by an article or a numeral; as, a *million* men; ten *million* pounds." Dr. Fernald ("English Grammar Simplified," p. 69) says, "A numeral preceding and qualifying a *noun* is used as an adjective and of course takes no plural; as, *ten thousand* men. A numeral used without a noun is itself treated as a noun, and may take the plural form; as *tens of thousands* of men." Under the circumstances stated above you may write "Each cubic centimeter contains *750 million* bacilli, as follows: Streptococcus pyogenes, 50 millions; staphylococcus pyogenes albus, 500 millions, etc."

"L. M. B.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—"Kindly assist me on the following: In an article published in one of the magazines it was stated that the reason Benjamin Franklin did not write the Declaration of Independence was because he was so witty that they were afraid to allow him to do so, or something to that effect. What I desire to secure is the exact quotation, and if possible to find the article. Can you help me?"

The statement referred to occurs in Brander Matthews's "Aspects of Fiction, the Penalty of Humor," p. 43.

"E. E. P.," Frostburg, Md.—"(1) Kindly give the correct pronunciation of *Cœur de Lane; Pen Derilla* (names of lakes in State of Washington); *Yosemite; Colfax*. (2) In what part of the United States is tuberculosis most prevalent? (3) In general, is the climate in the State of Georgia healthful or unhealthful?"

(1) The names which you give are pronounced as follows: *Cœur d'Alene, kūr da-lēn'*—*ū* as in *burn*, *a* as in final, *ē* as in *prey; Pend Oreille, pañ do-rē'ya*—*a* as in artistic, *ñ* has a nasal sound approaching *ng*, *o* as in *obey*, *ē* as in *prey*, *a* as in *final; Yosemite, yo-sem'i-tī*—*o* as in *obey*, *e* as in *get*, *i* as in *habit*, *ī* as in *police; Colfax, kōl'faks*, *ō* as in *go*, *a* as in *fat*. (2) Tuberculosis is most prevalent in the poorer sections of New York and other large cities. (3) Naturally, in a large State like Georgia, the climate varies considerably in different localities. In the north the climate is equable and salubrious; but in the south the summers are long and very hot.

"L. R.," Rochester, N. Y.—To have *implicit faith* is to have unreserved, unquestioning, and *absolute belief*. In this association the word *implicit* differs in its meaning from that which it has when applied to ideas: "Contained in the mind without being clearly formulated; vague, indefinite"; or when used of contracts: "Fairly to be understood altho not specified; implied."

"R. D. B.," East Pittsburg, Pa.—"It is common to speak of "abrasives," "adhesives," "preservatives," etc., but such words are defined in the dictionaries only as adjectives. Is there any authority for the use of adjectives as nouns?"

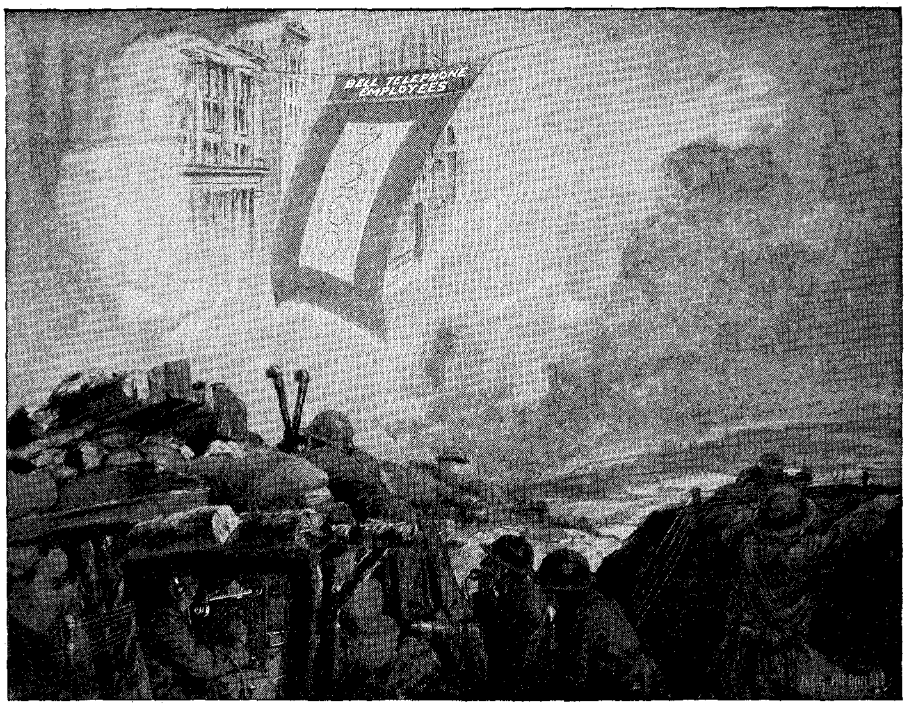
FUNK & WAGNALLS NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY defines *abrasive* as a noun ("a substance for abrading") as well as an adjective. It treats *preservative* in the same way, giving the noun ten lines of definitive and explanatory matter beginning "That which serves or tends to preserve. . . . ." The use of *adhesive* as a noun is permissible under the laws that govern the use of the language. Note carefully what Dr. James C. Fernald says on the point in his "Working Grammar of the English Language," page v: "The English language often uses one part of speech with the construction of another—a noun as an adjective, *an adjective as a noun*, etc. Thus if we speak of the 'Pennsylvania mountains' it is preferred to treat 'Pennsylvania' as still a *noun* tho used (in this special instance) as an adjective."

Beattie and Milton used adjectives for nouns in the following:

"Meanwhile, whate'er of *beautiful* or *new*,
Sublime or *dreadful*, in earth, sea, or sky;
By chance or search, was offer'd to his view;
He scann'd with curious and romantic eye."
—JAMES BEATTIE

"To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart
Contains of *good, wise, just*, the perfect shape."
—MILTON, "Paradise Regained," bk. iii, l. 10.

See also the Book of Daniel, chapter vii, verses 9, 13, and 27: "The Ancient of days"; Shakespeare, first part of "Henry IV.," act 3, sc. 2: "A *little* more than a *little* is by *much* too *much*."



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OUR PROBABLE GREAT PART IN OVERSEAS TRADE AFTER THE WAR

THAT the whole world after the war will face entirely new conditions in shipping, that a new system of ocean routes for American lines will be established, and that this country will play a prominent part in the trade struggle certain to ensue, are points contained in an article printed recently in *The Americas* and widely commented on already in financial and commercial circles. Under this readjustment it has been predicted that the merchant shipping of the United States "will be as great in tonnage as that in England." With any such growth in our shipping would surely ensue "a new system of ocean routes focusing upon our own national harbors."

Among proposals made is one that New York shall become a "free port," which would give encouragement to our own reexport business, "which has already grown from $37,377,791 in 1913 to $63,036,795 in 1916 and is taking on the typical character of a merchandising trade." In present war-conditions we have been "building up typical world-wide merchandising organizations of our own." Great London houses have been putting branches in New York "in anticipation of our sharing at least with England a world-wide organization." Germany at the same time has lost her organization, and the Scandinavian ports have become ambitious to secure permanently the Baltic collection and distribution trade that Hamburg and Bremen formerly almost dominated, deferring only to London's commercial power. For the present the war "has made a complete wreck of the machinery, commercial treaties, and trade good-will by which nations in Europe cooperated in furnishing each other with materials, in the processes of manufacture, in selling and transporting." England already is "on the point of adopting legislation that will shut individuals of 'enemy' birth, even naturalized as Englishmen, out of her markets after the war." Other points in this notable article follow:

> "Little nations and colonies that did their marketing through European centers have established direct connections. We are getting much of the raw materials we import to-day through the mercantile organization of England, but by direct shipping transportation. We have taken over with her whatever is left of British cooperative connections in international commerce. We are expanding our commercial organization and building many ships. What kind of a world-organization of commerce will rebuild out of the pieces of the old, nobody knows, but it looks very much as if the United States would be in a position either to conduct a pretty capable machine of our own, or cooperate with England and our other associate nations in the building of a bigger international machinery than existed before. If we do build up a new cooperation that excludes any other nation, for any reason, it will be a handicap in the rehabilitation of that other nation's own industries, as well as its foreign commerce, not to be lightly considered."

The writer believes that business concerns in the United States which are organizing extensively for after-war distribution of their goods in foreign markets, or are interested as large manufacturing producers in carefully handled economies in obtaining supplies of foreign raw materials, "will watch very closely in coming months the further developments in war-time trade that are bringing considerable changes in the organization of international commerce." One of the most important parts of the machinery to be watched is "the reexport organization of trade, which is now undergoing great changes, the full extent of which can not yet be determined." More than $4,000,000,000 worth a year of all the commodities that move around the world in commerce are handled at least twice, "going from the place of production to some of the great merchandising ports of another country, to be resold there and exported again to the country where it is consumed." In fact, hundreds of millions worth of goods and materials "are handled along over and over again, appearing in several different countries' commerce before the ultimate consumer buys it."

This is a great feature of international business that few persons know more than a little about, "even among men who are engaged in export business." No corporation with an extensive trade abroad can, however, do business without being affected by a change in reexport methods and connections. Even smaller manufacturers who are planning to sell their goods abroad "might well watch what is going on because of the changes in opportunity or the handicap for their own business that may come about." The greatest feature of reexport trade has been the merchant commerce that focused in the English Channel and the North Sea before the war, in which London, Hamburg, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Havre, and other busy ports "were not only the gateways for foreign imports consumed inland and exports to foreign countries of manufactures that were produced in the country tributary to them and shipped direct to customers, but were great merchant cities, *entrepôt* markets, where the products of other countries were gathered for redistribution around the world." England had a merchant commerce of over half a billion dollars in other nations' goods, while Germany, Holland, and Belgium were busy as "trader" nations as well as manufacturers. Remerchandising is, in fact, carried on all over the world—for example, in Hongkong, a "free port," where the produce of the Far East "is gathered and whence the products of the West are distributed"; in Singapore, "which imports the products of all the East Indies and exports them in bulk."

Reexport commerce goes on even in the midst of war-time conditions; but the significant fact is that it is "changing to new directions and new connections, which may make a great difference in the ability of nations to hold their regular trade arrangements." Beyond question, it is going to make a great difference "if the merchant marine of the world is owned by different nations in different proportions after the war than before." Meanwhile, new tariff conditions and new national boundary-lines that are looked for "will complicate the changes." If Europe comes out of the war with international rancor so persistent that old cooperative methods of manufacturing, trading, and transporting are impossible, "a new order in world-wide merchandising

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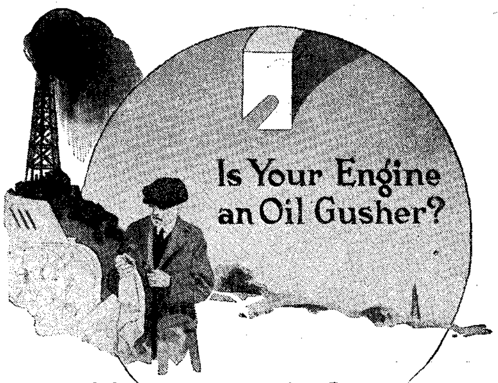
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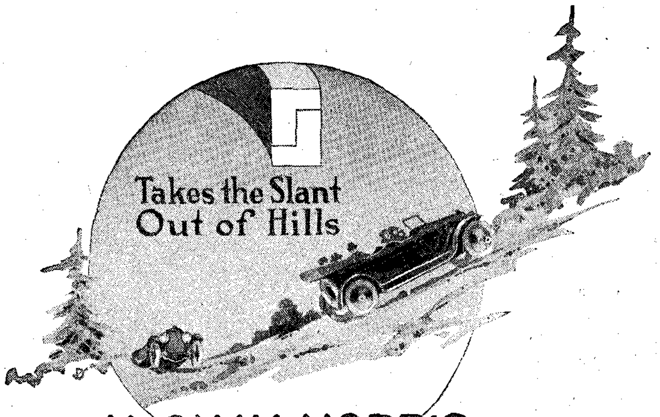
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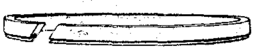

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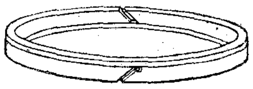

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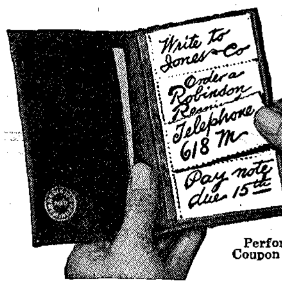

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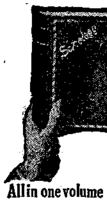

may be expected." The writer says further:

"In the twenty-five years just preceding the war, Europe built up an interlocking, internationally cooperative machinery of trade, industry, and transportation, and by commercial diplomacy made the necessary concessions and arrangements in tariffs to permit the machinery to work economically. The whole world, the United States included, took a part in certain phases of this arrangement.

"First, there was the machinery of ocean transportation. It was steadily growing to be an international machinery, altho the individual nations were strengthening their merchant fleets for exclusively national purposes and taking a more and more advantageous position in trade by doing so. In 1880 England carried 70 per cent. of the commerce entering and leaving her ports in her own ships, 30 per cent. of it going in foreign vessels. In 1912, with nearly three times as great a tonnage of shipping going in and out, she carried only 58.2 per cent. of it, and allowed 41.8 per cent. to come and go in foreign ships. We find Germany, with a great increase in her own shipping and a growth of commerce that caused the tonnage that entered and cleared her harbors to grow from 13,066,412 in 1880 to 49,460,469 in 1911, increased the proportional business of her own shipping in her commerce from 39.1 to 50.3 per cent. British ships had carried 38 per cent. of the German commerce in 1880, and their part decreased to 23 per cent. The growing fleets of other nations increased their activities as carriers of German commerce from 22 to 26 per cent. The growth in the cooperation of the maritime commercial nations in each other's transportation is shown by the following changes in proportionate tonnage:

	Total Tonnage Entered and Cleared	*Own Tonnage %*	*British Tonnage %*	*Other Tonnage %*
United Kingdom, 1880..	58,736,063	70.4		29.6
1912..	152,457,045	58.2		41.8
United States, 1880..	30,547,026	20.4	51.7	27.9
1912..	69,365,104	13.5	52.3	34.2
Germany, 1880........	13,066,412	39.1	38.1	22.8
1911........	49,460,469	50.3	23.0	26.7
Russia, 1885...........	10,792,894	8.7	49.7	41.6
1911...........	27,738,433	10.9	32.1	57.0
Norway, 1880.........	3,985,477	68.2	11.8	20.0
1911.........	10,230,279	52.7	9.8	37.5
Sweden, 1880..........	6,894,155	37.2	13.5	49.3
1911..........	23,390,647	49.8	5.4	44.8
Denmark, 1880........	4,523,643	52.1	11.4	36.5
1911........	17,144,432	54.2	5.1	40.7
Holland, 1880.........	6,844,037	30.9	49.8	19.3
1911.........	30,847,855	26.6	30.5	42.9
Belgium, 1880.........	7,116,146	11.6	59.4	29.0
1912.........	32,672,986	11.4	43.2	45.4
France, 1880..........	25,032,478	30.0	40.6	29.4
1911..........	61,366,051	24.0	36.1	39.9
Italy, 1880............	9,846,970	34.8	34.3	30.9
1911............	51,851,528	27.0	28.7	44.3
Japan, 1900...........	19,661,602	34.9	38.9	26.2
1912...........	43,492,604	47.6	30.4	22.0
Argentina, 1880.......	2,242,582	11.1	37.8	51.1
1911........	25,981,569	43.4	33.5	23.1

All this time the ocean shipping of the world "was steadily trending to the establishment of extensive systems of regular lines and of shipping consolidations and conferences, these having great speedy ships on certain routes, with economies of regulated transportation on a large scale." For these lines there were "feeder lines" of smaller boats, and many cargo ships directly owned or chartered "that looked out for the carriage of bulky commodities in full-ship quantities by direct voyages, and for the transportation of the seasonal movement of wheat, cotton, hides, etc." Then there was still in operation a great army of "tramp" ships that "found" their cargoes as they went from port to port. Other points are these:

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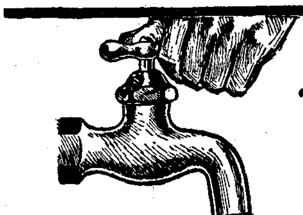

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very interesting story of the great procession of ships, both steam and sail, as they made the round of the harbors and then 'stood off' on the long voyages to distant ports, returning by triangular routes, as the stream of shipping, looked at as a whole, carried the heavy tonnage of outward-bound European products to certain parts of the world and then circled about to other producing countries to load the bulky current of the materials Europe imported.

"There was a great deal of cooperation in international merchandising organization before the war. The big London concerns that did a world-wide export-merchant business marketed lines of goods for German and for French, Belgian, and Swiss manufacturers. At least they bought German and French and other goods in order to offer to their customers more complete assortments of merchandise to choose from. Shipping convenience, merchandising policy, etc., explain the very interesting fact that England imported from Germany in 1913 around $20,000,000 worth of goods to reexport, and Germany resold very nearly the same amount of British goods that year. England gathered together $96,272,616 worth of the products of other European countries in 1913 to resell in her overseas commerce.

"England resold to other European countries $296,408,699 worth of overseas products that she had gathered from her colonies and from her friends across the ocean by means of her unrivaled organization of shipping, colonial control, merchandising, banking, free markets, insurance, etc. Hamburg, Antwerp, Rotterdam, etc., could not rival that phase of England's commerce. And so England distributed products of oversea countries in Europe in value nearly four times what she bought in Europe for purposes of merchandising abroad. And the war, up till the beginning of 1917, could not loosen the British hold upon her wonderfully organized merchandising commerce. In 1913 she gathered out of the Baltic region, from Russia, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark (to omit the North German trade), $17,130,309 worth of their products, and she sold them $56,787,883 worth of other countries' goods. She resold only $11,699,777 worth of Baltic products in 1916, but her sale of overseas products in the Baltic trade grew to $78,119,422. From the four countries that are now the common enemy, Britain took $26,457,261 worth of goods for resale in 1913 and resold to them $104,018,413 worth. There are no figures for 1916, of course. From all Europe she bought $96,272,616 worth in 1913 for resale, and sold $296,468,699 worth of the rest of the world's traded products. With the enemy and with Belgium and the other overrun countries out, England in 1916 did the immense merchandising business of $68,959,606 worth of European goods outward and $228,716,312 worth of overseas goods inward. Taking her reexport business with the neutral European countries alone, England's takings of their goods to sell again rose from $32,303,254 in 1913 to $36,516,649 in 1916, and her distribution of colonial and foreign products to them rose from $89,584,590 in 1913 to $114,842,095 in 1916.

"It was a wonderful trade, Britain's purely merchandising commerce. In 1913, $22,314,235 worth of textiles manufactured by other European countries passed through English merchant concerns to third-party countries, and maybe were distributed through fourth hands. French textiles to the total of $11,025,361 and German to the amount of $6,545,583 were reexported by England. But the great service to the whole world that England gave with her organization of international merchandising and shipping was the gathering together of raw materials and native products from her colonies and from other non-industrial and non-commercial countries, which she standardized, improved, and resold in merchantable quan-

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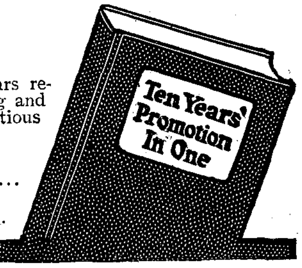
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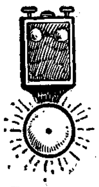

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tities to the great industrial nations of Europe and to America. It was a two-sided service, the marketing of the producing countries' wares for them and the furnishing of these to the consuming nations.

"It is interesting to see where England obtained her goods for resale, as between her colonies and the rest of the world, and where she resold them, because it will figure in the decision of the British policy of Union of Empire. For four years she bought for resale:

	From Colonies	*From Others*	*Total*
1913........	$272,937,600	$259,174,080	$532,111,680
1914........	242,110,620	221,528,520	463,639,140
1915	275,911,920	205,247,520	481,159,440
1916........	261,259,020	212,450,040	473,709,060

In the same four years she resold imported products in this way:

	To Colonies	*To Others*	*Total*
1913.........	$76,168,900	$466,360,740	$542,529,640
1914.........	59,596,020	404,429,760	464,025,780
1915.........	60,103,620	421,332,840	481,436,460
1916.........	70,630,380	403,535,520	474,165,900

If the figures for the total imports and exports should be placed alongside they would show that England, since the war began, has preferred to use more of these imports, her resale of colonial products out of imports falling from 30 to 17 per cent., so that England's merchandising business, while still great, was somewhat overshadowed by the imports and exports of warlike trade.

"The kind of products that England bought for resale within and without the British Empire is shown in these figures:

COLONIAL PRODUCTS BOUGHT FOR RESALE

	Food	*Materials*	*Manufactures*
1913.........	$26,924,400	$191,804,760	$54,174,420
1914.........	30,118,580	169,234,920	41,727,960
1915.........	44,658,540	192,562,920	38,583,540
1916.........	45,275,760	169,949,340	45,965,880

FOREIGN PRODUCTS BOUGHT FOR RESALE

	Food	*Materials*	*Manufactures*
1913.........	$50,130,900	$119,415,060	$88,986,600
1914.........	53,285,040	92,516,760	75,339,720
1915.........	63,913,860	72,725,040	68,414,220
1916.........	56,701,620	68,846,760	86,454,540

"Germany, Holland, Belgium, and France conducted also extensive reexport business. Holland's organization was like England's, but upon a smaller scale, and even more ancient than England's. Germany had the world-wide trade and shipping connections of Hamburg and Bremen, with the splendid mechanical equipment of harbors and the great steamship lines that they were developing. Havre, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Hamburg, and Bremen were the doorways of trade between the Baltic countries and the inland of Europe, and much of the reexporting credited to these cities is merely the passage through them of merchandise and commodities that were transshipped from rail to boat, from boat to rail, or from ocean ship to Baltic coastwise vessel. They were also distributing headquarters in a mercantile way.

"The merchandising import and export totals of France in 1913 are huge figures, $460,560,000 bought for resale, $476,000,000 reexported, $120,467,000 going to her colonies. In 1912, $487,459,000 worth of other countries' goods passed through Belgium, in transit and through the busy mercantile channels of Antwerp. It is difficult to find out exactly how big a merchandising reexport Germany did, because the business of the free-port areas of Hamburg and the other ports are given in tons, not values, as are all the statistics of Hongkong, the great Oriental *entrepôt*. The reexport tonnage of 1913 is put at 1,686,679 tons, compared with 5,951,745 tons of 'special' exports, or about a fourth, by weight, of all Germany's exportations. By careful analysis it is found that Germany in 1913 reexported $43,897,000 worth of products imported from the United States, acting as our distributer around the Baltic and in Eastern Europe. We bought from Germany $6,777,000 worth of foreign merchandise. Of Switzerland's imports, amounting to $383,800,000 in 1913, $45,183,000 consisted of reexports from France, $38,372,000 reexports from Germany, $45,000,000 reexports from England, $128,000,000 in all of goods bought through these countries alone. Holland in 1913 handled 2,487,418 tons of transit commerce, a greater tonnage than Germany. Holland handled 1,219,891 tons of commerce through her ports going to Germany."

Finally, it is pointed out by this writer that in 1917, when the *U*-boat campaign had its fullest effect in interfering with the organization of ocean shipping and England began to sacrifice trade supremacy to the necessity of concentration upon the war, a decided change in the British system of reexportation took place, "accentuating a slow development that was already in progress." In this country we have been obtaining direct from sources of supply in British colonies and in countries that formerly sold through London much of the raw materials we formerly obtained in England and in other markets of Europe. For example, "in immense tonnages, rubber, tin, hides, wool, etc.," have been coming to us direct from the Indies, South Africa, South America, etc., which we formerly bought as reexports in London, Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Hamburg.

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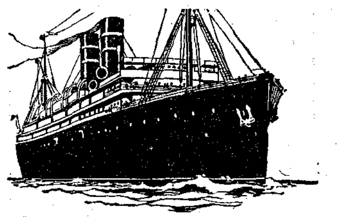

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